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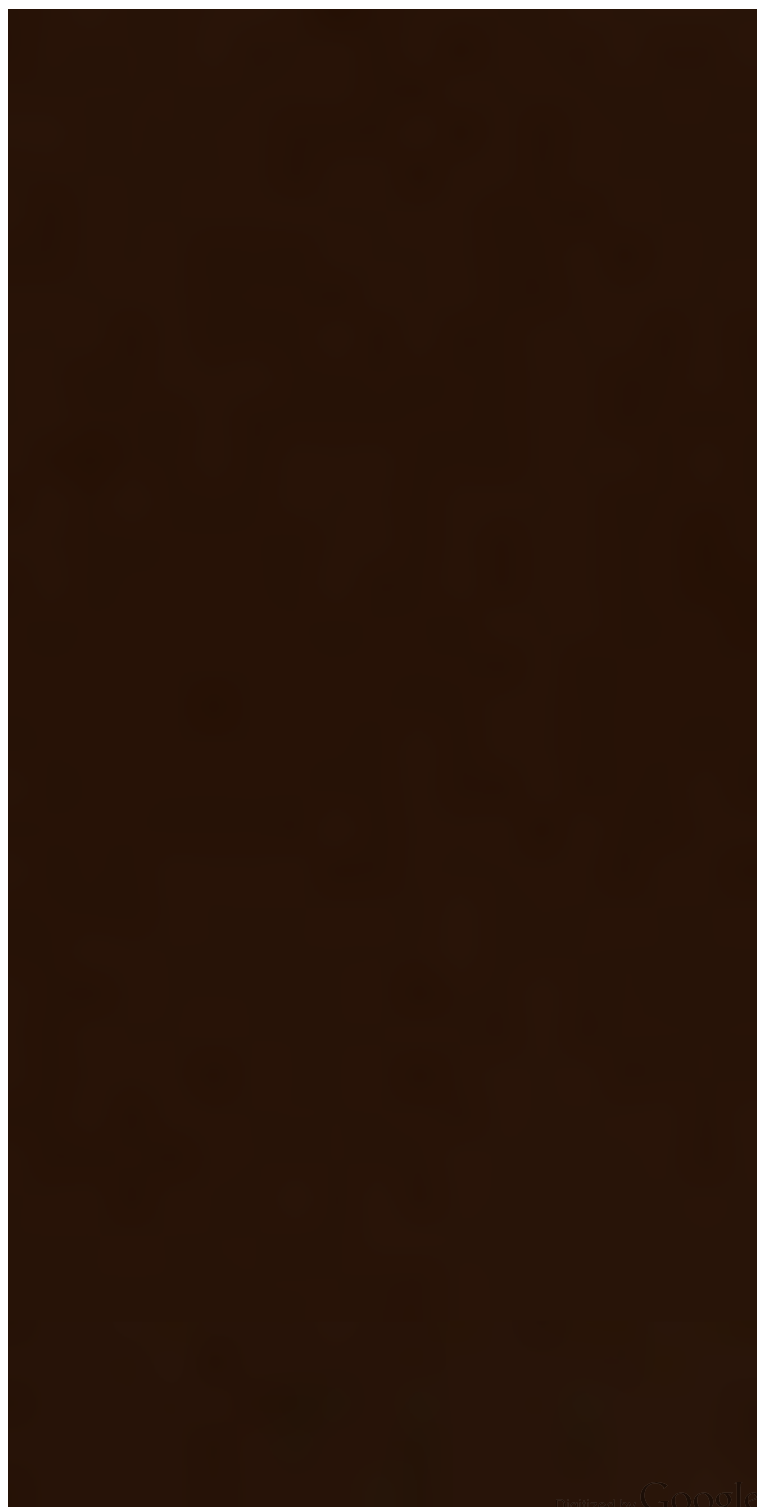
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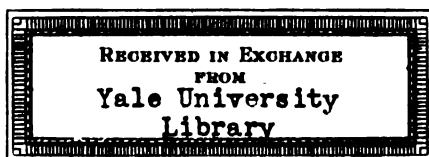
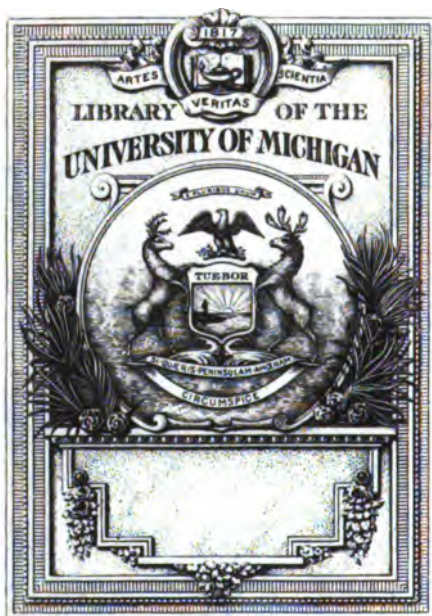
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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale University.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

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NO. 1.

THE
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CONDUCTED
BY THE
Students of Yale University.



"Duxi me nē grām indunt, homines laudantque YALENSES
"Cambridge Scholares, disantique PARISI.""

OCTOBER, 1891.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale University. This Magazine established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Fifty-seventh Volume with the number for October, 1891. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the university. In the *Notabilia* college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the *Memorabilia* it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the *Book Notices* and *Editors' Table*, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from students of all departments, and may be sent through the Post Office. They are due the 1st of the month. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

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YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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OCTOBER, 1891.

No. 1

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '92.

EDWARD BOLTWOOD.

GEORGE B. HOLLISTER.

• PERCY C. EGGLESTON.

THORNWELL MULLALY.

FRANK J. PRICE.

REMINISCENCES.

THERE are certain periods in every man's life that re-create him—mark his eras—certify him to himself and, perhaps—inflate him. They are touches of Nature that often make akin the civilized world. Recollections are like a river-bed. At their earliest source are only large deposits that can resist the wearing of the stream of Time; while far down where the coursing Past merges into the broad ocean of the Present, his experiences are as numerous and close-packed as sand-grains, a very silt of detail. A strong memory may go back to some triumph of babyhood, but for a starting-point, recall the self-consciousness with which you paraded your first pair of knickerbockers. It seemed exceeded only by the pompous joy that came with their lengthening. When we were well along in school, a new epoch came with the realization—so we thought—that somebody-else's sister preferred us to any one else in the world, and that we reciprocated. At graduation again everyone bowed, congratulated, applauded. We were idols, autocrats. We said with Monte Cristo, "the world is mine,"—all except per-

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haps that mysterious college-land which we saw in imagination a blessed Mecca where perfections floated dimly among sequestered classic shades—and took our diplomas with a knowing air that came as insensibly and inevitably as our normal perspiration.

Again we added one to Charles Lamb's couple of annual birthdays—'the one which in a special manner we termed ours, and New Year's day'—when on that cloudy September day, examination barriers leaped, we became 'college men,' and woke next morning, with an odd feeling of pride and abashed expectancy, to the signal that started the college machinery, the prolonged clang of the Old Chapel bell. Whether we believed in the nebular hypothesis or not, we found its analogy in the birth of our class. A misty chaos of strange individuals, restless, shifting, unplaced, were the atoms. The rush was the fusion, the compacting, and though there were occasional signs of solidifying, the elements were still turbulent during the first ensuing weeks of semi-orderly confusion. We watched with wonder an anomaly known as the 'sky-rocket' burst through the forming strata of his classmates and go sailing toward the upper heavens, only to fall back shortly, burnt out or quite extinguished, while we settled, and leveled, and balanced, and the cohesive force called friendship entered and spread among us. Thus it was we grew into a little world with its forces and counter-forces, its materials and their properties (as most metaphors on the subject will suggest), with an orbit of nine months, and an existence of four years.

But we did not enjoy college life. It was too new,—or we were. There was nothing not unfamiliar. The strange sound of the chapel clock, its ever tolling chimes, and Trinity on Sunday with its jangling peal of running octaves like a bevy of disordered alarm clocks, and then those abominated diagonal brick pavements with their mountains and valleys, and insidious frost-patches in winter. With what awe and attention we heard that first sermon in the chapel, and how were we surprised and horrified at the ripple of laughter that passed among the upper class-

men, when the preacher earnestly but ignorantly uttered some suggestive word that had been incorporated in the untranslatable college slang. The landlady was grasping or queer, the routine irksome, half our mates strangers, and the fretting distress ever present that three-fourths of the college always would be. (That doesn't trouble us so much now, but we saw then from the freshman standpoint.) Petty vexations were forgotten as best possible on those surpassing autumnal days when even shadows seemed to glow there was such a glare in the sparkling atmosphere; and training too, and library hours lifted us somewhat out of ourselves. Once at night-fall, as the snaky elm-branches melted into the black of the darkening sky, the campus echoes woke to the glees of a jolly group of returned students, and as the sounds ceased, the blind faith strengthened that perhaps the refrain, 'tis a jolly life,' might be true after all.

That was a strange procession of hours we look back on, each day so protracted from its fullness of event, and the sum total of a term brief as a single day; our work increasing as time passed like Tantalus—the more done, the more left undone—while time was for everything, and sleeping hours fell away to a 'nap before breakfast.'

In rainy-day talks on the window seat, our original word-coiners—they are genii of each college generation—germinated and sprouted much of our eloquent slang; there too, were brewed those nocturnal amenities, those jovial and mystic forerunners of sick excuses known as 'games,' to the initiated. Though 'blueness'—if I may so title that sombre feeling that is neither homesickness nor melancholia—and 'shop' were tabooed topics, we had our sober and reflective moods, and thought and felt more than we cared to admit freely, about our education and its relations to ultimate ambitions.

A canvass of the class would undoubtedly have shown a majority in favor of more and earlier optionals, and even of placing the classics in the same category. This opinion seemed held on 'general principles'—which are often no principles at all because wholly indefinite—and

apparently took its rise in a selfish motive. The subject matter was dry, the form trying, and therefore approached with wry face and unwilling step as in boyhood we took medicine without a sugar coating. How many of us sweetened or smothered the unpalatableness with a flavoring of cribs or a sauce of translations? It is a sad fact, though undeniable, that the classics are an acquired taste to the average young American as is what is best in every Art. The late James Freeman Clarke claimed to liking them from the start, but sanctioned and upheld the use of translations, and we believed that half the secret of his penchant lay therein. We knew that Emerson sided with Clarke and was supported by the body of scientists not extreme radicals like Darwin who utters a bitter and wholesale condemnation of the Latin and Greek of his early years. The beauties were doubtless there, but though the tendency to short cuts in American methods of study is justly charged with being destructive to thoroughness and concentration, we felt like complaining that the road to said beauties was tediously roundabout. Alack, for the dreary drills in prosody and syntax as if they were the staples; while, as a matter of fact, we were left largely to forage for the beauties ourselves, and constrained to believe Pascal as the vastness of unexplored knowledges opened about us,—“The life of man is miserably short.”

Discipline was considerable; but discipline aside, the most stress was laid on classic beauties; and wherefore, we wanted sometimes to ask, were not Job and Isaiah examined and taught, not from the religious stand-point, but as masterpieces of literature which they are? Were we more fitted, we said, to comprehend the charms of Homer in our so lame and occult renderings, than the mild obliquities of Hebrew poems of equally transcendent grandeur done into English by careful masters of both tongues? Or did venerable opposition to translations instinctively debar such works from the curriculum? The vision is old and keen that discerns at a glance such diversities as the meaning of foreign words, the meaning of a profound

thought, and involved forms that both set forth and obscure at the same time; and our insight, too, shared our callowness. We hope the scales will continue to drop from our eyes with advancing maturity, but—while apologizing for our stupidity—since reading Keats, and the encomiums of a score of authors on two famous translations—authors whose writings have since become classic in our own tongue—we shall cherish a certain regret that Prof. Conington did not introduce us to Virgil, and that we did not see the beauties of Homer through Mr. Chapman's lens, instead of our own. We beg pardon if we have said anything that might be misconceived by dead authors in dead languages; there is no danger of their going out of print—rest their shades!

Certainly classic studies brought about in a small way what Lowell claims as their end, namely, "a love for something apart from and above the more vulgar associations of life;" but for the same wholesome result multiplied an hundred-fold, our true debt rests in that broad and indefinable happiness, 'college life.' I said indefinable. Have you ever written a satisfactory letter on college life? Are there words for the flush of rivalry? Can you describe the warm satisfaction and inspiration in your college's victories? the pain and stimulus in her defeat? have you told what the simple presence of your closest friend means to you? can you analyze "the sweet assurance of a look?" These, in part, are our *penetralia*, the seeds of our affection and loyalty, the blessings of this rendezvous of happy spirits. They are not to be profaned by being talked about, these realities so intangible. Nature kindly claps a muffler on our powers of expression in their presence, man never made an adequate vocabulary, and whoso has not entered here can never know them.

Frank Julian Price.

DeForest Prize Oration :**FRANÇOIS VILLON.**

By HOWARD THAYER KINGSBURY, New York City.

A LITTLE before the middle of the fifteenth century France was beginning to recover from the demoralized state into which she had been thrown by her internal struggles and the sturdy courage of the English yeomanry. The Maid of Orleans had wrenched the fleur-de-lis from the English blazon, and set them once more on the snow-white banner of France, making possible a united people and the modern nation. In the same year in which the beaten Englishmen, with the cruelty of despair, helped Jeanne d'Arc to sainthood by giving her the honor of martyrdom, there came into the world, in the lowest rank of the people, one who was to do his part in the national development by finding a way out of the mazes of allegory and pedantry and sounding the first note of modern poetry,—the first realist in French literature. This man we call François Villon, for so he called himself in his poems, and it serves as well as any of his numerous aliases, of which he seems to have found it convenient to have a generous supply. This fact alone shows what manner of man he was, and between his different biographers it seems to be largely a question of the comparative blackness of the strokes with which the dark picture is to be drawn.

He himself was careful not to leave any very definite accounts of his actual crimes, and it took only a few generations to bury them deep in the dust-heap of evil deeds of greater men than he, so one was free to imagine them at one's will heinous or venial. But inquisitive modern research has gone rummaging in the dust-heap, and with triumphant rake has brought from its depth full particulars of the greater part of his more public career. It was a comparatively simple matter, and required principally an overhauling of the police and prison records.

There is little to tell. Lowly birth near Paris, a rough childhood, the patronage of a friend or kinsman, Guillaume de Villon, who put him at the University, and a youth of rollicking pranks with a set of other jolly *vauriens*, who devoted their energies to enjoying the dance without paying the piper, an omission which often landed them in the Châtelet prison. Then a love affair, with a certain Katharine de Vaucelles, who would have none of him, and dire consequences resulting therefrom, so that after writing the "Petit Testament," he found it well to leave Paris for awhile. He would have us believe that he was very deeply in love with this cruel damsel, and perhaps he was, but he seems in general to have known more of passion than of love, more of desire than of tenderness. He soon recovered sufficiently from his chagrin to return to Paris, and commit more crimes, until stopped by an arrest and a sentence to death, commuted to banishment by a fortunate appeal to the Paris *Parlement*. For a weary time he wandered about the frontiers, with possibly a rest at the hospitable court of Charles d'Orléans, but he found the Bishop of Orléans less kind than the Duke, and a new crime brought another imprisonment in the Bishop's dungeon. He was freed during Louis XI's triumphal progress and back to his old haunts in Paris he went, to fight off starvation and write his "Grand Testament." After this he escapes even the antiquarian's rake, and the rest of his life is still buried in the dust-heap, so we may suppose that he kept out of the hands of the authorities, and died anywhere but on the gallows.

There is surely nothing very remarkable about this career. The man was a criminal, and a very petty and unheroic criminal at that :—the meanness of some of his crimes is more repulsive than their criminality. So we are not interested now in Villon the criminal, but in Villon the strange combination of new-kindled poetic fire, and the basest sort of human clay. A problem is always interesting, especially when the factors are pieces of human nature, and Villon certainly is a problem, which no two investigators seem to solve in the same way. To a certain

extent it is the old question of the relation of genius to character. Ben Jonson stated his position by speaking of "the impossibility of any man's being the good poet, without first being a good man." Villon is a piece of strong evidence for the other side;—he could in no sense be called a good man, but it is hard to deny that some of his poems are the work of a great poet.

In considering his character there is no use trying to apologize, to excuse, to condone. When a man has sunk to the depths which the "Ballade de Villon et de la Grosse Margot" represents, there is no defense to make. In itself it is a plea of guilty, with no appeal to the mercy of the court. High crimes may be forgiven, and there is sometimes a certain "magnificence in sin;" but a single whiff from such a Black Hole of degradation is enough to make anyone turn away in unconquerable loathing. Nor is there any warrant for whitewashing this smirch by calling it a mere fancy picture, a very unsavory *tour de force*. It is too glaringly real to come from anything but life. And worst of all, there is no sense of shame, nothing but a brazen disgust. Such is his usual tone;—regrets for wasted opportunities and costly follies, but almost never a twinge of remorse or real repentance, until one is tempted to adopt the convenient theory that here was a man born without "the moral sense," with great mind and embryonic soul, and hang everything on that frail cord.

But if there is no defence to be made for his character, there may be at least an attempt at explanation. He had no principles to be sure, but how should he ever have got any? His bringing up was probably in the streets of Paris, a training which would easily counteract whatever faint good he might have learned from his placidly pious, ignorant mother. The sharpness of the *gamin* would have small reverence for any such blind faith as hers, though in spite of all Villon's hard life there was in some way left in him to the last a certain lingering tenderness towards her and her belief. Then his life as a poor scholar at the University would not advance him far on the road to virtue. Villon wasted little time over his books, never

taking the theological degree, which really represented graduation, so he was wholly at liberty for any merry escapade, and having undoubtedly far more than the average share of brains, he must have been a leader, an organizer, the chief of a band, "pleasant in words and deeds," as he describes them. This sort of eminence gave the finishing touches to his character. Becoming then accustomed to an easy life, at others' expense, it is no wonder that he adopted it as his ideal and consistently pursued it, by whatever means, clean or foul, came to his hand afterwards. The rest of his life only deepened his convictions on this subject, until we find his creed summed up in the refrain "*Il n'est tresor que de vivre a son aise.*" But this "poor little scholar" as he calls himself, saw little more of the easy side of life; and as he knew nothing else to live for, it is quite comprehensible that in his efforts to arrive at it his ethics become curiously twisted, or even almost obliterated.

Yet in all his lack of ethics, there was still an occasional touch of religious feeling. The refrain of the grisly "*Ballad of the Gibbet*,"—"But pray God that he will to absolve us all,"—sounds sincere, and perhaps in all his regrets for countless follies there was sometimes, far underneath, a haunting sense of sin. As he looked back over his soiled life, he may have sometimes heard the dull tones of a never developed conscience, and thought of the simple faith of his mother, "*la pauvre femme*," and so he calls for absolution and forgiveness, blindly, but honestly. Yet such moments were rare, and regret for mistakes was usually far more real to him than penitence for sin.

So what we are to look for in Villon is not ethics, not even the calm philosophy of a cynic, but poetry. It is hard to realize that out of the filth and reek of such a life anything could come with that indestructibility which is the distinguishing mark of great poetry, but so it is. Where the poetic impulse came from we cannot tell. An ingenious German critic, with a strong belief in heredity, has analyzed Villon's character, and told us what traits he took from his father, and what from his mother, but even

he does not point out the source of his genius. There is no explanation;—he had it in him to write, and driven by either the irresistible force of genius, or the equally irresistible force of hunger,—he wrote, and his poems live.

He teaches no great lessons, except a few drawn from the depths of very undesirable experience; he has no inspiring message or elevating truths to tell; he depicts no ideals of beauty; but he sees straight into the heart of things with an eye naturally sharp and made keen even beyond nature by hard training; he tells what he sees in plain, straightforward words, tingling with life and musical; and so through him we see the fifteenth century, not in the vague pageant of history, but in the lives of human beings. His eyes are morbid and unhealthy, it is true, as well as sharp; but then, there was nearly always a gallows-rope dangling before them.

What does this keen vision of his see, besides the gallows-cord? Many things, and most of them evil: the follies and weaknesses and sins of men, and their consequences. He is essentially a poet of evil, and yet not of evil influence. His sight is far too clear for that; he shows us the rottenness within, rather than the whited sepulchre without. His position is a strange one; he has no liking for the reek of the corruption, but no courage to climb into a better atmosphere; he has no fondness for the bog simply as slime, and he knows that the marsh-lights are only *ignes fatui*, but he simply shrugs his shoulders, and settles down into the mire. Swinburne salutes him as "our sad, glad, mad, bad brother!" but there is little kinship between the hot animalism of the modern poet and the cold sneer of his older rival. Another critic charges Villon with insincerity, and speaks of his "professional mendicant's whine;" but one hears the rattling, mirthless, unsmiling laugh of bitterness in his poems far oftener than any whine; and it is hard to see how his calm realization of the unprofitableness of evil, combined with his utter disregard of any moral side of the case, can be anything but the sincere expression of a brilliant but perverted mind. And unless he were sincere, why should

he so deliberately set forth all that tends to his discredit, not with mocking bravado, but with simply an acceptance of things as they stand, and a desire to tell of them? He looks back on his life, he sees that he has wasted it, he regrets that on the whole he has had so little enjoyment of it, and that his few pleasures have left worse pains behind, and so he wishes to sing a "Ballad of Good Counsel" to his former friends and comrades.

He embodies this message in a long Testament, a form which enables him to say his say, and pay off all his old scores, with flings at those who have served him ill, and thanks for the few who have done him good turns. Into this he weaves nearly all that he has written. Whether or not he was the inventor of this form of composition, his Will is the only one of the kind that has been admitted to probate by posterity. The point of much of his satire is lost now, because we are not acquainted with the target at which it is aimed, yet we cannot help feeling that it must have reached the mark, cut deep, and rankled. It is local and personal, so its application is gone, but it is only a part of his work, and having done its office, serves now as a faded background into which are woven brilliant bits of glowing tapestry.

In a few spots the background retains all its old colors, where Villon is speaking out of his own heart about himself and his life, for hearts do not fade so easily; but it is in the bits of tapestry that we find the most lasting hues,—it is the ballads and lays which sound as new and living now as when they moulded themselves into shape in the poet's brain as he sat in the Châtelet or the prison of the Bishop of Orléans. There is nothing local, nothing temporary, about these clean-cut, sparkling gems,—gold and silver thread tarnishes, but jewels worked into the design keep their brightness. There is a melody which lingers in one's ears in the rippling rhymes. The clusters of names rich in associations are gathered together by one who knows well their magic. In a breath one passes from a mocking laugh to the deepest, tenderest pathos. The refrains, sometimes almost whole poems in themselves,

fairly haunt one, and make constant plea for the poet's memory. Some of them are drops of his life-blood, still red and warm, and the heart from which they came must have been the heart of a great poet, however cruelly he himself abused it and flung it away.

Villon's poems as literature are in one way as strange a combination as Villon as a character. The man was brilliant genius and despicable worthlessness joined in one; the poet was the first modern, and at the same time filled with a spirit which had been dormant since the age of the classics. There was hardly a touch of the mediæval in him—no conventional allegory, no conventional woman-worship and chivalry, no carefully manufactured conventional sentiment, very little conventional religion. Instead there was the old Greek spirit of keen enjoyment of the physically beautiful, of bodily pleasure, of the happiness of the senses, with all considerations of morality conveniently pushed aside. One might say he was a type of the Pagan Renaissance, but he comes upon the stage a little too early for that. The shakiness of his mythology and classical allusions shows how slender his knowledge of such things was, so there must have been in him an independent revival of the spirit without any predisposing cause. And his view of death is almost wholly pagan. He sees the charnel house, the annihilation, the oblivion, the close of an earthly life of pleasure or misery, rather than the beginning of another of happiness or torment. Since all alike, great and small, good and bad, come to the same undistinguishable dust and ashes, he draws the conclusion "Eat, drink and be merry. Live at your ease. Let the monks paint pictures of rewards and punishments in that uncertain life beyond, but heed them not." Yet one must not be too sure. He may have felt that it was better for him resolutely to close his eyes to the future, since he would see nothing good if he opened them.

But in looking at this world his clear view stood him in good stead, and made him more than a belated Pagan, made him the forerunner of a new type. He not only saw the "joyous life," but he saw through it. He owed this

keen vision almost as much to his humble origin and hard life as to his inborn genius. He was a man with no traditional sentiment, no aristocratic prejudices, no reverence for authority, no hampering ideals, nothing but keen senses, an active brain and a ready tongue. He perceived clearly, he thought boldly, and he spoke so that we listen to him yet, and comparing his words with those of the realists of our own day, we find in him the same point of view, the same tone, the same spirit. Change his language a little, and he might as well belong to nineteenth century Bohemia as to fifteenth.

So from Bohemia and from the common herd came this new force in literature, and freedom from all convention gave naturalness.

In this naturalness are his two enduring elements,—reality and power. He gives us bits of life in song-pictures, drawn with a nervous vigor that cannot grow old. The turbulent France of his day seems unreal and visionary, just such a confused mass of forgotten shadows as the Cemetery of the Innocents, where the blind paupers were to pick out good from bad with Villon's spectacles, but out of the darkness flares the dismal light of Villon's ill-spent life and wasted genius, inglorious, unhonored, unrespected, yet perpetuated for all time, and not passing away like "the snows of yester-year" of which he sang.



THE NIGHT BLOOMING CEREUS.

Sweet, modest flower, companion of the stars,
Nor less divine and strange and fair than they,
Like thee, when hid beneath Night's darkening shades,
Thy fairy petals spread, thy sweet perfume
With blessings breathes, and night itself is made
Fairer by thee than brightest day—

Like thee

In this dark world, bright souls there are unseen
Who flourish in the shade of man's despite,
And live their life and shed their deeds divine,
And then, bright, fair, slow folding up their lives
Sleep on and rest, forgotten evermore.

Burton J. Hendrick.

THE STORY OF A PICTURE.

THE cheerless December sun, setting in a smoky glow behind a maze of Paris chimney tops, managed to send a few last straggling rays into a high attic chamber, which, built up as though it were an afterthought upon the very roof itself, looked far down through its one tiny window upon the narrow street below, and out upon a fantastic world of roofs and chimneys. Inside, the small room with ceiling low and sagging—as if it were afraid to straighten up, lest it should lose the distant connection with mother earth far beneath, and fly off among the clouds—hardly differed from a hundred others of the same wretched class, except that a large oil painting was drawn up on its easel to catch the last light from the dusty, cracked window, and a black cat, somewhat lean and cadaverous, lay curled up asleep on the one pillow of the bed, as if no stranger to that luxury. Indeed the whole chamber had that half-conscious air, copied perhaps from its tenant, of having seen better days, and of now doing its best to present a respectable appearance, and cover up its too evident poverty. The faded coverlet almost split its crazy pattern trying to hide the rusty iron bedstead; the wicker chair bottom stretched its best to reach whole-bodied across the seat; and the ragged portiere nearly dragged down the curtain rod in vain efforts to hide the shadowy closet behind, and to touch the dusty floor beneath.

Meanwhile, interrupting these silent endeavors, footsteps were heard, faint at first, but growing louder and louder as they ascended the many flights of narrow stairs with steady tread, keeping time to the cheerful strains of an evident American whistle.

The black cat lazily stretched itself, and jumped to the floor in time to rub its dusky back against the legs of its master, who, as he entered, threw the door wide open behind him, to let the cold wind from the hall rush in and perform what the practical tenant called his daily sweeping out. The new comer walked slowly to the window

and anxiously peered out into the gathering darkness, while the cheerful whistle died quickly away. Then he threw himself down in the solitary chair, which creaked and groaned under his weight, and looked once more at his beloved picture, his only friend, it seemed, save the lean black cat.

"I don't see," he said, brushing back the brown hair which curled artist fashion over neck and forehead, "I don't see why I ever came to this country of shrugs and idioms, do you, old cat?"

The only answer to this appeal was a deliberate opening and shutting of one eye by the knowing beast, as it slowly curled up again in the shadowy recesses of the pillow.

"Yes you do, you old Sphinx! It was for the love of the art. My father drove me away, too." With louder voice and an angry stamp on the floor, which shook the little room, and rang from the cat a plaintive mew, "Yes he did! and you know it, old cat! But," he added in milder tones, "that doesn't help us a bit, or keep the wolf from the door—or the wind either," as the door flew open again in a sudden gust and then shut to with a bang.

"However," with a hopeful smile again, "when this picture is framed and named, and sells for a big price in the gallery, we shall be on our feet again, that is, figuratively speaking. I've no doubt you would prefer to roll up on that old pillow. But first," he continued, looking fondly at the painting, "I must add another branch to this tree, and then write my name in the corner, like this." And he bent over to trace by the fading twilight, "Cecil Gray" upon the canvas, and to fill in one more leafy branch near the top of a tall maple.

"There," he thought, "its done at last, my best work, and painted from memory. Four years ago—my memory has served me even better than the painter's brush. But times are changed and times are hard."

"Old cat," he spoke aloud now and half bitterly, "I suppose you know to-night is Christmas eve, hang up your stocking, and all that sort of thing. But supper comes nearer to us now, and the cupboard is empty, at least it would be if there were any—the cracker-box is, anyhow.

Well, good-bye, old cat. I'll go out again and forage, and try to get a little money advanced on the strength of a speedy sale of my masterpiece, *chef-d'œuvre*, you know, you old French Sphinx. Oh for a name for my picture, one that would take with the critics! Good-bye again," breaking into a laugh, "what's in a name? A cat by any other name—" would sleep as well, thought the drowsy cat, no doubt, as the door slammed a rude accompaniment to the click of the lock, and the echoing footsteps died away.

After a short interval more footsteps are heard, this time slowly climbing up the narrow stairs, and the sound of voices rises to the attic chamber, one with the quavering tones of a feeble old man, the other with the clear notes of a young girl, who, if the door were opened, might be seen standing at the head of the stairs with a lighted lamp held high in her outstretched hand.

"Yes," the girl said, talking down to someone unseen below, "it is high up, but he says he'd rather live in a chimney and hear the Queen's English murdered, than be in a palace and have to listen to French, and he says I'm not much of an assassin either. No, I don't know his name, except he's called the foreign gentleman. He's our lodger, you know."

The stranger laboriously reached the topmost stair, and the door, unlocked by the landlord's key, opened again, but the cat, dazzled by the sudden rising of a strange luminary, and frightened by the new comers, arched its bristling back, and spat angry defiance at the bold intruders. The lamp, nevertheless, shone peacefully upon a blue-eyed little English girl, whose black shadow fell aslant the closed door; upon the kindly anxious face of a gray-haired man with trembling figure bowed by age and illness; the bright rays even cruelly revealed the poverty of the room, the artist's materials scattered about, and the poor furniture, which almost seemed to shrink to a smaller size with painful consciousness; and last of all the light reached clear and penetrating to the farther corner near the window, where the picture stood with the old black cat mounting guard close by, as if aware that this was its master's dearest treasure.

"No," said the old man sorrowfully and half to himself, after a long survey, "No, I'm afraid this is but one more disappointment. I cannot go back without him, yet the ship sails in two days more from England. I have been in many a room like this, but have found no trace of him yet."

"Sir," timidly interrupted his little guide, overcome with awe and sympathy at the sight of an old man, far past the age of crying, struggling to keep back the tears, "sir, won't you look at his picture before you go? He's a beautiful painter, but he doesn't earn much, and sometimes he looks like you do now." And she held the lamp invitingly over the easel. The old man nodded silently to please the child, and glanced over her shoulder at the picture with mind so far away and eyes so dim, that even by the help of glasses he scarcely saw the painting at all.

"He asked me to-night to name it for him," the little hostess added, proud of the honor, "how do you like 'The American Homestead'?"

The girlish chatter cleared away the mist from his eyes far better than the gold-rimmed spectacles, and the outlines of the landscape began to come out before his gaze with a bewildering look of familiarity. "Why, I almost believe—!" he said, and as the picture stood forth clear and beautiful before his eyes, all doubt and trouble vanished from his weary mind, and hope came back again. "Yes," he cried, "there is the old place, the dear old house, and the long rows of trees his grandfather planted. See! he's even painted the very pane of glass he broke before he went away. That is his room—" the gray-haired father bowed his head, overcome with emotion and gladness that made up for long years of sorrow and waiting.

When his trembling voice had grown a little firmer, he turned to the wondering face of the little girl, and said with a joy that words could not express, "Forgive me, my dear, but the father has found his son. I'll name the picture for him, and then let us go away, and leave him to find it out." And soon the room was left to cold and darkness again.

A few hours after, the artist climbed wearily to his attic room, and looked once more at his priceless painting by

the flickering light of a tallow candle. His eye fell upon the note left pinned to the easel, and alone in the dreary chamber the son read the message with the same emotion which had filled the father on beholding the familiar outlines of the old home greeting him, before its welcome, a solitary stranger in a foreign land. "'East, West,'" he read, "'Home's best. Let that be the name of your picture. I could not wait for you, my son, but came to bring you back.'"

"Well, old cat," the artist said with a strange quaver in his voice, "it looks a little more like Christmas for you and me."

Two weeks later father and son were standing together before the same picture, equally loved by both now, hanging, as it was, in the hall of the old home among the New Hampshire hills. Outside, the stars were faintly shining in the gathering twilight, and the cold wind whirled the snow like frozen spray from the bending trees, whose branches cracked and groaned in every blast. The old black cat stirred uneasily in its dreams before the hearth-fire. But the father and son were unconscious of all around them, thinking, perhaps, of a cheerless attic room in Paris, left alone now with the darkness, and forsaken by even the faithful cat.

John H. Field.

OUR NOBLEST THOUGHTS.

Our noblest thoughts are questions, and a striving
After things we cannot see ;
A searching of our heart-depths, and a diving
For their pearls of mystery.

Our noblest thoughts are prayers, and a yearning
For the things that pass not by ;
A living with the eternal, and a learning
Of the laws that never die.

Our noblest thoughts, whence come they all unbidden ?
Like the tides they o'er us roll
Of an ocean that forever murmurs hidden,
In the secret of the soul.

H. B. Hinckley.

A GLANCE AT NEW ENGLAND CHARACTER.

SINCE the days of Winthrop and Miles Standish the inhabitant of the country districts of New England has had a marked and unique character, which has left an impression upon that of America never to be effaced. Starting as he did from England, sometimes with an income of thousands of dollars and large landed estates, sometimes from the profession in which he had attained to distinction, and many times from the various trades and that great class called "yeomanry," he brought with him, in an unadulterated state, the sterling English qualities. And these qualities were soon shown by the establishment of institutions of learning, religion and government at a time when bread cost him a struggle.

But it is undoubtedly true that while a great character has been developing in New England during the past two centuries and a half, it has been at the sacrifice of the more delicate instincts and sentiments—a sacrifice from which New England has not yet recovered, for we have no poet to compare with the great poets of England. We find that although many of the first settlers were men of scholarship and culture their children could scarcely write. An examination of ancient Colonial records shows a deterioration in hand writing and clerical intelligence during the first three or four generations. Clearing away forests, working new land and listening to long Calvinistic sermons doubtless made strong men, but did not conduce toward the appreciation of the beauties of literature or art. The intermarrying of the finer families with the inferior classes in the scattered localities accounts too for the development of the practical side of the New England nature. So it happens that to day we may find among the ignorant and unsophisticated "clods" of country villages descendants from Colonial governors and of old English arms-bearing families.

We often hear deserved credit given to the so-called "orthodox" system of religion for the building up of

New England character, but we must not forget that to it is due also the almost utter extinction of the feeling of beauty in that character. The Puritan purposely built his church without a vestige of comeliness, and regarded much that was beautiful and artistic as the alluring devices of Popery and the devil. We are apt to overlook this lack of poetic feeling and join the Thanksgiving orator in careless praise of the Puritan. Lowell says, in his delightful *Fireside Travels*, "Puritanism—I am perfectly aware how great a debt we owe it—tried over again the old experiment of driving out nature with a pitchfork, and had the usual success. Polished, cultivated, fascinating Mephistopheles! it is for the ungovernable breakings away of the soul from unnatural compressions that thou waitest with a deprecatory smile." The "eternal Sabbath of the woods" is a beautiful New England expression, but Sunday really meant little else to the average farmer than sound sleep and, as Hawthorne makes Zenobia say, in leaning over a fence and obviously watching the corn grow.

A walk through an old grave-yard reveals the unartistic notions of the "fore fathers," but we are inclined to pity rather than ridicule as we look at the hideous faces on the tomb-stones, and when we read the epitaph, our respect for their godliness is completely won. The early inhabitants of New England have left us great houses with long sloping roofs, through the decayed portions of which we can see huge oak timbers destined to remain another century as monuments of the muscular strength of the settlers; they have left us ponderous oak furniture of clumsy style, but we search in vain for records of delicate imaginative thought. Herein is our plainest deficiency, for herein our Puritan ancestors were careless. Our institutions and universities ought to encourage every effort—however slight it may seem, toward the development of this more refined part of our intellectual nature,—casting aside all cumbersome furniture of early New England thought and tradition. The true spirit of learning is breadth of thought, yet improvement along the lines of

aesthetic culture should not be hampered and impeded by New England prejudices. Whereas we ought to reverence the strength of thought of Jonathan Edwards we must as certainly admire the culture of John Ruskin and have no patience with the intolerance and narrowness of Cotton Mather.

In accordance with the principles of evolution it may be expected that the Puritan would leave behind him the weaknesses of his character, and now after several generations he is turning; he is beginning to unite beauty with worship, to broaden his education, to enlarge his conceptions and he is producing such men as Hawthorne and Emerson and Lowell.

Lemuel Aiken Welles.

SUGGESTIVENESS.

At the ending of the day,
When the last and richest ray
Of the sunset fades away
Into the night,
There softly come to me
Dreams, the fairest and the rarest,
Of that world-old mystery,—
The life beyond the sea.

'Mid the silence of the graves,
In the moaning of the waves,
When the wind so fiercely raves
Along the shore,
There blend in harmony
Sounds, the sweetest and the deepest,
Of a soul-warm melody
From far across the sea.

In the kisses of a child,
When the mem'ry is beguiled
By its love thoughts into mild
Forgetfulness,
There flit so stilly by
Forms, the truest and the purest,
Who know all the mystery
Beyond the silent sea.

C. S. Schumaker.

TWO SUMMER DAYS.

When the wind is from the West—then the breakers sink to sleep,
Only rows of swashing ripples up the yellow shingle creep,
With a whisper and a sighing,
When the summer day is dying,
And the breeze is full of fragrance from the meadow land and lea
As it sweeps with woodsy sweetness o'er the sparkle of the sea.
Sunny skies and shining sand
When the wind comes from the land.

Where the azure blue of ocean and the paler sky have kissed
The horizon line is clearly etched,—no blurring haze of mist.
Through the vastness gently heaving
Coasters plough, their bluff bows cleaving
With a wake of foamy tossing, and each weather-darkened sail
Gleaming cloudlike in the brilliance, stretched to straining by the gale.
Shippers take a turn below
While the western breezes blow.

When the wind shifts to nor'east, and the sky is murky gray
While the ragged clouds are flying low like fateful birds of prey,
And the heavy surf is pounding
In the storm deep basso sounding,
Through streaming mist and flying scud dark blots of sail show dull,
Where heaped up seas and shrieking wind drive on the straining hull.
Bitter life before the mast
In a howling nor'east blast.

Ralph D. Paine.



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE death of James Russell Lowell may fairly be said to mark the close of the first period in American letters. Of all that distinguished company of men whose work and lives have established in America a national literature, only two yet remain and both of these have now passed into a season of literary inactivity to which long and productive lives richly entitle them and which is but the springtime of the eternal rest from their labors.

Perhaps the most striking characteristic of the Cambridge school is the intense interest it manifested in the great questions which from time to time have aroused the nation. Consequently its members were exposed to all the fury of a hostile majority in a people whose highest aims seemed political and financial aggrandisement, and to none of them was it directed more hotly than to the author of such bold satire as the Biglow Papers. But the generations that lived in the midst of the stirring political scenes of the century have now all but passed away, and a new one, incapable of comprehending the strength and bitterness of party feeling, has taken their place. The logic of events proved the truths which Lowell so tellingly uttered and prejudice has given way to a sound and unbiassed criticism.

Up to the time of the Mexican War, Lowell's claim to popular recognition was based solely on a few volumes of verse; and this, though marked by depth and purity of thought and tone, thorough sympathy with nature and uncommon lyric sweetness, had as yet failed to touch any absolutely new note.

But an occasion found the man awaiting it. Springs which had refused to flow at every chance sounding now gushed forth in obedience to the conjurer's wand. A great national sin stirred the poet and the fantastic Biglow Papers resulted. They soon convinced the world that a new and real genius had inspired them, yet the poet himself was slow to recognize the true value of his idea. The dry and caustic wit of Hosea Biglow suddenly became a power in the land and Lowell himself tells us,—“I soon found that I held in my hand a weapon, instead the fencing-stick I had supposed.” Though in homely phrase, they contain perhaps greater originality and terse, forceful truth than any of his more conventional work. Behind the light and frivolous expression which is their chief external characteristic, we can see the man himself; a man really and terribly in earnest.

The notes sounded here are the fundamental tones which underlie the more complex harmony of his whole

life. The first flood of manly enthusiasm is now past. The voice that spoke in the Biglow Papers only gains in depth and volume and richness as the years roll on. Hear his clear tones rising above the din of Anti-slavery agitation :

"They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak,
* * * * *
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three."

But at last the struggle was over and the re-united land, amid all the rejoicing, paused to do reverence to its hallowed dead. Among these were fourscore who had gone from Harvard to answer their country's call. In his noble ode in commemoration of their heroic death, Lowell seized and fitly used the supreme occasion of his life. And here again he tells us that, living or dying, fidelity to truth is the one thing all-desirable.

"Many loved Truth * * *
* * * * *
But these, our brothers, fought for her
* * * * *
So loved her that they died for her
Tasting the raptured fleetness
Of her divine completeness :
Their higher instinct knew
Those love her best who to themselves are true,
And what they dare to dream of, dare to do."

Though Lowell confines the direct expression of moral and political convictions to his poetry alone, yet we find in his prose, and especially in that of a critical nature, the same individuality, the same sure, independent note of truth which is in all things the very essence of the man. And with this as a foundation, and by the aid of rich scholarship and a free and varied style, he rears a structure which is as yet unsurpassed by anything in American literature.

Perhaps as a result of the affection with which Lowell was regarded abroad, a certain class of thick-and-thin

patriots have charged him with disloyalty to his own country. But they in the valley are unable to comprehend the view of him who surveys life from the mountain top. He is in the wider and truer sense a patriot, who perceives not only his country's glories, but her defects as well. Manliness and truth are before country.

"Before man made us citizens
Great nature made us men."

We find, then, in Lowell a poet of vigorous yet delicate touch, a critic of wonderful insight and breadth of view, and, taken all in all, our foremost man of letters. Nor is this all; aside from his purely literary eminence he stands for a higher culture, a more perfect citizenship and as "an ideal man of the world."

R. C. W. Wadsworth.



NOTABILIA.

A CRITICAL period has arrived in our athletics. The year is in many respects like the opening of '86 when the recent past was a gloomy list of uniform defeats along every line. And it must be seen in the same light, and met with the same spirit that animated Yale men of that day. The time for regret has ended; not an undergraduate who takes pride in his Alma Mater is entitled for a moment now to look complacently on our uncertain future. It is common to gloss defeat by remarking that an occasional loss sharpens the rivalry, increases the uncertainty and revives public interest. True, but such words are neither becoming nor loyal. Although there are exceptional years the material in college averages much the same. Yale in the past has been stimulus if not instructor to her rivals in more than one branch of athletics. Are we then to confess that we cannot keep pace with their

rapid improvement,—that their training system is more perfect, or their resources superior? Experience convinces us that we have not gone backward in these respects. But surely we will not suffer the other alternative—that the Yale spirit is declining; and yet if an enthusiastic interest is not at once shown and sustained, such a conclusion is unavoidable.

An ounce of enthusiasm is worth a pound of 'cynical self-restraint.' Lukewarmness is a condition foreign and hostile to the feelings of every true Yale man. We have a reputation to sustain, and there is only one way to sustain it—work. There are many who go to the track for the first time, brimful of aspiration, dazzled by dreams of medals and glory, bubbling over with a record-breaking eagerness. The third day comes a frost,—their zeal evaporates, and therewith like the ephemera of the summer time they vanish, and are heard of no more. A spasmodic plunge is worthless. It is the old story with the old principle, great anythings are not made by a single effort—athletes included. It is the unflagging, unswerving, dogged persistency, not a struggle for recognition for the sake of distinction but seeing with clear eyes that the virtue lies in the struggle—that has carried Yale to the fore on so many hard-fought fields. The Latin maxim for the origin of the poet will not serve in this case, athletes are made—not born.

* * *

I call to mind a slight, pale stripling who entered college since the departure of the Fence, who, by assiduous practice though almost without hope, won a position on a victorious foot ball team three-fourths of which were 'old players;' and gained thirty-two pounds into the bargain besides priceless health, and a strength and perseverance that will bear him through many battles to come.

Glance at the well-known names of our latest champions. Sherrill was not within seconds of the records he established, before coming to college. Shearman had never been on a track before his entrance, at which time a jump of twenty-one feet was considered the top mark.

Ryder was an indifferent long distance runner. As late as Junior year he took up pole vaulting, won the event from the famous Welch of Columbia and later made the intercollegiate record. Harry Williams who now holds a world's record had never leaped a hurdle until his college life had begun; and so without number might these instances be multiplied. Space will hardly allow a word for the moral benefits of athletic training—the success in the world of our past athletes, and the honorable and sensible popularity of those now with us are a sufficient evidence.

The coöperation and encouragement of the alumni is assured in the erection of a new building and the regular employment of a competent trainer at the track; and for the winter term the New Gymnasium—another of their gifts—will be used to train in. Our alumni have done their part. Shall we do ours?

* * *

An auspicious sign of internal growth and independent progress is the purpose, on the part of a number of the students of our Law School to publish a magazine to be called the *Yale Law Journal*. The project is the more noteworthy as it is the natural outcome of vigorous improvements begun in the Law School some ten years ago, and because it testifies materially to the wisdom of those reforms. The plan of the paper is as follows: It will be issued twice each term. Each number will consist of about fifty pages of reading matter divided between—Two leading articles by faculty members or alumni. These papers will always be from men qualified to speak with authority, and while of special value to the technical student will also aim to be popularly instructive. Ten pages of Note and Comment devoted to minor points not requiring lengthy discussion will follow; a third portion is set apart to the interests of the School and of the Alumni; and finally comes a department which will contain the latest decisions of the highest courts, and which from the frequency of publication will often anticipate the State Reports in accounts of the latest renderings.

The intrinsic value of this paper should give it a large circulation, especially since it is made known that both alumni and professors will use every endeavor to make it the leading law journal of the country, and to this end every material encouragement should be given the movers of the enterprise.

* * *

Another excellent addition to the already complete system of college publications is the *Yale Alumni Weekly* which is owned and published by the *Yale Daily News* board. It is in essence a weekly edition of the *News*, and contains matter selected largely from the daily, together with a page of editorials which treat in a cursory manner the events of the week, and Yale topics in general; its aim being to keep the alumni more in touch with the progress of their Alma Mater.

The idea is an entirely new one in college journalism, but it will fill a want which has long been felt by the alumni, and we trust that the new venture will share in the success of its contemporaries.

* * *

Essays in competition for the LIT. Medal are due at 219 Durfee on or before the first of December. All competitive essays must be subscribed with assumed names and accompanied by envelopes containing the true names of the writers. The committee of award will consist of two members of the Faculty and the Chairman of the Board.

* * *

Rejected contributions will be retained for one month, and may be obtained on personal application at the room at which they were left; the remainder of those held over will be destroyed. It will be impossible for the editors to undertake the return of rejected articles.

PORTFOLIO.

Soft and low the winds are sighing
O'er the summer's fading flowers,
And the red-turned leaves replying
Sadly herald autumn's hours.

To and fro a hammock swinging
'Neath the shadow of the trees
Gently rocks, its meshes singing
With faint echoes of the breeze.

Back and forth 'tis idly swaying,
Like a nest on tree top lone,
Tossed by winds, now rudely playing
Mocking airs of tenants flown.

Far and near chill winter creeping
Sees the hammock swinging low,
Hears the ghosts of summer keeping
Phantom tryst 'mid falling snow.

J. H. F.

—Early one bright July morning I was busily hoeing away among the flower-beds in the garden, longing at the same time for an interruption of any sort whatever to relieve the monotony, and give me an excuse for resting. In this hope I looked up and saw an old acquaintance coming leisurely towards me through the tall grass, stooping now and then in true farmer's fashion to pull up a stalk of milkweed, and spitefully toss it aside to wither in the sun's hot rays. With usual severe formality and temporary disregard of the bonds of friendship, the visitor introduced himself as Mr. Plymington Ragget, late of Mendon, as soon as he came within hailing, and then politely inquired after my health.

Mr. Raggett, in truth, is an old-fashioned country character, notwithstanding his frequent assertions that he is fully up to modern times and quite citified besides, since he left the mountain air of his birthplace for the more metropolitan and less rarified atmosphere of the town in the valley below. At any rate he is not so dull as he looks, and can swap horses, talk politics or philosophy with true Yankee shrewdness and a sharp opinion of his own. Amongst other peculiarities he possesses a mania for lawsuits, whether of great or small importance it matters not, and his happiness is never quite so complete as when he can take the witness stand before an

admiring audience, or parade himself as a much abused plaintiff in a determined struggle against the selectmen of the town over a petty infringement of the boundaries of his rocky hill-side pastures.

After a few introductory remarks, Mr. Raggett warmed up to his favorite topic, "sackerlogical effinities," as he explained them, "a hankerin' of one soul arter another, an' a onresistable drawin' together of the same."

"Yes sir, we've all got 'em, more er less," he said cheerfully, referring to the "sackerlogical effinities," "exceptin' them selectmen 'at I'm a lawin' with, an' Ezry Weston. Do you know Ezry? Wal I've knowed him nigh onto sixty years, an' ever sence he was seventeen years old his soul has ben a-puckerin' up, an' when he comes to die, ef he ever does die, it won't be no bigger'n a spider's knee. As fur argyments to the contrary, I can't swaller 'em, no sir, not ef I onhitch my collar button." A performance he went through with at once as a convincing proof of his statement, and having said his brief but unanswerable say, he turned squarely about, and stalked majestically through the long grass, leaving a wake behind him like a puffing steamboat on a trackless ocean.

When he reached the fence and was well astride the rails, he looked around with a critical air, and taking off his broad-brimmed straw hat with its crown pulled out into a cone shape by the action of sun and rain, he replaced it upon his head after a dignified flourish, meant, no doubt, to command strict attention and silence. Then making a speaking trumpet of his great brown hands, and kicking his heels against the fence rails by way of emphasis he shouted across to me, "I notice 'at your grape vines are a-lookin' well. Ef a frost comes, you run over an' git my squirt pump, an' sprinkle 'em with cold water. Its the best thing fur 'em. Howsomever," with an upward squint at the hot sun, "there ain't much look fur a frost, leastways not jest now there ain't, an' ef one does come, it'll come unbeknownst to yours respectably, Plymin'ton Raggett."

And Mr. Plymington Raggett, late of Mendon, jumped into the road with a great clatter, and disappeared in a cloud of dust.

J. H. F.

—Amiel's great sin consisted in his giving himself up to the passive habit of introspection. He was a weak man, and

while perfectly at home in thought and speculation, was terrified at action. As soon as things become useful, he says, they lose their charm for him. This makes his extraordinary "Journal Intime" somewhat morbid, and leaves the impression that he was cowardly. Healthfulness seems to be a rare quality in journals of geniuses. But should we fail to see beneath this great weakness of the man Amiel, the noble and sincere soul, the deep and able thinker, the brilliant and exact literary critic, the refined mind, capable of appreciating the most subtle beauties of music, art and poetry, we should make as great a mistake as that of the old Roman magistrate who took St. Paul for a babbler.

We are struck with the great contrast between this journal and that of Marie Bashkirtseff. One is noticeable for the deep feeling of religion which pervades the whole book, the other for an almost total lack of this feeling. The exertions of the brilliant young Russian genius were actuated by selfishness alone, those of Amiel by an unswerving search after truth. "I will have none of these passions of straw, which dazzle, burn up and wither; I invoke, I await, and I hope for the love which is great, pure and earnest, which lives and works through all the fibres and through all the powers of the soul. And even if I go lonely to the end, I would rather my hope and my dream died with me, than that my soul should content itself with any meaner union." Poor Amiel! He went "lonely to the end," but he lived nearer the truth than many whom the world has acknowledged and blessed; and this resolution, taken in his thirty-first year, was steadfastly maintained and richly rewarded.

L. A. W.

—In the central part of New York is a chain of lakes whose links are connected by rivulets like a cluster of jewels secured by threads of silver. These lakes have beautiful settings amid vine-clad shores and golden wheat fields, and each one has a charm in its peculiar scenery and legendary history. Here dwelt some of the noted nations of the Iroquois. On the western side of Cayuga lake was the site of a Seneca village. Sheltered in a grove of trees the place looks eastward over a point where reeds and flag jut far out, and weave a delicate and green tracery. To the right large trees skirt the shore with glimpses of the water between the branches, and over and beyond appears the contour of the opposite side. As far as the

eye can reach the lake stretches away to the north, embracing curves and headlands until their outlines grow hazy and indistinct. The breeze sweeping down the lake sets every ripple sparkling in the sunshine. The branches of the grove catch it, and bend in answer to the trees along the marshland ; and from the glimmering shadows that lay half asleep come the blackbird's song, and the heron's cry with low melody. Lake and foliage take on a softer and more dreamy tint, and before the imagination rises the Indian village, the birth-place and home of Red Jacket, the sachem, statesman, and orator of the Senecas.

J. P. C.

—One Sunday morning I walked out of the city, following a familiar little path meandering through a quiet wood. Instinctively I had chosen this walk to a little country church beyond, rather than a drive through a fashionable thoroughfare to the city church with its formality, its rustle of silk, and its colored windows, throwing their feeble rays athwart the pews. Much beauty, indeed, lies in richly colored glass, but it has ever seemed to me one of the chief glories of St. Peter's that its windows admit the natural light. And, perhaps, the glimpse of heaven's soft blue, is the most exquisite feature in that vast edifice. As if man feeling his inability to find any adornment so beautiful as nature's, had appropriated the dome of the whole universe.

As I walked on musing thus, the path passed out of the wood and skirting the upper edge of an opening presented a view of the valley stretching out beneath, made beautiful by the deep green of the trees covering its sides. These nodding their heads in the gentle summer breezes made, as it were, one great restless sea of green. While on each side lay the undulating hills like huge monsters keeping guard over some fair Eden. Over all brooded a Sabbatic quiet. I felt that there I communed with nature and her God. That no preacher could be so eloquent. Through the grove on a slightly elevated ground could be seen the church. No coach and pair deposited its finely dressed occupants before the door, but the old deacon was carefully assisting his family from the high old-fashioned carriage. The church built of stone from the neighboring quarry had grown brown with age. The front wall rising a little above the roof sloped gracefully into a tower at the middle. Ivy in thick growth had wreathed itself about

the old tower, mantling it almost to the top. Through this could be seen an opening, in which swung the old bell. How often had it rung out clear and sweet over the hills and meadows, reaching the vine-clad cottages of the honest country folk, and calling them to the little church to their humble worship. Perchance it chimed forth the glad notes of the bridal of some country maid and rural swain. Or perhaps its strokes were slower, and its tone seemed sadder as the sexton tolled the knell of some departed soul, feeling that ere long some one must take his place, and the same old bell ring out his death.

On the right of the church lay the old graveyard. The panel fence about it was down in places and tall grass grew on many of the irregular plots. Cedars and firs here and there spread their branches low to the ground as if to shelter those slumbering beneath. No well kept walks and shady avenues made beautiful the old yard. No costly monuments, but old stones yellow with age, standing aslant marked the last long resting places of the dead. And yet I fancied rest in the quiet country church yard with nature rearing her own monuments and weaving her own garlands, might seem sweeter than in the well kept city cemetery.

Passing within, the church seemed to grant rest and seclusion from the toil and strife of the outside world. The sermon was no learned treatise on some doctrinal question in Theology, but a simple, earnest appeal. Yet as the preacher looked out upon his people with a tender yearning, he had a far greater power than eloquence could give. His very life was a living sermon.

The service over, the congregation passed out with many friendly salutations, each going their way to their humble homes to begin with the coming day their honest toil. Leading the even tenor of their life, not experiencing the keener joys of the more highly educated, yet equally kept by Nature's kind hand from suffering their acute sorrows.

I went down the little path leading homeward often to think with pleasure of the old country church. T. M.

—A perpendicular row of four red lights, hoisted one above the other, signifies to the play-goers of Spearfish that the Empire Theatre is open for the evening and, perhaps, is meant also to give some indication of the lurid nature of the entertainment provided within. For it has ever been the pride of Mr. Abraham Moss, who manages the Empire and also a

wholesale grocery farther up the street, that his theatre has always been devoted strictly to the legitimate drama and that he has never soiled his managerial fingers with variety and burlesque, such as one may witness for ten cents at the rival house, namely, the Gem Alhambra, situated at the foot of the hill, near Chinatown.

When I had the pleasure of going to the play at the Empire the bill for the evening consisted of "The Duke's Daughter," a society melodrama in four acts, which, the audience was informed, "had just concluded a run of four hundred nights at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York City." This masterpiece of the dramatist's skill was to be interpreted by a large troupe of actors and actresses "specially selected from the leading theaters of London and New York and imported to Spearfish at a vast expense." About this statement I entertained some doubts when the rising of the advertisement-bedecked curtain disclosed the haughty Duke of Devonshire, seated on a soap box beneath the shade of his ancestral beeches, becomingly attired in a white tall hat and a striped flannel suit and quaffing a morning draught out of an unmistakable "growler." All such doubts, moreover, were summarily removed by the entrance of his daughter, the lovely Geraldina, who playfully smashed the ducal beaver over the old gentleman's head and insisted upon sharing in the beverage. It was a very funny play, but one dared not laugh, for the audience took the whole affair in sober earnest and never smiled at the wildest absurdity. The complex plot was harrowing and blood-curdling to a degree and provoked much discussion in the bar-room, between the acts, where one party, headed by Shorty Garr, held fast to the opinion that the murder of the Duke had been accomplished by his own daughter, and another faction as stoutly maintained her innocence and was inclined to fix her father's murder upon the wicked Viscount. The two camps nearly came to blows after the third act and there would surely have been trouble had not the Viscount himself emerged from the green room, to nerve himself for the calamities of act the fourth by a little hot gin and water, and divulged the true state of affairs. The debate thereby being indisputably settled, manager Moss called in stentorian tones from behind the bar, "On the house gents—*what'll* it be?", by which act of generosity he proved the profit and honor attaching to the performance of the legitimate in Spearfish. E. B.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Banjo Club President.

The annual meeting of the Yale Banjo Club elected C. S. Towle, '92 S., president.

Yale vs. Amherst, at Amherst, June 3.

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Yale,	3	1	1	0	2	0	0	0	*—	7
Amherst,	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—	1

Captain of Athletic Team

For the ensuing year is W. B. Wright, Jr., '92.

Glee Club President

For the coming year is J. T. Carr, '92.

Yale vs. Princeton, at Princeton, June 6.

YALE.										PRINCETON.									
A.	B.	R.	1B.	S.H.	S.B.	F.O.	A.	E.		A.	B.	R.	1B.	S.H.	S.B.	F.O.	A.	E.	
Calhoun, 2b.	3	2	1	0	1	4	3	0		Durell, 2b.	5	0	1	0	1	4	5	0	
Murphy, r.f.	4	0	1	1	0	2	0	0		Payne, l.f.	5	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	
Poole, c.	2	0	0	0	0	6	0	0		Brokaw, c.	5	0	2	0	0	8	2	0	
Cushing, c.f.	4	0	0	0	2	3	0	1		Dana, 1b.	5	1	1	0	0	11	0	1	
McClung, 1b.	4	0	0	0	0	10	0	1		Kn'ck'b'r, s.s.	5	1	1	0	0	2	4	0	
Beall, s.s.	3	0	1	0	1	1	2	0		Young, p.	5	2	2	0	0	1	3	0	
Case, l.f.	3	0	0	0	0	1	0	0		King, r.f.	4	1	2	0	1	1	1	0	
Bliss, 3b.	3	0	0	0	0	0	4	1		Ramsdell, r.f.	4	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	
Bowers, p.	2	1	0	0	0	0	1	0		Wright, c.f.	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	
TOTALS,	28	3	3	1	4	27	10	3		TOTALS,	40	5	11	0	3	27	15	1	

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Yale,	1	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0—	3
Princeton,	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	3	0—	5

Earned runs, Princeton 3; three-base hit, King; bases on balls, by Bowers 2, by Young 5; struck out, by Bowers 4, by Young 8; passed balls, Poole 1, Brokaw 2; time of game, 2 hours; umpires, Messrs. Hopkins and Brady.

Yale vs. Un. of Penn., at New Haven, June 10.

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Yale,	2	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	1—7
U. of P.,	0	0	1	3	2	0	4	0	1—11

Foot Ball Meeting

Was held June 12th and W. B. Wright, '92, was elected president for the coming year.

Yale vs. Princeton, at New York, June 13.

YALE.										PRINCETON.									
A.B.	R.	1b.	S.H.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.			A.B.	R.	1b.	S.H.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.		
Calhoun, 2b.	4	2	2	0	1	5	3	0		Durell, 2b.	5	0	3	0	0	4	3	0	
Murphy, s.s.	3	0	0	0	0	1	4	1		Payne, l.f.	4	1	3	0	2	2	0	0	
Poole, c.	4	0	1	0	0	5	2	0		Brokaw, c.	5	0	1	0	0	7	5	2	
Cushing, c.f.	3	0	0	0	1	1	0	0		Dana, 1b.	4	1	1	0	1	8	0	2	
McClung, 1b.	4	0	1	0	0	12	0	0		Kn'ck'b'r, s.s.	4	0	0	0	0	2	1	0	
Beall, r.f.	4	0	0	0	0	1	0	0		Young, p.	4	2	3	0	0	1	3	1	
Case, l.f.	4	0	1	0	1	0	1	0		King, 3b.	4	1	2	0	0	2	1	0	
Bliss, 3b.	4	0	1	0	0	1	3	0		Ramsdell, r.f.	4	0	1	0	0	1	0	1	
Bowers, p.	2	0	0	0	1	1	1	0		Wright, c.f.	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	
TOTALS,	32	2	6	0	4	27	14	1		TOTALS,	38	5	14	0	3	27	13	6	

Earned runs, Princeton 4; two-base hit, Young; three base hits, Calhoun, Ramsdell; home run, Young; bases on called balls, off Young 3, off Bowers 1; struck out, by Bowers 3, by Young 6; passed balls, Poole 1, Brokaw 1; wild pitches, Young 1, Bowers 1; time of game, 2 hours and 28 minutes; umpires, Golden and Hopkins.

Base Ball Meeting.

T. L. McClung, '92, was elected captain for the ensuing year.

Commencement Week.

June 21: Baccalaureate Sermon by President Dwight.

June 22: Presentation Exercises with oration and poems; reading of class histories; planting of the Class Ivy; Anniversary Exercises of Sheffield Scientific School; Promenade Concert.

June 23: Alumni meeting; Address on Medicine by John S. Billings, M.D., LL.D.; Election of two members of the Corporation; Anniversary Exercises of the Law School; Annual Concert of the Glee and Banjo Clubs.

June 24: Commencement Exercises with the following speakers and subjects:

1. Latin Salutatory Oration : William Tenney Bartley, Bridgeport, Conn.
 2. The French Protestants of the Sixteenth Century :
Grosvenor Atterbury, New York City.
 3. The Pastoral Poetry of the Sicilian Greek :
Luther Henry Tucker, Jr., Albany, N. Y.
 4. François Villon : Herbert Knox Smith, Hartford, Conn.
 5. Tolstoi's Applied Christianity : Ray Burdick Smith, Lincklaen, N. Y.
 6. François Villon : Howard Thayer Kingsbury, New York City.
 7. The French Protestants of the Sixteenth Century :
Edward Nathaniel Loomis, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 8. Philosophical Oration—"The Causes of the Failure of the Reformation
in France :"
William Nevin Thatcher, Pueblo, Col.
 9. Valedictory Address : Nathan Glicksman, Chippewa Falls, Wis.
- Alumni Dinner ; Reception by the President in the Art School.

Yale vs. Un. of Penn., at New Haven, June 23.

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Yale,	5	0	0	2	1	0	0	0	*— 8
U. of P.,	1	0	0	0	0	3	1	0	0— 5

Yale-Harvard-Columbia Freshman Boat Race

Was rowed June 24. Time : Columbia, 9 min. 41 sec.; Yale, 9 min. 53½ sec.; Harvard, 9 min. 56 sec.

Yale-Harvard Boat Race, June 26,

Was rowed over the New London four-mile course. Harvard won by ten boat lengths. Time : Harvard, 21 min. 23 sec.; Yale 21 min. 57 sec.

RECITATIONS BEGAN, SEPT. 24.

The Annual Rush

Took place on the Grammar School lot and was won by the Freshmen.

Reception to the Freshmen.

An informal reception of welcome was given, September 25, to the two Freshman classes, in Dwight Hall.

Foot Ball Game.

The first foot ball game of the season was played at the Field September 30. Yale beat Wesleyan by a score of 28 to 0.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,* the first volume published of the new edition of Dr. Holmes' works, is now being read by the grandchildren of those who read the first edition—and perhaps with as much eagerness and pleasure. A review of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" would without doubt be unnecessary, as for criticisms—to quote the whole chapter on snakes in a "History of Ireland"—"there are none." The Autocrat presides at his table, laying down in true autocratic fashion whatever he may think. And this Autocrat does much individual and active thinking. Often the best original ideas emanate from reading different authors who in their writings furnish food for thought, as in those masterly passages of George Eliot's where she in the person of the unnamed character ruminates at times. And such a work is *The Autocrat*. The reader gets not only the author's ideas, which seem as fresh and vigorous as if they had just been created, but he finds himself acquiring others of his own. But more than ideas can be gained from this book. The conversational style is employed and so vigorous and rapid is it the reader can almost feel a personal contact, and can get much of the personal power and force. Often an inspiration is caught from the conversation of great men that is not felt in reading their more studied writings. The development of strong mental currents will certainly follow from being in touch with the author of "*The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*."

At Anchor† is a charming simple story with no philosophizing or moralizing, yet from its very nature it exerts an influence elevating and healthy. At once a love story full of feeling and sentiment and yet refreshingly wholesome. The scenes are laid amidst attractive and agreeable surroundings, changing from the not too much overdrawn higher life in New York, which is struck off with happy touches to the more romantic ranch life. No intricate plot is attempted. The reader may perhaps know all along what the ending will be, but this only serves to carry the satisfied feeling throughout which the reader can not help but feel at the ending. The story is told directly. A young lady whose father has retired from city life to an isolated grazing farm in the west, spends a month with her aunt amid the gaieties of New York society. Disliking its insincerity and emptiness she gladly returns to the country. But she is surprised to find herself just a little sad at leaving one, whom she regarded as merely a friend. Some years later four young men purchase a ranche near her father's home and by chance they are soon brought together. One of them proves to be the

**The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. The Riverside Edition. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston and New York. Price, \$1.50.

†*At Anchor and Honored in the Breach*. By Julia Magruder. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. Price 50 cents.

friend she had liked so well. A strong mutual admiration—they had no idea of its being any more than this—springs up. He who has seen the world advises her to accept her aunt's repeated invitation to spend a winter in the city, urging that she should not pass her life in an isolated way for such spirits as hers were needed by men and women. But when she had gone he suddenly found that with her went his whole happiness. Important business in the city is hatched up, and ere long he finds his love is returned. A pleasant picture is then drawn of a home away from the world where husband and wife truly love one another.

The author has fortunately printed "*At Anchor*" and *Honored in the Breach* in one volume. The same wholesome tone and healthy ideas run throughout both stories, and yet there is a contrast in the main features so pleasing that a delightful impression is left on the mind when both have been read. A feeling somewhat akin to that produced when the "*lever de rideau*" is sad and the play enlivening. In both stories is shown the insincerity and emptiness of society. The character of the heroine in the second story is well drawn. One that is found only too often in real life. That of a girl whose horizon of life and happiness has been limited to the narrow confines of dances and society, but whose soul needing higher things to satisfy it, was ever restless. A young heiress, who had thought of little else than social pleasures, is paid court by a man rich, handsome and attractive, but purely a man of the world with whom her marriage would be nothing more than "a marriage of convenience." She is persuaded from this by one who has higher ideas of life and finally marries a man not of fashion but of sense and soul. The story stands out in fine contrast to the sentimental trashy love stories that flood the country and make one wonder if, after all, printing was the greatest invention.

The biography of General Cass* is the story of the development and Americanizing of the five States north of the Ohio River; it is also the story of the growth and changes of the political parties of his time. Out of the little material available concerning Lewis Cass' life, Prof. McLaughlin has gathered, sorted, arranged and compacted an array of facts that present with force and candor a strong, connected narrative of a statesman comparatively inconspicuous but none the less a model of integrity, power, conviction and zeal for all men public and private who form and support our American commonwealth. The book should be read with interest by students of political changes and of the progress of American diplomacy, and by all who derive inspiration from the study of a noble and disinterested public character.

Octave Thanet† is an artist, she feels instinctively the balance of things, and in precisely the same way in which a painter lays on his colors, setting his high-lights in contrast with his masses of shadow, touching in an object

* *Lewis Cass*. Great American Statesmen Series. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston and New York.

† *Otto the Knight*. Octave Thanet. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston and New York.

here and the suggestion of another there, working strength and poise into his production until a complete and satisfactory result is gained, so has this painter in words succeeded in sketching a number of charming scenes for us in a manner more than clever which exhibit refreshing individuality. There are nooks and corners of her stories where one pauses a moment in delight and would fain stay longer. But they are by no means the stories, though they partake somewhat of their atmosphere. The tales themselves are realistic in the best sense, they are what so few short stories ever are—admirable. One is carried along by their simplicity and naturalness and cannot but feel the depth and strength of motive power in them. The author has a quick ear for the voices of humanity and has touched in wide range the notes of human passions. There is a quiet nobility about her heroes who by no means pretend to be better than other men, and who, while sensibly perfect, leave one the better for having made their acquaintance.

If more men could read Washington Gladden's new book, *Who Wrote the Bible?* thoughtfully and attentively there would be less ignorance and more liberality, in regard to a question of very general interest and discussion of the day. The old beliefs and habits of belief of fifty or a hundred years ago have gradually changed, both science and common sense have put some very embarrassing questions to the old school literalists which they are at a loss to answer. Fortunately reverent scholarship has not been wanting to keep pace with the demands of reason and the book* which we have before us is result of some of the best thought on the subject. It espouses the position neither of the extreme liberalists nor yet that of the extreme conservatists, but is rather the presentation of a moderate middle ground, just, reasonable and scholarly.

It is said that Lord Macaulay, when about to write one of his celebrated essays, remarked that he intended to write an historical work so interesting that young ladies would lay aside their novels to read it. Some such result as this has been achieved by Mr. Fisk in his new *History of the American Revolution*† which proves to be an extremely interesting and attractive work. In it the author with peculiar power has collected the dry bones of historical material and presented them in a clear and even striking form, emphasizing unerringly the great crises of the war and tracing their far-reaching effects. Importance is given where importance is due; there is perspective,—the treatment, in short, is scientific.

Upon the character of Washington many interesting side lights are thrown which serve more clearly to reveal the genius of that great man. In a work of this nature the author always labors under a temptation to accumulate facts, interesting perhaps in themselves, but which from their comparative unimportance and loose connection with the course of events serve only to confuse

* *Who Wrote the Bible?* By Washington Gladden. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston and New York.

† *The American Revolution.* By John Fisk. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston and New York.

the reader and clog the narrative. All such obscurity is wanting in the present work. The reader is to a certain extent taken behind the scenes and shown the motives and reasons for the different strategic movements as well as the combination of circumstances and causes which defeated or made them successful. The author seems to have the enviable faculty of seeing the period steadily and seeing it whole. There is strength and originality in the treatment of old material: there is simplicity and vigor in the style.

TO BE REVIEWED.

The Writings of Oliver Wendell Holmes. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Points of View. By Agnes Repplier. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A Handful of Lavender. By Lizette Woodworth Reese. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Ride to the Lady. By Helen Gray Cone. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

My Land of Beulah. By Mrs. Leith-Adams. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

Did you ever chance to see the campus in the Summer vacation? A very depressing spectacle it is and one not easily to be forgotten. It makes a man shudder to behold the classic ground made sacred by the dignities of nigger baby and bon-fires innumerable profaned by the infantile sportings of toddling children in short dresses, to see the statue of the majestic Silliman surrounded with lace-bedecked baby carriages and their attending Hibernian females. The walks are weed-grown and, in some few spots, grass actually springs up, unrestrained by the foot-fall of the janitor of Osborn. On the stone steps of the entries, perhaps on those of your own, sit enthroned a number of giggling nurse-girls, entertaining various sturdy blue-coated policemen and even the hallowed rails of the fence are desecrated by the vandal-like attentions of newly pantalooned small boys, rejoicing in the possession of their first jack-knives and busily engaged in thereby effacing the carefully carved initials in the well-worn wood. A mournful sight! And yet it is interesting to discover that idleness prevails even about the college and that the campus, ever busy during term time and bustling with life and activity, presents at one season of the year a perfect picture of absolute laziness. For you often wonder, when you come back to college in the fall, if everybody you see has spent his vacation in such undiluted laziness as yours has been spent in; you grasp, for instance, the honest hand of your hard working sweep, who has grown gray and care-

worn with smoking your pipes and wearing your winter clothes during July and August, and you are inclined to feel thoroughly ashamed of yourself for having been so thoroughly idle all during the long summer.

And yet I should very much like to see a thoroughly idle man. Laziness is certainly a fine art, difficult of accomplishment, and I wish Mr. DeQuincy had written us an essay about it. 'Tis easy enough to loaf when you have something to do. This is the kind of laziness which is prevalent at college and which, in its highest and most complete development, may be seen displayed in front of the fire at the University Club. All that is required of you is to fix your attention closely upon the duty which ought to be done, light a pipe, stretch out your legs—and there you are. Such laziness, I repeat, is exceedingly easy of accomplishment and enjoyment. Your mind is continually occupied with thinking of what you are going to do when you get through loafing and, consequently, with congratulating yourself upon your present state of enjoyable inactivity. But now, on the other hand, it certainly requires a past professor in this art to be idle, and enjoy it, when there is nothing else to do but to be idle. Those men are few and rare who can lie down and kick their heels in the air without a thought of what they are going to do when they get up. Italians and Spaniards, I have heard, can do it with great ease and I know a good many Americans who have very nearly acquired their proficiency; it is a valuable accomplishment and worth the continual practice needed for its attainment. Among other essentials, it is necessary, they say, to smoke cigarettes; a cigar always suggests, by its heaviness and luxury, that something *has* been done, a pipe, with its energetic puffing and heat, implies that something *will* be done. Cigarettes are negative and besides this they are so short and sweet that you are easily tempted to smoke another. But, properly speaking, a man is not a thorough loafer who needs even a cigarette whereby to puff the time away.

But now, behold the season for work begin! The campus is a picture of lively activity, with grinds loaded down with books, and sweeps with furniture, the field in the afternoon knows no rest, everybody is busy and anxious to do something. It is to be wished that a great deal will come of all this bustle. The Table hopes, for its part, that every studious freshman will stand in the first division, that every newly fledged sophomore will have the "handsomest room on the campus," and, above all, that the last autumn's procession of mourners down the Connecticut from Springfield will not be repeated this year by any chance whatsoever.

The exchanges which lie on the Table, covered with campus dust, are all more or less reminiscent of the Summer vacation. These are the best pieces of verse we find:

IN LOUISIANA.

O'er a low bayou in a summer night
 The southern moon sheds a strange weird light,
 Save in some recess where shadows fall
 And a deep, dense darkness hangs o'er all.
 Fantastic wreaths of trailing moss

Veil the rocks and logs where the waters toss.
 Here a shallow pool, thick with rushes strewn,
 Seems mocking the bright old silent moon,
 As the evening breeze stirs to and fro
 The rushes and reeds with the waves below.
 Like threatening ghosts in the garb of night
 The trees loom dark in the path of light.
 All else is still, and the whispering breeze
 In this silent spot seems ill at ease.
 A whirr, a whizz, and a flap of wing,
 And the air for a moment seems to sing ;
 From the darkened depths to the moon's clear light
 One lone white heron takes its flight ;
 Across from the light to night again
 Like a meteor with its flashing train.
 But the bird is gone, and the lone bayou
 Still spectre-like looks up at you.

—*The Brunonian.*

A SONNET.

O listless Muse awake ! what poison draught
 Or witches' potion, brewed amid the source
 Of mountain mist, with soft but deadly force
 Has numbed thy sense and robbed thee of thy craft ?
 What though the springs are dry where once thou quaffed ;
 Not every stream has withered in its course,
 But calmer glides, with murmurs not so hoarse.
 Though summer winds their blasting breath may waft
 O'er dusty plains and stubble meadows sere,
 Far in yon valley's heart a fountain lies,
 Whose crystal depths the summer sun defies.
 Awake ! O Muse, awake ! though earth be drear,
 Awake ! for truth and love are ever near,—
 Deep in the poet's heart there seek thy prize.

—*The Bowdoin Orient.*

BALLAD.

One swallow maketh not summer ; nay, nay,
 O thou philosopher now long dead—
 Hadst thou no love in thy early May,
 No sweet, stray passion that stern Time sped ?
 Was there no rose for thy sake shed
 Her breath and bloom for a season ? Say,
 Hast thou not said, as we all have said,
 O for the swallow that would not stay ?

Did not thy heart for a space grow gray
 As the swallow Life from one bosom fled,
 And your eyes grow dim ere you turned away
 To follow Wisdom in sweet Love's stead?
 O quiet dust in thy narrow bed!
 No man but has tasted of that fair fray,
 And in thy saying in truth I read—
 O for the swallow that would not stay!

ENVOY.

Prince, ere thy body to dust is wed,
 Take thy pleasure and love the day,
 Though thou wilt cry when it's all ended—
 O for the swallows that would not stay!

—*The University of the South Magazine.*

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CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale University.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudabile VALENSES
Gaudent Scholares, unanimique PATRES."

NOVEMBER, 1891.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale University. This Magazine established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Fifty-seventh Volume with the number for October, 1891. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the university. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the Book Notices and Editors' Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from students of all departments, and may be sent through the Post Office. They are due the 1st of the month. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

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A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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No. 2

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '92.

EDWARD BOLTWOOD.

GEORGE B. HOLLISTER.

PERCY C. EGGLESTON.

THORNWELL MULLALLY.

FRANK J. PRICE.

COLLEGE MEN IN LIFE.

THE number of successful men of affairs, who are not college graduates, is becoming so strikingly large that many are questioning if the time spent at college would not be better employed in the more practical training of an office. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, a veritable Captain of affairs, a man of liberal views and rich experience, in his spirited paper, "How to Win Fortune," says "The almost total absence of the graduate from high position in the business world seems to justify the conclusion that college education as it exists is fatal to success in that domain. A graduate has not the slightest chance entering at twenty against the boy who sweeps the office and begins as shipping clerk at fourteen. The facts prove this." Mr. Carnegie has apparently secured a foundation strong enough to support this prodigious statement—"the facts." But when they have been fully considered, Mr. Carnegie's structure will fall in ruins, so favorable are they to college men. James W. Alexander, Vice President of Equitable Life Assurance Company, a college graduate who has succeeded in business, when approached on this subject,

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found no difficulty in at once naming sixty graduates in New York City alone who have been as successful in business as any men in the country. Among them is a Yale man who succeeded a non-college man to the Presidency of the Western National Bank, and by superior management advanced its stock over twenty points in a few days.

But those who begin business as clerks and office boys far outnumber those who go into business after a college course. If all college graduates went into business they would still be outnumbered. Only one-half of one per cent. of our adult male population are college graduates, and seventy-five per cent. of college graduates go into professions. Thus the number of college men in business is only twenty-five per cent. of one-half of one per cent. of our male population, whereas eighty per cent. of males enter business. Mr. Carnegie must find more than seven hundred successful uneducated men for every college man. And then he will not have shown that college education "*as it exists*" is fatal to success in business. The men of affairs to-day, began business some thirty years ago. Then even a smaller proportion went to college than do now, and the educational system has made enormous strides. Thirty years ago the idea at Yale was for education only; now it is rather to train the faculties, that the man may be better fitted for any occupation he may wish to take up. Whether this tree of knowledge will bring forth good or evil fruit cannot be known until time has been given it to bear. And the conditions of business have changed. During the first century of this country's development chances, unequalled in the history of the world for fortune making, were afforded to educated and uneducated alike. But with the wonderful growth of our country have come great institutions, enormous railway corporations, extensive banking establishments, trust companies, vast coöperative efforts, incorporated companies controlled by few, protective organizations, and throughout all a most tremendous competition. These require trained intellect, a capacity for handling large affairs, for

grasping situations quickly, a knowledge of men and an ability to direct them. The narrow mechanical training of the ledger will not be sufficient. In the future race for fortune the uneducated man will be outstripped where he was formerly the educated man's equal. A prescription for winning fortune in the past will be as useless as a quack's cure-all for the future. It demands intellectual activity. As the winds favor the most expert navigators, so in the future will opportunity favor those who are able to lay hold of the natural advantages which can be gained only through a knowledge of natural laws.

The life of our nation is involved in this question. Stupendous problems are to-day confronting the American people—questions of labor, of the economic conditions of our trade, of the immigrants in the north, of the negroes in the south, of annexation—questions that only well informed intellect can cope with. It would be a sad spectacle to see the body of the business men of this great Republic uneducated. America cannot keep step with other nations in the march of progress if the men she so greatly depends upon are unintelligent.

Mr. Astor thought success meant not so much making money as making the best citizen. Certainly Mr. Carnegie's view of it is very narrow. What father would have his son seek money only? Success means more than the accumulation of wealth. It embraces the highest mental and moral development, the elevation of self and others. To this knowledge is essential.

If a boy desires only to fill some subordinate place, this training may not practically aid him. But if he would ever attain to a broad, commanding, influential position, directing men and controlling affairs, a college education will be well nigh necessary.

The college course may not deal directly with that branch the student expects to pursue in life. But its primary object to-day is to train the mind, not merely to fill it with a mass of facts. It endeavors to give the power of concentration, the ability to grasp readily a problem in all its details, to consider it logically, and to express clearly

and forcibly the views held. As a man approaches perfection in this he approaches genius. For genius does not necessarily create or invent. The greatest passages in Shakespeare are those that portray human nature as it is. Experts in affairs need this training no less than lawyers and doctors.

Nowhere in the same time can so complete a knowledge of human nature be acquired as at college, where so many varieties of that queer animal are found. This gives an ability for judging men correctly, discretion in selecting them, and wisdom in directing them. At Yale one meets the American of the north, of the west, of the south, the Japanese, the Sandwich Islander, Turks and Negroes—each coming with their different ideas. Views are broadened, tolerance is engendered, one's whole life is expanded. The college man that does anything at all gets a taste of life's competition, and learns that he must work if he would win.

The office boy may learn to keep books, acquire a knowledge of discounts, of exchange, of interest, and of goods, but the best part of his life is taken up with routine duties, and he spends four years learning what could be learned in one. The man coming from college with trained intellect, quickened perceptions, and breadth of grasp, who has learned how to learn will soon overtake him, and when he is his peer in business he will be really in advance, being mentally superior and able to fill a larger and more influential position. Then with an ability to apply principles, not requiring close oversight and explicit instructions, with powers of acquisition and all that is highest and best in him having been continually exercised in the pursuit of knowledge, he can outstrip the uneducated man, and attain to positions the unintelligent can never hope to reach. Furthermore, college affords the best test for adaptability to future career.

Some beneficial changes, however, might be made in the college course. That Yale graduates are generally preferred to Harvard and Princeton men indicates that Yale's system of training is superior. Yet here so much work

is required along certain narrow lines that "all-round" development is somewhat impaired—especially in literary work. The fundamental trouble with American Universities is, men attend them too young. If the standard for entrance were raised until men were necessarily older, as in the English Universities, they would better appreciate their needs and advantages, and would study for better reasons than mere requirements.

Perhaps the greatest need in the course at Yale is more practice in speaking. This should be instituted by the students themselves. To a majority of graduates few things will prove more advantageous than the ability to think on their feet, and to say what they think. Quickness, clearness, and power in debate can not be had without practice. When the Linonia and Brothers literary societies existed, Yale sent out such speakers as Randall Gibson, John Dalzell, Chauncey M. Depew, and William M. Evarts. Among the hundreds that have graduated since these societies, not one well known speaker is to be found. John C. Calhoun, when asked where he learned to speak said, "in a debating society at Yale." Through a properly conducted debating society there is gained a knowledge of the questions of the day and an ability to discuss them in a practical way.

There is an unfortunate tendency at Yale to compel men to pursue a particular branch of athletics in which they happen to be efficient, to such an extent that their development in other directions is well nigh impossible. The duty to reflect credit on Yale as educated men, is no less imperative than the duty to look to her laurels on the athletic field. Nor can a college ever be as effective as it should be in aiding to success so long as the public sentiment among its students suffers the development of character to be so far neglected as to permit "cribbing" and cheating in examinations. But we cannot help believing that public opinion would, to a great extent, abolish this evil, if the men were more trusted in the examination hall. The Senior class each year should realize that there falls on them a greater responsibility than on any other

class in shaping the public sentiment of the college. Doctor Arnold meant this when he said, "If I have the sixth form with me I can accomplish anything."

But no college can, of itself, develop a man. It can only give him the chance to develop himself. He must have the spirit of self-help. This means determination, application, improvement of opportunities, and especially the formation of a high character. Genius is a good thing, but is rarely found and seldom has accomplished anything without work. Application and common sense will of themselves go far toward winning success. Franklin's success in always carrying his point was due not to his eloquence, for he had none, but to his character. Without this, success is impossible.

Thornwell Mullally.



TENDER AND COOL IS THE NIGHT.

Tender and cool is the night
And the day is sweet,
But the sweetest is where the light
And the darkness meet.

Sweet is the man's glad day.
And the maiden's dream,
But sweetest the joinèd way,
Love's votaries deem.

—*Arthur Willis Colton.*

IMPRESSIONS OF TWO NOVELS.

WORK of the first order, no matter what form it takes, is sure to demand attention; a Cistine Madonna, a Venus de Milo, or a ninth Symphony, all in their way and by virtue of that mysterious influence called perfection, stand forth as objects of universal interest and admiration. Yet their very vastness and complexity are often baffling, and it is only from continued acquaintance that one comes really to know and feel their beauties. Great works of art are almost human in the jealousy with which they seem to hide themselves in the solitude of their perfection into which the timid and the weak dare not enter. They have an individuality wholly their own, an atmosphere peculiar to themselves.

Now, in reading two very celebrated works of fiction, Hugo's *Les Misérables* and Tolstoi's *Anna Karenina*, we are met face to face with the power, the individuality, the sometimes bewildering complexity and the grandeur of a production of genius. We are sure these men were consumed with the emotions which constitute the warp and woof of their narratives, because there is so much vigor and enthusiasm on every page, and we are also certain that they were not careful to pander to a debased public appetite for excitement, or to gratify an empty curiosity, but that they heard and understood that great world cry of the oppressed against the oppressors, the right against the wrong; that cry of humanity which, when once heard, reëchoes, grows in the soul, and clamors for expression, giving no peace, no rest, until it is uttered again and uttered truthfully. This I concede to be the way such books as these are written, not out of sympathy, not with the avowed intention of a moral purpose—and yet with both to a certain extent—but because the author is so saturated with the thoughts of his subject that he can not choose but speak them, for every human mind, like the atmosphere, has its dew-point. The mind was pregnant and it must produce.

I remember well seeing the collection of paintings of a celebrated Russian artist on exhibition in one of our large cities, and of standing impressed with the wonderful variety, the fineness of execution, the vast amount of the work and the strong personality and poetic feeling expressed in it. The artist was a man of industry and energy, for on the walls of four rooms there were no unoccupied spaces; he must have been a man of great force for there were many bold and striking conceptions; he must have possessed strong poetic feeling besides being a consummate workman, he must have lived intensely in joy and sorrow, for there were pictures so unutterably sad and others so tragic that the moisture gathers in one's eyes in spite of himself. Others, again, were instinct with life and happiness. Their sunshine was brilliant, their air fresh and cool, their whole atmosphere one of sweet contentment which the canvas failed to imprison. Shortly after I went through the best gallery of the metropolis where are arranged the leading works of our best native artists and those of several foreigners of some reputation, but although there was much that was interesting and a few pictures that were of high order, the exhibit, as a whole, was sadly flat, completely dwarfed by the former. Such is precisely the impression left by much of the ordinary literature of this kind on reading these novels. After sitting at a prince's board one loses an appetite for meaner fare.

The two novels are tragedies, there is something terrible in them, as there always must be when it is their part to describe men's characters which are losing their former integrity and becoming day by day more sullied. Yet they are not wholly depressing; each has its relief in men and women in whom shine the beauty of self-sacrifice and the flames of patriotism. *Les Misérables* is an encyclopædia of human woe; at times it seems as though it were an attempt to utter the "groanings which cannot be uttered," yet it has its radiant patches of sunshine here and there. And, after all, the writer has not exaggerated, nor is he untrue to life. It is fair to say that we know neither the degradation and misery nor the nobility of society; men

shun the advertisement of their evil natures as well as their goodness. But it is the author's privilege to conduct us behind the scenes where all disguises are thrown aside. The novel has Paris and France for its local coloring and back-ground, but Valjean and Marius, Javert and the bishop are types and could have been Greeks or Americans as well. Much of this applies to the *Karenina*; the scenery is shifted but the passion, the aspiration, the goodness and the meanness are just the same as in the former. In the drawing-rooms and family circles of the polite society of the Russian novel there is not less of sadness, not less of misery and no more real joy than in the convict's galley or in the dark alleys of Paris. In the *Karenina* Tolstoi has depicted a tragedy more terrible than that of the *Les Misérables* because more hopeless. With wonderful accuracy and power of description, with keen insight into the workings of human nature and the development and decline of character, he has introduced us into the presence of two unhappy mortals who, in defiance of law, moral and civil, yield to a mutual infatuation, sacrificing thereby family, social position, peace of mind, character and life itself to a love which the purest intentions and the most lofty ideals failed to redeem. Two persons of more than ordinary culture and strength of character meet and worship one another. There is but one obstacle to their union, Anna is the wife of an unhappy marriage. Then follows a long parleying with evil and the inevitable result, gradual deadening of conscience and a growing determination to break through all restraint with a final accomplishment of such a determination. From the results of their free choice their sensitive natures writhe upon the rack of public opinion and a tormenting conscience. Luxury, wealth, and a devotion to philanthropic interests fail to give that calmness and peace of mind which may be the sole possession of the most humble. At last the strain becomes too great and an unreasonable and unreasoning state of morbid jealousy ends in a frightful suicide. Woven into the course of this dark story are two other lives which, by their almost ideal, family and

married life throw the former into the more lurid contrast. Such is the barren outline of the story; I say barren, for to feel the gradual but terribly sure degradation of character, the daily loss of self-respect as well as the calm contentment of a happy life, one must go himself to this wonderful expression of genius. Yet when one reads these works he must indeed feel how vain it is to try to give even an inadequate expression of what they reveal to him. He finds himself to be in the company of those whom Thackeray calls the lonely ones of the world when he says, "Through life Swift somehow seemed always to be alone; Goethe was so, I cannot imagine Shakespeare otherwise. The giants must live apart; the kings can have no company," and it is even so, while we admire we must wonder, while we draw near we are still afar off.

George B. Hollister.



SUNSET.

A pearly sky,
Dimpled with the snowy bloom
Of cream-white roses
Floating by,
Each soft rolling, till it loses
Lustre in the twilight gloom.

A crimson sky,
Flashing out resplendent gold,
Silver mountains
Piling high,
Sparkling forth celestial fountains
'Gainst the darkness onward rolled.

A dusky sky,
Fringed with slowly dying light,—
Sombrous massing
Driving nigh,
Over eve's last foot-print passing;—
Peeps a star-beam from the night.

—Egerton R. Williams, Jr.

ON LANDLADIES' HUSBANDS.

WHY do landladies always write that sadly significant "Mrs." before their names? For my part I have never been able to account for this general prevalence of the matrimonial state among the landladies of New Haven. Different as they are in character and appearance, ranging from the angularly mournful variety, which observation has led me to believe chiefly inhabits York Street—made thus mournful, doubtless, by the daily sight of funeral processions and homesick freshmen on that thoroughfare—to the stouter and more cheerful Crown Street species, yet they agree in this particular, that each of them has, or has had, a husband. As I say, I cannot give a good reason for this. Perhaps it is that they are afraid to trust themselves in the unprotected guilelessness of the single state amid the dangerous charms and enticing blandishments of the Yale freshman, perhaps, and more probably, a husband is as valuable and traditional a part of a landlady's stock-in-trade as a hair-cloth sofa or a battered student lamp, and without which she would feel utterly unqualified for her profession. However this may be, one cannot help feeling sure that a New Haven landlady never received an offer of marriage from a man of his own free will. Can you imagine the wooing of a landlady? Can you fancy anyone kneeling to her, calling her his "darling," putting his arm around her waist, can you picture any man—*vox mea fancibus haesit*—kissing her? On the other hand reason and experience lead one to the conviction that the prospective landlady flourished her feather duster over her luckless victim's trembling head, and peremptorily demanded his hand and heart in the same awful manner in which she requests frightened furniture men and timorous laundry boys to wipe their feet on the mat before bringing your things upstairs.

Theoretically, a landlady's husband should receive the title of landlord, practically, 'twould be the bitterest irony

to apply to him that name, so suggestive of independent good-fellowship. I knew a landlady once whose consort signed the receipts for the weekly bills. He was more self-assertive and in evidence than any landlady's husband of whom I have ever heard. But his wife was a young woman, that is, young for a landlady, and had in all likelihood not yet assumed all the dignified despotism due to her position in society or acquired the conventionalities of her guild. By this time, I am certain, the unfortunate man has sunk to his proper place and donned those well-known insignia of servitude, the gray flannel dressing gown and faded carpet slippers, these constituting a livery peculiar to landladies' husbands.

Attired in these degrading garments the landlady's husband may often be dimly discerned reading your last Sunday's paper in the sitting room, as you hurry through the hall to breakfast, for he rises very early so as to build the fires and sweep the steps and sidewalk. After these matutinal labors his duties seem to be over, for I cannot conceive of his daily expedition down town as any task. This "going down town" of the landlady's husband is a very mysterious thing. Perhaps the absence of two or three hours from the house is a recess, demanded as a condition of employment by a sort of Protective Landladies' Husbands' Labor Union, though it is hard to imagine these mild creatures demanding anything from anybody. It cannot be for the sake of the marketing, for the landlady herself does that, as is well known, a little before noon and protected against the elements by a black bonnet, a brown shawl, and a pair of rubber overshoes. But if you break a chair leg in your room, or smash a pain of glass, your landlady assures you that her husband will "see to it when he goes down town," in a tone implying confidence that everyone knows that a landlady's husband always goes down town every day, rain or shine, as a matter of course. He does, too, and I have seen him, walking slowly about in his black frock coat and broad-brimmed felt hat. What does he do there? Sometimes he carries an oil can or a paper bag; this, however, is a subterfuge

on the face of it, for he would not be entrusted by his careful spouse with the purchase of any important or valuable commodity. I have often quieted my feeling of pity for these unhappy gentlemen with the extravagant thought that there might be a club, in some obscure room down town, where the bolder spirits among landladies' husbands met and sympathized with each other, consoling themselves with cubebs perhaps, or, occasionally, a mild cigarette. But this is, at best, only a wild hypothesis, I do not seriously think that even the youngest and bravest of them would dare to do such a thing.

In the afternoon he puts on the dressing gown again and walks stealthily about the house, often making weather observations out of the window and watching the thermometer and the glass very closely. If the meteorological observations made during the last half century by the husbands of New Haven landladies were to be collected and edited, they would prove, I am sure, a most valuable work; the weather prophecies of a landlady's husband are indispensable when you are going to a foot-ball game or out for a sail of a Saturday afternoon. I suspect him, too, of darning the family stockings, while his wife takes her afternoon walks and pays her daily calls upon other landladies. At night he dozes in his arm chair over the evening paper, borrowed from the law student in the ground floor room, and retires early, having locked the front door and put the cat to bed on the back steps, under the freshman's window.

Let it not be thought for a moment that it is with the slightest feeling of contempt or scorn that landladies' husbands are to be regarded. On the other hand, one looks back upon one's acquaintances among them with an affectionate pity, not unmixed with gratitude. Especially towards those we knew in freshman year do we have a peculiarly sympathetic regard; their position seemed near to ours at that time, for it used to comfort us then to think that we felt towards the upper classmen somewhat as the benignant old gentleman in the dressing gown regarded his wife. A harmlessly kind race of men are they, owing

their lack of spirit to a long career of servitude covering, I dare say, generations. As well condemn the negro, when newly released from slavery, for his want of manhood and his low place in the scale of civilization as look with disdain upon the unoffending husbands of our landladies. No, let us sympathize with them in brotherly charity and await with them the great social revolution which will, no doubt, after not many years cause a mighty upheaval in New Haven society, and place the once enslaved husband of the proud and haughty landlady upon the same plane as his wife, perhaps—who can tell?—procure for him the forgotten title of landlord.

Edward Boltwood.



DAY DREAMS.

Often when I'm dreaming,
 Strangely seeming
Near the lonely haunts of Poesy,
I deeply long to whisper,
 Only whisper,
Half the nameless ecstasy
That is so much like heav'n to me.

Then a music, thrilling
 Like the trilling
Of a leaf-embowered bird, sweeps o'er
Me, leaving rare confusions,
 Sweet illusions,
In my soul of something more
Like life than I have lived before.

Visions, pure and holy,
 Rising slowly
With a beauty of unnumbered years,
Come, bringing boundless measure
 Of deep pleasure,
Till fade sea and land and fears,
With naught left me of earth but tears.

—C. A. Schumaker.

A NEW HAVEN MANSION.

DOWN by the harbor's edge on the old street which skirts the shore, stands an ancient dwelling of colonial architecture, its clean cut lines and simple adornment, as contrasted with the plebeian modernness of its next-door neighbors, giving it a certain air of nobility which the wear and tear of a hundred years have not succeeded in effacing. It had a pleasant situation in those early days, with an outlook from its upper windows ending only with the dim barrier of the far-away Long Island hills and including all the varying beauties of both shores of the harbor. Right across the street was a sandy beach over which the advancing tide ran almost to the roadway, where Yale men of a later day were wont to launch the cumbrous fleet which constituted the first Yale Navy, and row their races over an open course straight down the harbor. The open course is at present occupied by railroad yards and far-reaching piers, but it would have required a wide stretch of the imagination, at the time of which we write, to have predicted these coming obstructions to the view. The New Haven of a hundred years ago could hardly be expected to make allowances for the progress of the nineteenth century, and none thought of questioning the judgment of Mr. Benedict Arnold, the prosperous young apothecary of New Haven, when he selected this site for the generous structure which he doubtless planned as a life-long residence for himself and his young wife.

Sheltered from wind and sun by a screen of shade trees in front, with its orchard and quaint old-fashioned garden in the rear, the Arnold House for many years was pointed to as one of the show places of the town, with a degree of pride which its present condition would hardly lead one to suspect. The orchard and the garden have been supplanted by a prosaic lumber yard, and the few remaining shade trees are spending a forlorn old age in the

capacity of clothes-poles. The inner beauties of the house have been almost as completely obliterated as those of its exterior, but a faint shadow of the old splendor still remains in the carved mantels and figured cornices of the broad rooms.

What a house this must have been for the dispensing of that free handed hospitality which seems to have been a peculiar attribute of colonial times! It does not need peculiar imaginative ability under the inspiration of the place, to picture the long hallway and drawing-rooms on either side again alive with the grace and beauty for which New Haven colony was always noted. Here are gathered the flower of the lower town's merchant aristocracy, together with a fair representation from that aristocracy of learning which lived in the neighborhood of the colleges. Professor and townsman jogged elbows in these rooms with entire equanimity and generally agreed that Mr. Arnold's hospitality was of the best, and that his old wines lost none of their flavor from the suspicion of their having eluded the local exciseman, as town gossip hinted. If Mr. Arnold chose to try an occasional venture in the West India trade, aside from his regular occupation, it was no one's business but his own, and the cowhiding inflicted upon an overzealous town officer who used the term "smuggling" in connection with these same ventures was a warning not to be disregarded. An examination of the cellar of the old house by the observer of to-day, may lead to the opinion that the suspicions as to the smuggling propensities of its former owner had some foundation. Back in a far corner of the cellar an arched opening is plainly visible in the wall, which might easily have been the entrance to an underground tunnel leading to a secluded spot farther down the shore. The existence of this tunnel is vouched for by tradition, which further alleges that it was the means by which its projector was enabled to undersell his neighbors in the West India trade, and at the same time provide a rare collection of old wines for his sideboard in the spacious dining-room above.

This dining-room possesses an historic interest from the fact that here occurred the first episode in the transformation of the village apothecary into one of the foremost figures of the Revolution. It was while seated here at dinner that Arnold received the news of the battle of Lexington, and of the call to arms which had passed from mouth to mouth throughout the length of the colonies with incredible swiftness. Springing from the table he hastily equipped himself, and calling out the local militia company, of which he was at that time commander, forced the slow-going selectmen to furnish him an immediate supply of ammunition from the town magazine. With no further delay he marched his command to Boston, and placed himself and his men under the orders of the General Assembly of the Colonies which was then in session. From this time on he was actively engaged in the field, and a hurried visit to New Haven some years later on his return from operations against the British in the North, marks his final appearance in the home which was soon lost to him forever in the failure of his plot for the surrender of West Point. Arnold never saw New Haven again, unless possibly when he passed by with the British fleet on its way up the sound to burn New London, but certainly with this brief glimpse his connection comes to an end. Hated and despised on all sides, Arnold passed from a brilliant public life into a complete obscurity lasting until his death, and the old house near the harbor is the only thing which still keeps his name alive in a town, which for many years was quite willing to forget the fact of his former citizenship.

Edward H. Mason.

THE CROSS OF THE CATHEDRAL.

THE gilt cross upon the summit of the great tower of the cathedral is a landmark in all the country round. It can be seen for miles down the valley to the south, and they say that the horses of the diligence that comes down at evening from St. Amand always prick up their ears and start into a trot of their own accord when they see the spot of gold over the top of the pass that leads into the valley, for their journey ends under the shadow of the cathedral, and the stalls filled with fresh straw are waiting for them in the stables behind the little inn. The passengers of the diligence invariably rise in their seats to look at the view at this point, for it is said to be the most beautiful out-look on the route, and Chaquet the driver always points out with his whip the different objects in the scene as the lumbering coach rattles down the other side of the pass.

The cathedral with the group of buildings clustering around it looks like an island in the midst of the broad fields which the white, poplar-lined roads cross and re-cross till the valley looks like a huge checker-board. The hills on either side slope gently down, and on one shoulder of rock stand the ruins of some old robber-baron's castle covered with lichens and ivy.

On a certain summer evening the diligence carried over the pass unknown to the guard or driver a curious wayfarer. Raoul, the shepherd boy, who was sitting beside the road as the diligence went by, was surprised to see the shabby legs and feet of a man hanging downward under the coach near the rear axle, and, as the clumsy vehicle started on the descent and the passengers were looking at the view, the feet were drawn up, and the head and shoulders of a man appeared from somewhere among the luggage. He took a long look down the valley. The man's face quite frightened little Raoul, it was so very white. But when the coach rattled in among the houses,

as the cathedral chimes struck five, with tooting of the guard's horn, barking of dogs and cries of small urchins—for the arrival of the diligence is the great event of the day—the man, whoever he was, was gone, though one of the porters showed what he thought was a spot of blood on the luggage-rack.

In the court of the cloisters a tall, gentle-looking priest was standing, leaning against one of the pillars and looking dreamily out on the green lawn before him. It seemed a fitting place for a reverie. The few sounds that came from beyond the cathedral precincts were softened and subdued till they seemed to belong to another sphere. On the opposite side of the cloisters the graceful buttresses and battlements of the cathedral rose into the hot sunlight, and far above the mass of the building the great tower sprang from the intersection of the nave and transepts so high that it almost made one dizzy to look up to the golden cross on the summit.

Father Gérard was familiar with every nook and cranny of the great building. He could wander for hours under arches, up winding stairways, with occasional glimpses of paved floors far beneath, vistas of Norman columns or specks of light where tapers were burning before the statue of some saint. Sitting on rainy days in the cathedral library he had read again and again the whole history of the great church, and he was said to know more about the minster than the Abbé himself.

Surely a man living in the quiet shadow of these walls, whose foundations had been laid far back in that shadowy period of tradition and story, could not but become imbued with the peace and tranquility that pervaded all the place. Among these old pillars and arches generations of men had lived their lives, died, and were forgotten now. The first Philip of France when he made his royal visit to the minster must have seen the same shadows in the court, the same green lawn, the same tower rising above the high roof, that the priest dreamily looked out upon to-day, centuries after the great founder's death.

For a moment Father Gérard forgot himself and was almost happy in his day-dream—but Father Gérard's moments of happiness were never long. At all his thoughtful times this tall priest found his mind picturing the reproachful face of a man looking sadly at him with the agony of death in his eyes. If he could only undo that act of his how happy he might be in this tranquil world of the cathedral! He often went over the whole scene of what he thought was his crime—how believing his own life to be in danger he struck down the man before him, once—twice till he sank, with that reproachful look, dying to the pavement. He remembered distinctly the very street corner where it had happened, the shouts, the running of people, his own sudden impulse to flight and escape. If Father Gérard had looked at his deed in the dispassionate light that his sensitive nature and long brooding had made impossible, he would have seen this act as it really was—an act of self-defense. But he only knew that he had killed a man, and that dying face was ever in his memory. In the long nights, as he lay on the hard bed in his cell, it came to him most often, and little Father Antoine, a comfortable, goodnatured brother who was fond of the good things of the refectory table and whose cell adjoined that of Father Gérard, used to groan within himself as he heard at these times the smothered lashings and inarticulate prayers that came from the cell next his own, for the happy little priest loved this tall, solemn brother better than any of the other priests of the cathedral.

Father Gérard's reverie was interrupted by the sweet chime from the belfry as the bells sounded the hour—five. He walked slowly into the nave of the great church. The coolness and dusk were refreshing after the heat outside. The Norman pillars rose high above into a sort of haze that was turned golden by the sunlight streaming in through the clere-story windows. All around were the tombs and monuments of the great men of the Province of old—effigies of knights lying on their backs in full armor, often with the grotesque disfigurement of a nose or ear knocked off.

The stillness was broken by the sound of a heavy door shutting. Father Gérard looked in the direction of the noise and saw a man wander uncertainly into the half darkness, and finally sink into one of the rush-bottomed chairs, bowing his head as if in prayer. His hair and beard were long and matted, and his clothes tattered and dusty. In a few moments he raised his head and looked rather anxiously about. Father Gérard saw that his face was very pale. The man's gaze fell on the priest and he instantly rose and walked haltingly toward him. When the stranger came within a few yards of Father Gérard, the priest started and turned as pale as the other, for he saw before him in the flesh the face of the man he had killed.

Little Raoul was still lying in the warm grass by the roadside watching the white clouds floating slowly eastward in the sky and thinking about the fairy story his old grandmother had told him the night before as they sat by the fire in the little stone cabin. He had just come to the place when the Prince and his two faithful attendants come galloping on their beautiful horses into the enchanted valley to look for the Princess, when he heard the real clatter of hoofs and raised himself on his elbow. He was a queer, fanciful little boy and he almost thought his story was coming true, for there were three splendid horsemen covered with gold braid and with swords at their side riding over the top of the pass. They stopped when they saw him and one riding up said,

"*Eh, mon enfant*, have you seen a ragged man with long hair and a white face go past here?"

Raoul wondered what the Prince had to do with such a ragamuffin, but he remembered the man on the coach and said,

"You mean the man under the diligence, *m'sieur*?"

"*Parbleu!* is the boy dreaming?"

"There was a ragged man hanging on under the diligence, *m'sieur*."

"That is the man. When did he go past here, *petit fainéant*?"

"About half an hour ago, *m'sieur*."

The man wheeled his horse suddenly and the three trotted down the road into the valley. Raoul looked after them till a turn in the road hid them from sight and then he lay down in the long grass and watched the clouds again. There was a large one right overhead that seemed like the face of the beautiful Princess at first, but as it floated eastward it changed till it was like the face of the man under the coach, and the boy thought it looked reproachfully at him.

In the village the gendarmes created quite an excitement. The small boys who had shouted so vigorously at the arrival of the diligence were so awed that most of them retreated into doorways, and some of the youngest took refuge behind the skirts of their mothers. But the dogs barked and ran after the horses, people put their heads out of the windows, and Franchon and Lisette, the two pretty daughters of the watchmaker, giggled behind their aprons as the young and good-looking gendarme kissed his hand to them.

Before his door in the cathedral square old Simon was smoking his evening pipe, talking the while with Monsieur le Notaire about the days of the first Empire. Simon wore on his coat a medal that the great Emperor had given him with his own hand the day after Austerlitz. His eyes brightened as the soldiers trotted into the square and he remembered the time when he too had worn a saber at his side. The sergeant dismounted and came toward him.

"Pardon, *monsieur*," he said, "but have you seen a ragged, dusty man, a stranger, in the village?"

"There was such a man, *camarade*, who went into the cathedral about half an hour ago."

"What has he done, *mon sergent*?" ventured Monsieur le Notaire.

"He has killed a man, *monsieur*, and is badly wounded himself. We think he came here to confess."

The sergeant turned and went up the broad flight of steps and in at the great door of the minster. Inside he

could see no one except a few grey-cowled figures at the far end of the nave. The vesper service was going on in the choir, and the responses sounded soft and sweet in the gloom among the great pillars. As the soldier listened and looked about he thought he heard in the intervals of the music a muffled murmur of voices that seemed to come from one of the side chapels near by, partially secluded by a screen of carved stonework. He walked over to the spot and put his head in at the low door. It was an impressive scene he looked upon.

Stretched out upon the floor, his head supported by a grey-cowled priest, lay the man he was seeking. The workman's blouse he wore was open, and the sergeant saw that his shirt was covered with blood. He was talking huskily to the gentle-looking man who was leaning over him and holding a crucifix before his dim eyes.

"Ah, my father, I am happy now. I knew you would say the great God would forgive me. I never meant to— to kill—"

He choked in his utterance, gave one or two gasps, and clutching his comforter's hand his head bowed forward, a light of security and peace showing in his face even in his death agony.

The sergeant had witnessed many death scenes, but somehow he felt a curious lump in his throat, and he walked to the door on tip-toe, lifting his saber carefully in his hand. Outside the two other soldiers were waiting, the center of an admiring group of the villagers.

"He has escaped us," said the sergeant.

In a few moments Father Gérard walked out from the cathedral into the cloisters. The place was the same as it had been a few hours before—as it had been for centuries—but how different it seemed to this tall, pale priest! The beauty of the peaceful court had never appealed to him so strongly; the sky had never seemed so blue, he thought. He chanced to raise his eyes to the great tower. A last ray of sunlight falling upon the cross caused it to stand out like an emblem in the sky above the dark mass of the tower that was in shadow. To the thankful, happy man

looking up to it, it seemed to send a message of comfort and hope that he had never known before.

Up on the pass little Raoul too was watching the cross, for the last ray of sunlight that touched it marked the time for him to take his sheep home for the night. The shadow crept slowly up the tower, and when it reached the foot of the cross Raoul put his hands to his mouth and gave the shepherd's peculiar call. The sheep came slowly over the hill-tops toward him bleating and crowding one another, and he began to lead them homeward, thinking that he would tell his old grandmother about the Prince he had seen go into the valley. As the boy went over the crest of the hill he looked back once toward the cathedral. The minster loomed up large and black in the twilight of the valley and even the cross had lost its golden gleam and was a black figure like the rest of the tower.

Francis Parsons.



NOTABILIA.

THERE are many phenomena which recur periodically and without well-defined laws known to common mortals, as star-showers, epidemics, equinoxes; and of those that concern man socially, revolutions, strikes, failures, and the like. The reasons given for these repetitions are often an evidence of man's conceit in his own acuteness. For the very reason that four reasons for the same thing may sometimes be given, each ninety degrees from its neighbor is proof at least that sometimes three-fourths of our reasoning is nonsense. In our own community of the campus, history repeats itself; among other ways in its at times unique celebrations on some occasion of rejoicing. There is a lull of comparative quiet through a large part of a college generation during which, acts of insubordination and excessive hilarity are unknown, but during which also the pent-up and ardent enthusiasm of certain young ideas is swelling and straining at the mild tissue of restraint thrown over it by the faculty and their own consciences. Then

comes the mad dance at the instance of some triumph, the hand which was light falls heavily, the dancers pay, and all is calm again.

* * *

Why this is all so, no one really knows. It may be that a college—which is almost the only thing made up of humanity that is eternally youthful—that because it is practically transformed anew with each Olympiad, it forgets itself about so often, and must be told over with painful emphasis what it may and what it must not. It may be that a college at times harbors certain individuals who believe in their own theories of how to manage a university despite the gray heads and venerable traditions that rule, and who think that said heads and said traditions do not appreciate their glowing reforms; and because of this lack of appreciation—they, offended, take up their abode elsewhere. But perish these reasons! The question must be placed among those incomprehensibles of social rule and behavior which only the millenium can hope to answer. The college is big enough and the law generous enough to allow any free-willed, rational man, master of himself and enough Latin, Greek and Mathematics to enter, to live here without oppression. And seriously when will you find another place like it in this respect? Not at home, for there restraints are doubled. Not in the world, for every one concedes that the license accorded to college men is paramount.

* * *

Perhaps if we understood better the meaning of the words, 'master of self,' or at all events used them not so loosely, we would find the cause of these under-class ebullitions that are not at all pretty in the newspaper accounts, or smart in the eyes of the college world. It is strange how differently the surroundings of college life affect different men. To one they appear a jocular bidding to cast aside self-control, and to run a gamut of pleasures and the length of his tether either until it breaks or until it suddenly strangles him back to his common senses. To another they are a signal to guard thoughtfully, circumspectly every word and every act to a successful issue; and the

fact that he is his own master, in suggesting the possibility that he may become his own slave, but sharpens his watchfulness. These two classes have here their extremes, their means and their varieties. It is a very difficult matter for one to be a monitor unto himself; and it is more often a blessing than a bane that public opinion is a regulator so great and so feared.

Campus disturbances would give far less ground for complaint if they ended merely in an unpleasant penalty to the offender and the news thereof were confined to the campus. But it is never so. The newspapers with a Munchausen faculty of exaggeration seize upon trifles, dress them like crimes and present them to a gullible public who forthwith form their estimate of college character from distorted accounts of the slips and willful errors of a mistaken few.

* * *

If then a college will have the reputation of men, it must have—men. The best expression of happiness over a victory is never the noisiest. Those who most deeply feel the interests of their class or college are not the loudest and the thirstiest. Tentative efforts and perhaps an unhappy experience or two may be necessary to teach men when and what to do, and when to stop doing. But the fact should not be forgotten that the strength and intelligence of a college is measured by the strength and intelligence of its individual students, that beyond campus precincts it devolves upon each individual to represent his college with credit, and that the sooner men outgrow that inexperience of which foolhardy acts with inevitable results are sometimes the outcome, the sooner will the biased public mind recognize their college in its true light, and a permanent harmony be established between college law and college conduct.

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Essays in competition for the LIT. Medal are due at 219 Durfee on or before the first of December. All competitive essays must be subscribed with assumed names and accompanied by envelopes containing the true names of the writers. The committee of award will consist of Prof. Beers, Prof. Wheeler and the Chairman of the Board.

PORTFOLIO.

"CECILIA IN THE SOUTH."

O for a vision of thy charming eyes,
Some heavenly dream that will not fade away
Or golden fancy that the Peris say
Blooms at the gates of Allah's paradise.
Beneath the shadow of the southern skies
Thou dwellest like a budding rose in May
Whose tender heart hath never viewed the day
But vernal clad and all unopened lies.
O blossom not until the hour is nigh
When I am free to pluck thee, all my own.
What envious mortal standing idly by
Would suffer thee to linger there alone?
If thou should'st bloom my heart would woo regret
That can not go a-hunting roses yet.

R. M. G.

—The wind had gone down with the sun. Even the slender tips of the palmetto fronds rested without trembling, etched in black against the still roseate flush low in the sky. Across the five miles of placid river, the Jupiter light flashed brightly at intervals, and then shone, just a yellow spark, while its watery path narrowed and widened. In this highway of mellow light, the evening star gleam reflected, its white radiance commingling. Nature had set her symbol here, of perfect love—the pure, cold light of the soul-affection, calm and changeless; and warm, glowing passion flaming and dying away, yet in a complete harmonizing.

So quiet it was that the wing-beat of a belated pelican sounded pulsating from the upper air. It was hardly gone, when a faint throbbing, like an echo, seemed to fill the lonely space. Nearer and louder it grew, and one recognized the steady throb and swash of a steamer's paddles, even before the trio of lights shone red, yellow and green. As the heavy breathing of the exhaust mingled with the engine beat, the long rows of saloon windows made lights and shadows on the star-studded water, and, the furnace doors thrown open, woods and shore stood out redly in the glare. From the tall stacks, sparks rushed and eddyed, to float slowly down and die brightly. The great fabric swept by, the lights faded, until again only the paddle beat came back intermittently. While

rows of swells dashed on the sandy shore, and ran back with a murmur which sank into the voiceless hush of the early evening.

R. D. P.

—A solitary elm-tree stands near the surf-line, at New London, stretching its gnarled limbs in every direction. There is something human about an ancient tree, most so when it stands alone by the sea-side, and the winds stir its foliage into language. When gales whistle shrilly through the rigging of ships at anchor in the harbor the old forest giant stirs as with kindly anxiety, and seems to be holding out his rough arms as a refuge for the belated being who may chance to be out-o'-doors in the storm: "Come, my child," he seems to say, "come nestle in my arms. I will watch over you and guard you from harm!"

The tree, though massive in build, was greatly stunted; and it was while expressing wonder at this circumstance, one day, that I chanced to hear from a native fisherman its story.

Over a hundred years ago, when the tree was only a tall sapling, he saw coming up the harbor under full sail, a fleet of bulky, square-rigged war-ships—British war-ships—bristling on each side with three rows of cannon which soon belched forth destructive flame and iron on the scant settlement of New London. Not a leaf stirred on the young tree as he watched the dreadful capture of the forts. While thus he stood in motionless terror, suddenly a great iron ball came whizzing along and carried away his entire top-knot of limbs and foliage, leaving a wounded and splintered trunk.

From that day all progress in height was arrested, but those great limbs grew out on each side till their tips now sweep the grass in a great circle, making underneath a broad pavilion of green leaves.

As I lay upon the soft grass enjoying this protecting shade, and listening to the foliage fluttering like the flutterings of a mother's heart as she bends over her babe, I fell to musing; for the murmuring leaves soothed my heart, till the thoughts drifted by like autumn leaves floating down a lazy river. In human experience it takes some great blow, some terrible misfortune to instill that spirit of humanity which makes men and women noble. It requires the spirit which finds expression in the words "I, too, have suffered" to render perfect that sympha-

thy which shares a fellow-mortal's grief, and opens the heart to those who are weary and suffering. The wind rustling among the leaves seemed the voice of the old elm whispering : "Come, fellow-inhabitants of this earth, ye that are disappointed, ye that are driven by the sun and dragged by the rain ; I will receive you ; I will shade you with outstretched arms. I, too, once aimed high ; the blow came, and taught me that my duty was not with the heavens, but with the earth in which I was placed by the Almighty. Come, fellow-being, come ! I, too, have suffered. I, too, suffered suffered."

I slept.

H. A. B.

—On the western slope of Mount Lebanon, among the Berkshire hills, lies a village odd in its appearance and picturesque in its inhabitants, the home of the Lebanon Shakers. In the small room of one of the leading sisters, if you had an opportunity, you might see a photograph of a young man. A fine, strong face it is, with an attractiveness that would cause your eyes to linger upon it. And with that picture there goes a history—the romance of the sister's life. They were young together. He, strong, spirited, ambitious ; she, with a beauty, the traces of which still linger, and which even her garb cannot hide. He fell madly in love with her and asked her to leave the order and become his wife. But his love-making was most difficult. Never having an opportunity of speaking to her, except in the presence of others, his feelings soon became known and it was necessary for him to go. But though his suit had been rejected, still he was determined to win her, for he knew that she loved him. In spite of the care of the elders, he succeeded in getting word to her again and again, but without success. Each time his offer was refused and she held steadfastly by the principles of the order. At last with hope all gone he came to the village one night in a driving snow-storm, to catch, if he might, the last glimpse of his love, and then leave the place forever. In the morning they found him in the snow under her window, with just a spark of life remaining. He was revived and again sent on his way, still unrewarded for his devotion. "You could not have loved him," interrupted the listener. "Loved him !" answered the sister : "few men have ever been loved as I

loved him, and that, too, without ever having seen him alone, or so much as our hands having joined. But it was the renunciation of my faith he asked for, and that I could not give, though my heart might break."

And this is, perhaps, but one of many similar cases. When a faith prompts to such a sacrifice, it demands our respect, and and when these people give up all the comforts and pleasures of this world, its natural affections and ambitions and resign themselves to the routine of a life which seems almost a non-existence, we may believe that they are at least sincere. And as one, after a visit to the village, casts a lingering glance back upon the scene, for an instant the thought occurs to him, may it not be so after all?

C. S. H.

—I had strayed into the Canongate, Edinburgh, late in the afternoon of a July day, in the humor for an aimless stroll or perhaps a bit of adventure. The old street suited my mood exactly. There is a delightful air of antiquity about the prim, quaint houses, with their weather-beaten walls of stone and blackened timber, and the gable windows whose diamond-shaped panes peer at one in so knowing a way. The crumbling chimneys puff out the smoke wreaths with the languid, drowsy air which testifies an aristocratic contempt for these modern days. Indeed, the street seems haunted with weird memories and the shades of departed courtiers. Here and there one sees on the walls a heraldic device with a motto of impossible Latin, or, still worse, genuine Gaelic. But there is a general appearance of decaying respectability. The street has been invaded by the spirit of shillings and pence, which give it very illbred neighbors. To be sure a baker's shop bears upon the old stone lintel the somewhat reassuring sentiment "LUFÉ GOD AND YR NYCHTBYR;" but I fear the honest baker has more respect for the Kirk than loaves for the hungry. But here is one stand that, without doubt, justifies its title, "YE FAMVS BEERSHOP." Here one may emulate the genial Robbie Burns, and, as the mellow Scotch makes summer in his veins, forget his grudge against the age, and even relish the long-drawn yarns spun over pipe and bowl by the degenerate sons of Macallium More and Roderick Dhu.

Further down the street one comes on an aristocratic house that bears the arms of a noble of Queen Mary's days. His

daughter, as the story goes, was a lass who loved a soldier. A gentle thing she was, with dreamy eyes and a touch of southern ardor from the French blood in her veins. But before she had donned the "wedding samite strewn with pearls," her cavalier had gone to serve beneath the Lilies of France. As dreary days of waiting lengthened into years, and there came never a word of him to her, she changed her bridal veil for the veil of the Sisterhood. But her heart still beat hotly beneath her nun's robe, and when, on an errand of mercy, she was brought face to face with her loved one, alive though long a prisoner, her passion woke again. And only the ash-trees shivering in the moonlight on Arthur's seat can tell the story of their one mad hour together at the lonely tryst and the last sad farewells. As one stands on the oaken stairway of the old house, he may fancy that he still hears the tap of a little slipper and the rustle of silks along the corridor. But instead of the maiden's rippling laughter, there floats down to him only the harsh voice of an old crone in the upper story, while the bang of a door scatters his reverie.

After all the world is a cold place. For some reason the street has a different look as I step out-of-doors again. A knot of half-naked youngsters lie sprawling in the street like fallen cherubs. A sharp-faced woman is loudly trying to drive a bargain with a fish-wife for a mess of "caller herrin'," while, from a window above, a stern, motherly voice peals out to one of the aforesaid cherubs, "Sāndy! Sāndy! cam awa' frae they boys!" A gasping, perspiring little man, who has found more than his match in a stout gillie, is trying to convince the bystanders that he is right and all the world is wrong,—with the usual success in such cases. A business-like newsboy insinuatingly approaches you with the oft-told tale, "Ere's the 'Evening Scotsman,' sir: tuppence, please! 'arrowing murder case! 'Scottish Leader,' sir?"

Well, it may be that the Canongate has never been a stranger to such scenes. "A man's a man for a' that," whether the century be the 16th or the 19th.

A. B. P.

—The court-room was hushed and expectant, waiting to hear the testimony of Alvin S. Billings, plaintiff in the suit against one Kenney to recover damages for false pretences, or rather, as interpreted by the plaintiff himself, "gittin' squar'

with Kenney fur onfair cheatin' in a hoss bargain." Mr. Billings then began by explaining, to his own satisfaction at least, why so good a judge of horse flesh as himself had been deceived so badly in regard to this particular animal, which, at the present moment, was contentedly gnawing off the top of a hitching-post immediately under the eye of his owner.

"Wal," he drawled, first darting a hasty glance out of the window to see if the horse in question was still there, "Kenney fetched the hoss round 'long the aide of the evenin', when 'twas gittin' kinder duskish like, an' he tol' me 'at the critter was a-goin' on eight years, an' I believed him; but come to find out next mornin' the hoss was twenty-seven year ol' to a day. Me and Kenney was cumrades in arms, fit under the same flag," with a wave of his thumb towards the political banner, which was flapping idly in the wind between two tall staffs across the road, "an' I naterally thought you could put some dupendence in him, but come to find out, he's a leettle mite roguish."

"Was anything else the matter with the horse besides old age?" the opposing lawyer interrupted.

"Yes, by thunder! they was. He's balky!" roared the plaintiff, apparently pulling out his words by emphatic jerks of his long gray beard, which he had tightly grasped in one hand, "an' I'll prove it. You see," he went on in confidential tones, "the day arter I'd got the ol' hoss, I sez to my wife, sez I, 'Ad'line, I believe 'at I'll hitch up to the waggin', an' go down the road a piece an' git me a leettle jag o' wood; I'll be back in bout a hour.' Wal, I hitched him up and druv out the gate a-rattlin' an' a-yellin' back to Ad'line, she was standin' in the doorway, 'at I had a trotter like all git out this time. But I hadn't got no further 'n the fust hill when the ol' hoss balked up. I clucked an' I chirruped to him, an' yanked him by the bit, an', by thunder, I laid the gad on him, an' he never stirred a mite, but jest stood there a-goppin' at me. There I was," he said with a roar like the thunder he was wont to invoke, "right on Steward's hill, fifty rod from my own house an' couldn't move no more'n Lot's wife, arter she'd ben turned to a pillar of salt.

"By'n'by Iry Steward come along, an' he sez to me, kinder smilin', 'why don't ye build a fire under him?' An' so I did, fur I tell ye I was gittin' sorter riled. Wal, the ol' hoss felt

consid'able warmish an' moved on a peg, an' then stopped short with the fire a-flamin' up right onderneath the waggin'. Had to hurry like the devil to onhitch him," the narrator shouted, jumping up and down in memory of his excitement, "an' like to burn the waggin' up! I managed arter consid'able deefficulty an' a hour's time to get the sly critter hum, fur he balked up ev'ry step of the way, ez though he was a-goin' to his own fun'ral an' didn't want'er."

After some further investigation it was found out that Mr. Billings had not paid so much as one cent for his antiquated steed, and therefore the case was declared off, to the plaintiff's great amazement, for he believed himself miserably defrauded to the last. However, he had the satisfaction of telling his story in court, and thereby acquiring some local reputation to last him through the coming winter. When the court adjourned, Mr. Billings climbed into his old buggy, and jogged slowly back to his home among the hills. He carried with him an old battered campaign torch, which served not only as a light upon his way, but also as a portable bonfire, able at times to make even his balky old horse gallop madly down the road. As Mr. Billings reached the gate of his farm, his wife called anxiously out to him, "Alvin, did you win the case?" and he answered back gloomily, "No, Ad'line, the court was balky ez the ol' hoss himself."

J. H. F.

—The room was small and well furnished. The walls were hung with rich tapestries, and that indefinable air of refinement and luxury which tapestries always convey, pervaded the rest of the room. There was something Eastern in its strangeness; there was no definite plan followed out, but a confused sensation of places and thoughts took possession of one as he entered. The tapestries suggested luxury; the books intellectual pursuits; there were some on medicine, some on metaphysics; others were books of travel, travels of men who lived long ago and had seen strange sights and customs. The walls bore, scattered here and there, the relics of ancient art which had been picked up by the owner in his travels. In one corner stood a skeleton, its lower jaw—owing to a loosening of the wire joint—dropped almost on the bones of the chest and grinned horridly, while the bones of the fingers of one hand rested on the leaves of an old-time medical

treatise which lay upon a small table. The owner of the room was sitting in an easy arm-chair smoking. His eyes stared vacantly at the fire, and were in strong contrast to the rest of his face, the features of which were bold and finely cut; the lips were a little drawn at one corner, giving the impression that their owner was smiling. The cigarette burned out and, as he threw it into the fire, the dog lying before him looked up and whined gently. "Thank heaven you're not ashamed of me; but you don't understand what a weak, contemptible thing your master is." And as the young man spoke he leaned forward and patted the dog's head fondly. Leaning forward thus brought his face into the bright light of the fire and it showed pale and drawn. Deep hollows were under the eyes and the eyes themselves were dim. The man was a wreck; weakness and dissatisfaction were written in every line of his face, and the relaxed and lifeless figure bore the same testimony. Yet above all this one could not help remarking the well-shaped head and strong features. On the table was a bottle of chloroform—the cause, which had added one more victim to bodily sensations, one more life ruined, and at the time when life, and hope, and vigor should be strongest, when directed will should have been in full activity on the side of good and usefulness, when consciousness of expanding powers and the respect for self should have made life grand and happy, there was instead despair, hatred of self, and ruin.

The young man rose and began pacing the room, and as he turned, his eye rested on the bottle standing on the table. He frowned, and his mouth became more drawn, and his eyes lost, for the time, their dimness, and flamed with hate—hate of everything. He cursed the world, the ignorance of those around him, the good as well as evil in the world, but under all he cursed himself. He paused at length before the fire and gradually the old expression crept back over face and eyes, and he threw himself again into the chair. A clock, standing on the shelf, rang out the hour on its dainty gong as if in mockery at such seriousness. The half hour struck, and then the hour, and the dog and master were quiet as before. The dog growled as he dreamed, and his master sat staring—not at the fire—but beyond, on into space to another world, and his eyes were no longer vacant but a light shone in them—a light from within, which went on away from his surroundings, on

from himself and his ruin to a world where he saw there was hope, and to a life that was worth living. Slowly he leaned forward, and the dog woke and stood gazing into his master's face with dumb affection and wonder, but his master did not see him. The color rushed into the pale cheeks and the veins stood out on his forehead; his lips trembled and the tears began to gather; his whole face and position expressed intense emotion. The dog stood, with one paw raised, excited and trembling, until suddenly his master gave a cry, and covering his face with his hands fell back. The dog jumped on his knees and licked the tears that were trickling through the shaking fingers. * * * Outside the day was dawning, and the light creeping into the room fell on a broken bottle. The boy had become a man.

S. B. I.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Junior Promenade Committee

Are Francis Parsons, chairman; A. S. Chisholm, floor manager; S. B. Ives, Joseph Roby, W. E. Dwight, Derby Rogers, W. H. Vanderbilt, B. M. Crouse, J. H. Field.

Sophomore German Committee.

At a meeting of the Committee, T. Cochran, Jr. was elected chairman.

Intercollegiate Tennis Association Officers.

President, F. H. Hovey, of Harvard; Vice-President, E. P. McMullen, of Columbia; Secretary and Treasurer, J. Howland, of Yale.

Intercollegiate Tennis Tournament.

The finals resulted: Singles, F. H. Hovey, Harvard, first; C. T. Lee, University of Penn., second; W. T. Gunnison, Dartmouth, third. Doubles, F. H. Hovey and R. D. Wrenn, Harvard, first; L. R. Parker and J. Howland, Yale, second.

Andover Club Officers.

President, H. A. Bayne, '92; F. H. Barbour, '92 S., Vice-President; J. H. Field, '93, Secretary, and G. B. Case, '94, Treasurer.

Senior Class Elections.

Poet, H. B. Hinckley ; Secretary, J. E. Wheeler ; Orator, H. R. Rathbone ; Statistician, C. J. Bartlett ; Ivy Committee, T. Mullally, G. S. C. Badger, M. Knox ; Historians, S. Webster, W. N. Runyon, E. H. Mason, H. A. Bayne, F. J. Price ; Class-day Committee, J. W. Husted, Jr., W. L. Kitchel, J. Woodruff, H. B. McCormick, C. S. Haight ; Cup Committee, G. B. Hollister, S. N. Morrison, W. C. Ivison ; Supper Committee, E. Boltwood, T. D. Young, K. Cheney, D. Lord, 3d, and E. H. Floyd-Jones ; Triennial Committee, W. B. Wright, Jr., H. S. Graves, and P. Jay.

Yale Gun Club.

At a meeting of the Club, E. H. Floyd-Jones, '92, was elected President, and W. A. Wood, '92 S., Secretary and Treasurer.

Fall Regatta.

Eight-oar shell race, '95 vs. '94 S., won by '94 S.; time, 4 min. 31 1/4 sec. Eight-oar shell race, '93 vs. '94, won by '93 by four feet.

'94 Sheff. Class Meeting.

At a meeting held October 28, the following officers were elected: President, S. L. Reed ; Vice-President, J. M. Goetchius, and C. R. Knapp, Secretary and Treasurer.

Subjects for Ten Eyck Prize Speaking.

1. Lessons from the Life of Laurence Oliphant.
2. Tom Paine: Deism and Democracy in the Days of the American Revolution.
3. Yale's contributions to American Thought.
4. O'Connell and Parnell. [A comparison of personal characters, not of politics, is desired].
5. The Boyhood of Goethe and Wordsworth.
6. The Practical Working of Woman Suffrage. [Historical rather than theoretical treatment desired].
7. Thomson's "City of Dreadful Night": a Study in Literary Pessimism.
8. "Plain Living and High Thinking."

Foot Ball Games for October.

October 3—Yale 26 ; Crescents 0 ;	at Brooklyn.
" 7—Yale 36 ; Trinity 0 ;	" Hartford.
" 10—Yale 46 ; Williams 0 ;	" Albany.
" 14—Yale 28 ; Stagg's Team 0 ;	" New Haven.
" 26—Yale 36 ; Orange A. C. 0 ;	" East Orange.
" 31—Yale 38 ; Lehigh 0 ;	" New Haven.

BOOK NOTICES.

Points of View. A book of original views on interesting subjects. Miss Repplier begins the list of "Books that have Hindered Me," the title of the first paper, with "Reading without Tears," through which she struggled into some acquaintance with print, beginning with such disconnected statements as "Ann has a Cat," and ending with a dismal story, which remains in her mind like a literary nightmare. The writer traces a moral downfall to "Sandford and Merton," and found a third pitfall in being compelled to read Milton's "Areopagitica" when a school girl of fifteen. She considers her moral and mental development to have been hindered by "The Heir of Redclyffe," and "Uncle Tom's Cabin,"—the latter because it made slavery shine in a new and alluring light as the most ennobling institution in the world if it produced such strong and self-restrained men as George, such courageous women as Eliza, mothers and wives like Chloe, and models of all known chivalry and virtue like Uncle Tom. The paper shows something of the liberality in literary criticism the author champions in "Literary Shibboleths," where she objects to the blind worshipping of great writers, or following in the crowd of sham admirers of that handful of choice spirits, whose works wily critics tell us are undecipherable to the groundlings, and appeal only to a small chosen band. Miss Repplier urges a boldness in each following their own taste, and recommends reading as inclination leads, rather than being led about by arbitrary critics or literary monogamists who refuse to hear any other author. In "English Love-Songs" Miss Repplier tells gracefully of Carew's "finely poised compliments, delicate as rose leaves," of "Suckling and Lovelace" who made it their pride to write with gentlemanly ease," whose poems "endure like fragile pieces of porcelain to prove how light a thing can bear the weight of immortality," of Charles Sedley preserved from oblivion by a bit of wanton verse about Phillis, of Burns' unrivalled songs, of Wither and Donne, who make sun, moon and stars do homage to their ladies, and of Drayton's sonnet where the pain of parting is expressed with such grace of sentiment. She criticises no less the over-wrought imagery of Lodge and William Habington who gives his Castrara such marble-like coldness that Cupid's poor little body is shrivelled with the cold as he lies in "the perfumed hearse," by which the ardent lover means a dimple. Then she writes of those sweet singers who with delicacy told of "the heart-break of failure," of Philip Sidney, of Dante Gabriel Rossetti "who lay bare the tumult of his own heart, the lights and shades of his own delicate and sensitive nature." The writer ascribes the peculiar felicity and unfailing brightness of the early love songs to the constant sounding of a personal note, and their profound and penetrating charm to their distinctive characteristic, "the quality of youth" which Browning lacks. Among the other papers are "A Plea for Humor," "Fiction in the Pulpit," and "English Railway Fiction."

* *Points of View.* By Agnes Repplier. New York and Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Price \$1.25.

It is with pleasure that we notice Prof. J. D. Dana's new pamphlet* on the geological features of New Haven and its vicinity. It is a book written for and preëminently suited to meet the demands of a student community. It aims in a simple and direct way to explain the geological history of this part of the state and particularly to describe the formation and nature of several of the more prominent hills of this immediate vicinity. This it succeeds in doing in a delightful way and in language not too technical for the ordinary reader. Two thirds of the book is occupied with a brief description of the different walks and drives to places of interest in all directions from the city, giving full information as to roads and distances and also explaining all objects of geological interest by the way. The description of walks to the Sound comprise a concise statement of the different forms of sea life, both animal and vegetable, with their names and peculiarities. To the ordinary reader or to one who goes about the country with reasonable attention to what he sees, such a book could be made the means of much added pleasure and profit. But to one who is actually engaged in Geological studies and who hopes to accomplish any good work in that direction the book is almost a necessity, forming as it does a practical way of fixing principles gained elsewhere.

A Handful of Lavender.† A collection of short and very readable poems. In "The Deserted House" and "One Night" there is good word painting, poetic description and realism. In "Betrayed," "My True Love Lies Asleep," there is life, sentiment and imagery. "The Old Path" shows poetic handling. The single verses "Truth" and "Doubt" are direct and forceful. That Miss Reese is a lover of nature and the seasons is shown by the poems to "June," "Early September," "April Weather," "A November Afternoon," "August," and "Mid-March." The last two give something of the same impression the seasons do, in which Wordsworth so excels. "Guinevere in Almesbury Convent" is a pretty little imaginative sketch. "The Death Potion" is not unlike Rosetti's "Sister Helen," and has some of its fire and intense passion. Thomas À Kempis has more fulness and power than the other poems, and in it perhaps occur the most poetic lines.

Many books are interesting partly because they exhibit in a strong light the characteristics of a certain school of writing, the last number‡ of the Lippincott's novel series is chiefly interesting because of this. It was obviously made to tickle the palate of that mythical monster known as the General Public, which is so absurdly omnipotent in its judgments—judgments not to be foreseen or calculated upon. This work, however, ought at least to escape its disapprobation for it combines Hawley Smart, the Duchess and Rhoda Broughton in a surprising manner, and the whole conglomeration has a *mise-enscene* reminding one of a Sims melodrama. All the pictures

* *The Four Rocks, with Walks and Drives about New Haven.* Dana.

† *A Handful of Lavender.* By Lizette Woodworth Reese. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.00.

‡ *Drawn Blank.* By Mrs. Robert Jocelyn. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 50 cents.

are distinctly reminiscent—the pretty girl in the game-keeper's old fashioned kitchen, the afternoon tea at Dunstable Castle, the ladies' steeple-chase. And then the foundation of the plot, the old nurse who "mixes those children up, and not a creature knew it," makes us hum an air from *Pinafore* and laugh outright.

But the fact that such books are so widely read makes them worthy of attention by anyone desiring to learn the literary trend of the times. The literary philanthropist can find many good points in them. They are free from a suspicion of any viciousness or immorality, their general tone is honest and healthy, they are told in a style which, if entirely lacking in distinction and art, is at least straightforward and plain. Their plots are unsensational for the most part, and no morbidity can be acquired from their perusal by any bothersome character analysis.

There are a thousand authors who can handle the conventional novel plot with its vapid variations decently, to one inventor of new plots. Mr. Stockton is a remarkable example of this latter class so greatly in demand, and the charming story in hand* which recently appeared as a serial in the *Atlantic Monthly* is by no means the least of his efforts.

He creates a plot the machinery of which is on reflection manifestly absurd, yet it is unfolded with such deliberation and calm assurance, and told with such an intermixture of truthful wit, and droll frankness that under the spell of his pen, the story is one of facts, and uncommonly interesting withal. Perhaps this very fertility of invention in puzzling situations, the extraordinary dashes of the unexpected in the *denouements* may be criticised as a weakness of his plot-construction, but at any rate there is no diffuse rambling; the very baffling uncertainty of the outcome as the mind attempts to run ahead of the story at every turning point, constitutes a strong charm for those readers who relish oddities in situations and characters. The fault if any is one of degree in overstraining faint possibilities into seemingly obvious probabilities. This is done, however, with an art so characteristic and clever that one feels he ends the book ready to pardon the writer his—to say the least—very original whims.

The Ride to the Lady and other Poems† is a collection of short poems and sonnets, for the most part a little more sedate than the short poems of the day. The narrative poems are interesting and life-like. The "First Guest" was suggested by the Arabian proverb, "When the house is finished Death enters." The clever turning "God's self in that first guest" saves the poem from any morbidity. The last word in the line, "Each chamber fair and dumb," seems forced. In "Arraignment" there is clear expression of rather an original idea. The strongest lines, perhaps, are in "The Going Out of the Tide,"

* *The House of Martha*. By Frank R. Stockton. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Riverside Press. Price \$1.25.

† *The Ride to the Lady and other Poems*. By Helen Gray Cone. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Price, \$1.00.

"On, on, endures the struggle into night
 As the strong agony and mortal fight
 Of human souls, blind reaching."

In "Ivo of Chartres" occur the most poetic lines—

"Heaven, without a cloud, above the near hill's crest
 Lay passion purple in a breathless peace."

In this poem there is effective, weird conception, imagination and an elevated thought—

"That hence no small
 Fear shall impel and no mean hope shall hire
 Men to serve God—
 But to his will shall set their whole desire
 For love, love, love alone, forever more."

In the last verses of "Madonna Pia" there is imagery that reminds of Rosetti's "Blessed Damsel." In "Two Moods of Failure," "The Story of the Orient," and "The House of Hate," there are many delightful little touches that show insight. "Thisbe," and "The Fair Gray Lady,"—"she the golden rod grown gray" are truly poetic. "Retrospect" and "The Contrast" are the best of the sonnets. The former is wholesome, while the latter has a charm from the strain of sweet sadness that pervades it.

The life and voyages of Columbus, a subject which must always be of interest to the American people not only from national reasons, but as one of the great pivots of the world's history, have been revised by Justin Winsor in perhaps the best and most comprehensive treatise* on the subject to be found in the language. The work is a very careful and scholarly investigation into the numerous records, free from sensationalism and blind admiration, in fact the writer assumes a view of the explorer's work and character which would seem extremely harsh if he were not driven to it by his researches among the facts themselves. In this he forms a striking contrast to many writers, as for example, Irving, who, as is well known, is an ardent hero worshiper as far as Columbus is concerned.

A family connection with Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith should of itself entitle one to write with some degree of success. While Mrs. Moore is fortunately so related, the theme, ideas and treatment of this collection of papers are her own and thoroughly independent.

Ryle's Open Gate† is the result of a happy congenial summer vacation passed on the shores of Great South Bay. The impressions of a quaint Long Island village, its odd characters, its magnates and fashion set recreating from the burdens of winter conventionalities, by assuming those of summer,

* *Christopher Columbus*. Winsor. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

† *Ryle's Open Gate*. By Susan Teackle Moore. Boston and New York Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Riverside Press. Price \$1.25.

are woven into a charming series of writings, half-sketches, half-descriptions, half-stories cleverly accurate and lively, that show well the author's versatile culture and sympathies. There is plenty of thought in the work always carefully and gracefully told, and never heavy or obtrusive. The descriptions are vivid and keen, with a directness and appropriateness that seem to place the object itself before the reader.

The publishing by this lady of her personal observations among this homely people comes to us in the nature of a book of discoveries, and the work has been aptly compared to that which Sarah Orne Jewett has in a like manner done for New England. Altogether the work is one of the best of a new and increasingly popular style of writing.

Until lately, the Italy of the period when, in the final decay and ruin of the Roman Empire, the power passed into the hands of Goths, has not been treated in a manner at once historically accurate and popular. While this period has been included in a more ample and detailed work on Italy by the same author than the one under consideration, the personality of Theodoric* so advantageously holds together the chief threads of politics and war of his age, that both students and those finding a cursory interest will find great profit in perusing his life.

Mr. Thomas Hodgkin is a specialist, qualified to treat his subject in a broad and thorough manner. He has enlivened the biography with a good supply of anecdotes, embellished it with fine engravings of important scenes and objects of interest noted in the text, and enriched it with valuable maps. The biographer begins with the very ancestry of his subject, and having carried him through all the vicissitudes of leadership and changes of conviction, ends not with his end, but continues the history of the Ostrogoths through the generation succeeding Theodoric. Thus almost two centuries of rare history are covered (376-568 A. D.). As a sort of afterpiece the Theodoric of the Saga is excellently recounted.

The older inhabitants of Amherst and Andover recall the name and speak with tenderness and pride of one Joseph Nessima who spent the years of his student life in these towns. And indeed of all strange and romantic stories, his is among the most interesting. A runaway boy from his Japanese home, he reaches this country by working his way on a merchant ship, falls into charitable hands, is educated, studies Theology and returns to his native land as a missionary. Such is the outline of his story, but it is from the collection of his letters† were made after his death by the son of his benefactor that his development from a bright and ambitious boy to an educated, talented and earnest man can best be understood. Here is seen distinctly the growth of that singularly strong and unique character which stamped such a strong impression upon all who knew him.

* *Theodoric the Goth*. By Thomas Hodgkin, D.C.L. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Knickerbocker Press. Price, cloth, \$1.50.

† *Life and Letters of Joseph Hardy Nessima*. By Arthur Sherburne Hardy. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A review of a poem so well known as *Snow-Bound** is unnecessary. Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Company have published it in so beautiful, neat and appropriate a form that this edition of it deserves especial notice. It makes the old poem still more attractive.

In the new edition of "The Writings of Oliver Wendell Holmes,"† there has been published "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," "The Poet at the Breakfast Table," "Over the Teacups," "The Guardian Angel," "The Professor at the Breakfast Table," and "Elsie Venner." His edition "The Riverside"—the thirteenth—is all that could be desired both in print and binding.

TO BE REVIEWED.

A Little Tour in Ireland. By An Oxonian. New York: W. S. Gottsberger & Co.

The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri. Translated by Charles Eliot Norton. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Price \$1.25.

What is Reality? By Francis Howe Johnson. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Price \$2.00.

Thomas Carlyle's Moral and Religious Development. A study: By Ewald Flügel. From the German by Jessica Gilbert Tyler. New York: M. L. Holbrook & Co.

Betty Alden. A Story of the Pilgrims. By Jane G. Austen. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Price \$1.25.

Eothen. Knickerbocker Nuggets. A. W. Kinglake. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

The Table, as is befitting a loyal New England piece of furniture at this season of the year, is already loaded down (that is, to the eye of anticipation) with turkeys and pies and other indispensable accompaniments of the annual feast of Gorge. It is to be noted with pleasure and pride that this ancient custom is cherished with so much care and that, at college at least, it shows no sign of falling into innocuous desuetude, as has St. Valentine's Day and Hallowe'en. The philosophical investigator need not overtax his brains in assigning a reason for this high place which the festival of Thanksgiving holds in the affections of men. It does not appeal to their hearts or their superstitious natures, as do the two nearly forgotten feasts just cited, but to their stomachs. In the onward march of civilization, in the upward progress of society, the old idea of romantic love, for its own sake, is fast becoming

* *Snow-Bound.* By John Greenleaf Whittier. New York and Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Price \$1.50.

† *Writings of Oliver Wendell Holmes.* Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

antiquated, out of date, a thing to be smiled at and ashamed of, and never to be seriously considered for one moment. Our superstitions, too, have been removed from their place beside the hearth and in the home, and have been consigned to the care of Societies for Psychical Research and other learned associations, where they receive a vast amount of philosophical investigation and deep study and occasion an enormous number of *sesquipedalia verba*, printed in thick books with wide margins and uncut edges. What wonder, then, that men perforce fall back upon Thanksgiving with the gratifying reflection that, though the spirit of the age may set them out of any danger of falling in love, and though wise men may educate them out of their superstitions, yet it lies not in the power even of modern surgery to altogether deprive them of their stomachs and a man's appetite is too sacred a thing to be tampered with by philosopher or sage. So let us stuff ourselves with our mince pies, and gobble our gobblers in peace and good-will, for however far this troublesome "march of progress" may continue, we may have the assurance that men will always give eating and drinking the same steadily high position among their earthly pleasures. The Chinese are said to be the most civilized of nations. The Chinese say that a man's brains are situated in his stomach.

On Thanksgiving Day in New England farm houses, the breakfast is set forth even earlier than usual so as to give the women plenty of time to prepare the great feast. Everyone goes to meeting in the morning, and afterwards all the men take long walks over the half frozen ground in the crisp fall air. The parson's long-winded "National Sermon" upon our country's prosperity, combined with the brisk exercise, serve to whet the hunger to such a point of perfection as would astonish the mixer of the effete and stomach-tickling cock-tail. Speaking of appetizers, did you ever try reading a chapter of "Pickwick" just before dinner? The result of it will astonish you. How hearty and cheerful it is to read of Mr. Pickwick's little suppers, of the Christmas feast at Dingy Dell, of Bob Sawyer's evening party! As for me, it makes me want to go and do likewise at once, and I would give a great deal to polish off a knuckle of beef with Sam Weller, or discuss some steak and stout with Mr. Alfred Jingle, Esq. The eating in Sir Walter Scott's books, too, is positively inspiring before a meal, and it is a wise and prudent diner-out who peruses certain portions of Charles Lever's tales before donning his evening clothes. These men were all wrong and very poor novelists, of course. Mr. Howells and Mr. Henry James say so, and they know; you cannot find a description of such a vulgar thing as a hearty meal in *their* books. No, indeed. And so, lest it be charged against the Table that it is not literary, and not in agreeable touch with the best modern authorities, let it be distinctly understood that we recommend the reading of these old-fashioned novels merely as appetizers, nothing more, and 'twould be a very sad and grave mistake to suppose for one instant that they are worth anything as books.

Somehow we are not apt to associate November with poetry; perhaps the reason is that it is not a representative season month like April or October, December or June. At any rate, the verse of the month, generally speaking, seems to lack life. We select the following:

AT THE STILE.

Marjorie stands across the stile,
 Her small feet kissed by the half-grown clover,
 And I, on the other side, wait the while
 And hold out my hands to help her over.

The soft wind plays with her dark brown hair
 As she stands demurely debating whether
 To come or stay. A moment—There,
 Over the fields we're off together.

Marjorie stands at the stile between
 Childhood and womanhood and her eyes
 Reflect the beauty of wood and green
 And the peaceful quiet of summer skies.

And I, on the other side, wait the while.
 Shall I hold out my hands to help her over
 Or leave her there across the stile,
 A child to romp through her world of clover?

Marjorie lingers a moment, and
 Demurely settles the question whether,—
 From across the stile she reaches her hand.
 Down the path of life we're off together.

— *Williams Weekly.*

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VOL. LVII.

No. III.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED
BY THE
Students of Yale University.



"*Dom meus grata nomen, nomen laudisque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SORORES, unanimique PATRES.*"

DECEMBER, 1891.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale University. This Magazine established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Fifty-seventh Volume with the number for October, 1891. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the university. In the *Notabilia* college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the *Memorabilia* it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the *Book Notices* and *Editors' Table*, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from students of all departments, and may be sent through the Post Office. They are due the 1st of the month. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued on the 15th day of each month from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is \$5.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at the Coöperative Store. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications, with regard to the editorial management of the periodical, must be addressed to the EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, New Haven, Conn.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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DECEMBER, 1891.

No. 3

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '92.

EDWARD BOLTWOOD.

GEORGE B. HOLLISTER.

PERCY C. EGGLESTON.

THORNWELL MULLALLY.

FRANK J. PRICE.

YALE IN REVOLUTIONARY TIMES.

WITH the college days of their fathers the present generation is fairly well acquainted. We know by name many of the popular and prominent men of the "fifties" and "sixties" and are familiar with their peculiar customs and manner of life. From our grandfathers, however, we have heard much less, while from our great-grandfathers—but perhaps we are unfortunate in not having had the acquaintance of these gentlemen. And, indeed, they seem to us very shadowy personages only vaguely recalled by some family tradition, time-yellowed journal or faded portrait in stock and wig. Yet we know that these same ancestors were undergraduates, perhaps, when Yale was a flourishing college of reputation with as definite and distinctive a college life as it has to-day. Could one of those sturdy collegians step back upon the campus after more than a hundred years, he would doubtless be amazed at the change that has taken place; no professors in gowns, to be seen, no long hose and short breeches, no powdered wigs, no evening prayers to attend; all would be strange and he would wander about among the new surroundings,

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looking almost in vain for some familiar land-mark to link the new Yale with the old. But while *Atheneum* has lost its steeple, and *South Middle* glories in an added story, he would still find in them old friends, and as he conducts us from one room to another he would relate of them many a strange and, alas, forgotten experience. What a pity that these old walls must be forever dumb. One is almost tempted to wish for the return of the good old times when inanimate things had supernatural powers; even a respectable ghost now and then would be acceptable if it could return to us some of the forgotten memories of those old college days. Meanwhile the meager chronicle, a few musty old books of college law and a dilapidated map or two are all that is left us of the living Yale of 1776. But in those days when athletics were of the most primitive kind, and the publication of college journals was unthought of, there was no lack of good fellowship and we may be sure that college life was made endurable in spite of prayers "between six o'clock and sunrise" and morning recitation, before breakfast. No doubt then there was more or less grumbling among the junior and senior sophisters over the regular Tuesday declamations and debates before the faculty and their classmates, but as there seemed to be no remedy they were endured with good grace and, on the part of some, with as little exertion as possible. It is, however, the time between recitations in which we are most interested. Now, as a matter of fact, we are forced to conclude from the perusal of the old college laws and catalogues that there was very little spare time to be had in those days, but then the perusal of college laws and catalogues is very apt to lead one to the conclusion that the curriculum is the chief and only end of student existence—a stupid fallacy which is always belied by the facts. Human nature is sufficiently constant, however, to assure us that the youth of colonial New England engaged in something besides study and, in one way or another, managed to thoroughly enjoy their college days. No great power of imagination is needed to place ourselves back a hundred years in one of those old *South*

Middle rooms with a number of "the boys" to spend a winter's evening. Logs are heaped upon the open fire, and as they light up the room, candles are extinguished and carefully put away for future use—for the season has been severe and the price of tallow is high—pipes are brought out and we fall to discussing matters of college interest. Perhaps *Linonia* and *Brothers in Unity*, the two great literary societies of the day, are to have a joint debate or are in the midst of their campaign among the freshmen for new members, party feeling waxes high and a sharp discussion ensues. Perhaps the conversation is on topics of national interest. The news of the Stamp Act or of Lexington has just arrived and is received with censure or applause by the young Whigs and Tories present, for we must know that George III. had some staunch supporters in the Yale of those days. But in the discussion of these matters we can discern a certain earnestness and determination that is suggestive of the metal of those young soldiers, as many of them are soon to be, and, indeed, it would be strange if the intensity of feeling that is sweeping the country fails to kindle them into like patriotism. Perhaps at this point some obliging underclassman is commissioned to secure a supplement to the frugal and not very plentiful supper of bread and milk, of which we partook at the old Commons dining-hall, and forthwith visits the Buttery, situated on the ground floor and southeast corner of the building where, as everybody knows, can be purchased at moderate prices, "Cider, Metheglin, Strong Beer to the amount of Ten Barrells annually, Loaf Sugar, Pipes, Tobacco," and other such articles. Even President Stiles himself is charged on the books with cider, pipes, and bottles of ale.

The life of a freshman in those old days seems to have been something even desperate and indeed would have been so but for a generous home training in almost every kind of hardship. A life beginning with the rigid enforcement of that formidable code known as the freshmen laws which permitted and rather encouraged almost unlimited fagging and compelled a servile observation of college

etiquette could hardly have been looked forward to with pleasure. One cannot resist a feeling of amused sympathy for the abashed freshman who forgets that he may not wear his hat in the college yard until after the May vacation, nor "within ten rods of the person of the President, eight rods of the Professor, and five rods of a Tutor." It is in this same code that we find the college sanctioning a distinction between the lower classes, which has since marked a peculiar feature in Yale's social life, in the charmingly ingenuous introduction of a clause which declares that no freshman shall "play with any member of an upper class without being asked." The downtrodden freshmen, however, were still in demand, for it was from their number that *Linonia* and *Brothers* were to replenish their membership of writers and orators. From the very beginning of the college year these societies vied with each other in every form of flattering attention to the freshmen in their endeavor to magnify their own virtues and outdo each other in securing the largest number of men, so that between the chilling formality of college custom and the gracious politeness of the upper class-men, the bewildered freshman must have found it difficult to conduct himself with that propriety expected of him.

The means of recreation which the college afforded were few, no well equipped gymnasium, no athletic field, no such boating facilities as we enjoy were open. But a few miles of pleasant country, together with the crisp, bracing air of Fall formed, no doubt, a pleasant combination. And a clause in the college rules forbidding students to sail or row on the harbor "under the penalty of a fine not exceeding thirty-four cents," points conclusively to the fact that even at this early day there were not wanting nautical enthusiasts who found the harbor an easy means of recreation and the accumulation of cuts. Here they watched with no little interest the construction of Rock Fort, afterwards enlarged and called Ford Hale in honor of the brilliant Captain Nathan Hale, who was such a favorite in college but a few years before. Here, too, the more adventurous who, with favoring tide and wind

worked out of the harbor's mouth, kept a sharp lookout for any sail which might prove to be a British warship, for those were anxious and unsettled times, and the good folk of New Haven never knew when to expect a visit from the enemy, so the powder magazine was always full and the "minute men" ready. In the pursuance of this policy the town authorities had even asked the governor to place a hundred stand of arms in the possession of the college for the use of a company which the students had organized. This was promptly done and the rows of those old queen's arms ranged among the books of the college library on the second floor of *Atheneum* stood for years as grim reminders of the common danger.

As for New Haven society in those days we know that there were aristocratic families in plenty or those who considered themselves so, for the pride of belonging to good old English stock that dated well back was still strong. Even the names in the college catalogue we find printed in the order of the respectability of their families and not alphabetically, as at present. But I am sure there were some homes in town whose rugged simplicity and plainness were rendered anything but unpleasant to the fortunate youth admitted to them by the presence of a slim little Puritan in quaint attire whose proper training and demure manner could not suppress an occasional mischievous flash from her eyes, and who entertained her visitors while deftly turning her spinning wheel, for was there not the supply of flax to be disposed of, and who ever heard of a youth who would object to holding a skein of yarn while a pretty maiden wound it off? But just here when we are becoming interested history is provokingly silent. One thing she does tell us, however, in this connection—that the President and Fellows of Yale College were much opposed to the dancing assemblies which seem to have been held occasionally and not only forbade any member of the college to attend them but imposed a ruinous fine of "fifty-eight cents for each such offence."

The chronicle does not state whether the habit of appropriating odds and ends about town for the supposed adornment of their rooms was prevalent among the stu-

dents of colonial times or not, but if it was, there could have been no better or more convenient opportunity for gratifying this propensity than that offered by the little establishment located on part of the ground where Farnam now stands and fronting College Street. Here Master Amos Doolittle toiled early and late at his trade of artistic sign painter, carefully placing the products of his industry against the fence to dry within tempting reach of the passer by and, unless college sentiment in this matter has since then greatly changed for the worse, I fear that the good painter's signs were not always left undisturbed and that in consequence unfortunate students at times even found themselves within the little round gaol just across the street. Amos Doolittle, however, was something more than an ordinary workman and enjoys the reputation of being the earliest copper-plate engraver in America.

The interests of their great literary societies undoubtedly filled much of the spare time of our ancestors and when this work was not strictly literary we may be sure that college politics between the two were agitated with a persistence and at times a bitterness that would have greatly pained the worthy divines who laid the foundation stones of the college. But what a treat it would be to have attended the meetings of one of those venerable societies and to have listened to the expression of opinion on such questions as the British Policy in America and kindred topics. We can not doubt but that they were discussed with only such interest and intensity as passing questions of the day can excite. The resolute measures which the Colonies took could not have met with the entire approval of the Tories among the students who were sufficiently numerous and bitter to have given a decided flavor to the debates. Still the sympathies of the college as a whole were with the Colonies, as Judge Thomas Jones of the class of 1750, a stanch Episcopalian and friend of England, so tersely testifies when he characterizes Yale as "a nursery of sedition, of faction and of republicanism"—"a college remarkable for its persecuting spirit, its republican principles, its intolerance in religion and its utter aversion to Bishops and all Earthly Kings."

While this inner college life was progressing, the events transpiring in the country, which were to mould it into a nation, produced continually a deeper impression upon the college. Lexington had aroused the Colonies, Bunker Hill inflamed them and recruits were hurrying to Boston from all sides. Benedict Arnold, whom every student knew, had gathered his company of New Haven troops together and was moving eastward. It was, indeed, already campus talk how he had applied to the town council for ammunition for his men as he was about to march, and how on being refused he broke into the powder house and helped himself. As the year passed slowly by and the war still continued, the condition of the college became more unsettled, attendance was irregular, the demands of the nation became greater than those of the college and young men continually left to enter the army. The funds of the college too became low and for a short period the students disbanded. These were dark days for Yale but she struggled bravely on under the indomitable President Dagget and President Stiles on short supplies in the pantry but no scarcity of logic in the class room, and with the daily drill of the little military company on the campus. This last course in the curriculum, introduced as a precautionary measure, came into practical service one hot morning in July. The day before had been the Sabbath and also the third anniversary of the Proclamation of Independence and the students were sauntering round the campus after prayers in the cool of the evening, having been confined by sermons appropriate to the day, rather longer than usual, when the quiet was rudely broken by the ominous discharge of three alarms guns which at once brought the startled people to the place of meeting. A British fleet had been sighted off Bridgeport and was in all probability sailing on New Haven. The indignation and confusion which followed this announcement can easily be imagined. *South Middle* knew no rest that night and for once no tutors went the round of the rooms at nine o'clock. Some of the students hastily collected a few articles of value and made their

way into the country districts beyond the town, others determined to stay and, meeting in a few rooms—for at such times men like company,—earnestly discussed the situation. Some were calm, all were defiant, but many were pale that night, the experience of looking into leveled muskets was something new. Early in the morning the alarm guns sounded again, as President Stiles tells us in a brief journal he kept at the time. The good President, much disturbed for the safety of the college as well as for the town, mounted to the steeple of *Athenæum* with the small college telescope as soon as it was daylight, but the sight that presented itself was hardly calculated to reassure him. Twenty ships of war lay at anchor in the mouth of the harbor and through the glass, he tells us, he could distinctly see two dark lines of small boats bristling with armed men and heading for the shore, the one into Morris Cove and the other toward Savin Rock. The British had come at last and “all then knew our fate” he records with despair.

Hastily the college records and the more valuable of the college apparatus were collected and sent out of town. The President's four daughters set out on foot for Mount Carmel, and the aged President himself followed later, leaving his eldest son to assist in defending the town. Meanwhile the college company had shouldered their muskets and marched out on the Milford road, selecting an old stone wall as a convenient and sheltered position; here they awaited the enemy. Down the road they could hear the desultory fire of the farmers and the answering volleys of the British and occasionally they caught the roll of approaching drums. From the direction of the town a solitary horseman was seen galloping toward them at full speed. As he drew nearer they recognized the quaint figure of ex-President Dagget, the professor of Divinity, an old fowling piece in his hand and his long coat streaming out in the wind. Although he never had been very popular in the college world, yet there was something so fine in the old gentleman's action, and in the fire that shot from his eyes, that an involuntary and enthusiastic cheer burst from the students as he passed them and disappeared be-

yond in a cloud of dust. But they had not long to wait; the enemy soon appeared, shots were exchanged, and the students gradually retired before the greatly superior force, stubbornly disputing every foot of ground all the way back to the town. The rest is well known. Two thousand men, of course, found little difficulty in overcoming the resistance of the handful of patriots who could be marshaled against them. The enemy entered the town, burned and plundered many houses, and were guilty of much cruelty and useless slaughter. In the general destruction Yale escaped uninjured, spared, it is said, at the request of an officer in the British service, who had formerly graduated from the college.

But these old days have long passed away and others have succeeded them so full of importance in growth and change that the memories of the former ones have quite faded away. It was, however, in these days of uncertainty and perplexity that the little college established itself more firmly and laid the foundations of that loyalty and devotion to the nation, then just springing into life, which has ever since been so characteristic of it.

George B. Hollister.

LETHE.

In the chill silent stream,
Where the soul cannot dream,
Where the sun casts no beam
There I shall rest.

Where its dim waters fold
No secret e'er is told.
Dark is the stream and cold
Where I shall rest.

There I shall never weep;
The stream my cares shall keep
And I shall softly sleep
'Neath its dark breast.

There my lost soul shall stray
By the stream flowing aye,
Hiding its dead away
'Neath its dark breast.

Trumbull Huntington.

CLERICAL CHARACTERS IN ANTHONY
TROLLOPE'S NOVELS.

TROLLOPE'S methods of work are an excellent index of his whole character. He sincerely believed that literary work of the highest order might be done systematically; and he put this successfully to the test of practice. The incessant labor by which he brought himself to this shows his dry and plodding nature. But it would be very superficial to see in him no more than this. Such work is the expression of great concentration and swiftness of thought, and shows a power of rapid invention in the act of writing. And if these do not indicate genius of a high order, they at least point to a clear head and good judgment.

Plainly these characteristics proclaim Trollope as one of the realists,—but of a rather superficial type if compared with George Meredith. He has a taste for commonplace realities. There is an almost bourgeois side of his nature, which is especially marked in his disbelief in the Heroic: he frankly says that, since he has not met with it in the world, it shall not be found in his books. And he is a hearty despiser of Sentimentalism; the unreality and affectation of it, the notion that the things of this life are accidents of our lower selves, call forth ridicule from him. A strong satirical feeling is noticeable in all his representations of such people. For no realist can fail to be a satirist. Naturally he has no patience with ideals; and, with the stubbornness of many Englishmen, refuses to believe in a phase of life with which he can have no sympathy. He has set himself the task of reducing the exaggeration of of these ideals to actual reality.

His special study of clerical characters results from this; for they are more commonly overdrawn than other types of men. In the very profession of the clergy there seems to be something which has radically biased most studies of other authors. The credit of taking a marked and independent stand in this matter belongs most certainly

to Trollope. Everything depends on the point of view at which the author starts; and he lays down the principle that he will start unbiased by any feeling of awe for the clerical profession and will treat them as neither more nor less than ordinary men. His standpoint is clearly defined.

"My critics," he says, "say that I have forgotten, in writing of clergymen, the first and most prominent characteristic of the ordinary English clergyman's life. I have described many clergymen, they say, but have spoken of them all as though their professional duties, their high calling, their daily working for the good of those around them, were matters of no moment either to me, or, in my opinion, to themselves. I would plead, in answer to this, that my object has been to paint the social and not the professional lives of clergymen; and, that I have been led to do so, firstly, by a feeling that as no men affect more strongly, by their own character, the society of those around them than do country clergymen, so, therefore, their social habits have been worth the labor necessary for painting them; and, secondly, by a feeling that, though I as a novelist may feel myself entitled to write of clergymen out of their pulpits, as I may also write of doctors and lawyers, I have no such liberty to write of them in their pulpits. When I have done so, I have so far transgressed." This avoidance of anything transcendental is the key note which is struck in all his characters. Sidney Smith's remark, that, in these recreant days, we cannot expect to find the majesty of Saint Paul beneath the cassock of a curate, gives rather sententiously Trollope's notion.

With this theory we can not expect his clergy to breathe much of the awful odor of holiness. The refined and spiritual element in their nature is lacking. As he shows us, the positions even of the highest responsibility are filled by men of small intellectual power. Practical men, we may be sure, with many valuable worldly qualifications; yet scarcely competent even to hold a creed if it be necessary that a man should understand and define his creed before he can hold it. We can well fancy their

sermons, short, practical discourses on moral conduct, not ill-suited to the English country people who are rather dull-headed to higher religious notions. With the religious work among this class he has strong sympathy; the poor have always been the salt of the earth, he says, and the nobility of work for them always appeals to him. He has great pity and appreciation for the hard lives of poor curates; yet, with him, they are always small men, intellectually and spiritually dwarfed by their poverty.

For greater intellectual refinement and power we should look, naturally, to his clergy connected with the universities, but we are somewhat disappointed. He has, indeed, seized the plain facts of the broader and sounder development, and the moral seriousness and dignity of such men. His character of Dean Arabin, a man who has passed through the experience of Newman, and attained to a higher level of moral and intellectual being, is one of his strongest and represents his best type of university man. But not in him nor in any other, has he caught the delicate and beautiful influence of that ancient college atmosphere, the repose of mind and love of learning that comes from long days spent in those secluded gardens and those gray old buildings, and the almost mediæval spirit of meditation that finds its home there. And he has not the fineness of nature to apprehend the sweet and lofty teaching of Christian idealism which so many have brought from the universities.

There is no sentiment in his treatment of these or any of his characters. All of them have the touch of the world so strongly upon them that it seems to have blighted the finest forces of brave, tender and faithful nature in them. He would be wholly incapable of conceiving such a personality as George Eliot's Vicar Gilfil; the delicate feeling of sentiment which is the atmosphere of that history, in his handling, would become absurd. The character which he has treated with the most sympathetic feeling—that of Dr. Harding—is a pleasant picture of a good, pure, simple man who humbly believes in the religion of love which he has striven to learn, but there is a lack of senti-

ment about the picture. Yet his commonest clergymen are at least higher types than his ordinary Englishmen.

Yet, if we cannot say that these men are refined, we have to confess that they are strong. They are men of practical, untiring, conscientious activity. They do the hard work of their lives with all their might. A life of meditation has no meaning for them. They would never desire to draw aside from the heat and burden of the day to the shady places of thought and dreams. Above all they are strong in persistent, stubborn endurance. Trollope's most dramatic character, Mr. Crawley, is the very incarnation of this strength. His weakened mind and body, with his pride in the midst of his poverty, and the nervous, magnetic power of his speech and personality are vividly drawn. As a picture of the poverty and real suffering of one of his station it surpasses Eliot's Amos Barton. Such men as this are the sources of Trollope's theory of stoicism: as the brickmaker says to Crawley: "It's dogged as does it." This sturdy English characteristic is a good thing to meet the plain, hard things of life, and Trollope's characters do not seem to see much more than these things in the world.

It is true, however, that no realist can wholly abjure ideals. And it is evident, if we combine some of our scattered impressions of his characters, that Trollope's ideal is one, the practical side of which is developed to the exclusion of the spiritual. The tendency of all the literary ideals, however, has been towards the growth of the other—the spiritual side. Chaucer's Poore Persoun is the expression of pure unworldliness, of patient, faithful activity, finding its reward in doing good. He stands in marked contrast to the monkish system of that day in his close approach to the Apostolic ideal of poverty and self-sacrifice. The secret of his life lies in the last lines.

"But Christe's loove and his apostles twelve
He taughte, but first he folwed it himselve."

The Village Parson of Goldsmith follows in the line of this. He is the same poor and faithful minister to his

flock, but the spiritual world is closer to him and his face is lighted up by its eternal sunshine in the midst of the trials of this world. The life of George Herbert is the realization of another ideal, one of the most beautiful figures in our literary history. A fine æsthetic element in his nature has added a delicacy of sentiment and feeling for the beautiful side of a quiet, clerical life. Silent thought among such surroundings has brought with it some of the old idealizing and mystical feeling and an almost unearthly clearness of vision for the beauty of spiritual things. It has not been since realized. And, indeed, it has more of the old mediæval ideal of saintliness than of our modern spirit. The noblest of our modern ideals is that of Mr. Tryan in "Janet's Repentance." The depth and power of the spiritual life in such a man, his high consecration, his sympathy, his largeness and distinction of character, point to the highest possibilities of modern clerical characters.

Such a man as this Trollope has not found in our world of to-day, and he certainly could not appreciate the refined, æsthetical charm of Herbert. He shows often, however, that he feels sadly that his honesty compels him to show the truth as he has seen it. He has drawn clerical characters in the spirit in which Rembrandt painted his matrons and not that in which Raphael painted his Madonnas. His clergy bear the stamp of reality through and through. But he has not seen the whole truth. The higher reality of the Raphael spirit he can not apprehend. He has certainly failed to see the high distinction of character and to catch more than glimpses of the refined and purely æsthetical side of clerical nature, which we sincerely believe does exist. By his very sturdy English personality he is incapacitated for this.

Winthrop E. Dwight.

ALONE.

Round about the soul are voices,
Lights and shadows, hopes and fears,
And the laughter that rejoices,
And the sorrow that hath tears ;
Yet our words are but a token
Of the secret that we own,
And it cannot all be spoken,
For the spirit dwells alone.

In the world of life and action,
When on each side is a voice,
And the eager mind of faction,
Thou alone must make thy choice.
Friends may be at hand to cheer thee,
Warn thee, sympathize and love ;
But, though a whole host be near thee,
'Tis alone that thou must move.

When the show of life is ending
And thou on thy bed dost lie,
They who love thee, o'er thee bending,
Shall shed tears that thou must die.
Lip to lip, perchance, they kiss thee,
Bend the ear for thy last moan ;
But, however close, they miss thee,
For thou diest all alone.

H. B. Hinckley.

AT THE KIT-KAT CLUB.

IT is always interesting to find that men whom we look upon as great, and whom we somehow imagine lived in a higher sphere than others, were, after all, mortals like ourselves who trod the same earth and laughed and sorrowed and worked and died, as men will always. It is the personal little touches that appeal to us—the Coleridge De Quincy tells us of, calling downstairs to his landlady for hot water, or Wordsworth, sitting among the daisies playing with his little son.

If we were living in the reign of the good Queen Anne, it would be no difficult task to look in upon some of the celebrities of the day, joking and laughing as heartily as

anyone. We need but to walk down Fleet street or the Strand of an evening, and put our heads in at Will's Coffee-house or Button's, where Mr. Addison's lion's head is fastened up at the door ready to receive in its yawning jaws any letters for the morrow's *Spectator*, and we shall doubtless see a gathering, of which Mr. Dryden, an old man now, or little Mr. Pope, perhaps, is the center, talking over Wycherley's latest comedy or Walpole's last speech in the House.

Should we chance to wander down by Temple Bar and turn into the narrow thoroughfare known as Shire Lane, we would come face to face with the "Sign of the Cat and Fiddle," kept by one Christopher Kat, famous as Addison tells us for his "Mutton Pyes." This is the meeting-place of the noted Kit-Kat Club.

Most authorities credit Jacob Tonson, the bookseller, with the founding of this circle of wits, politicians and literarii. Tonson enjoys the reputation of being the first of the race of publishers in England. It was he who brought Shakespeare's plays before the public in book form, and "Paradise Lost" first appeared at his shop. He was accustomed to invite his patrons to partake of Christopher's pies and other delicacies, and thus the weekly meetings came about. The members, however, were not all literary men and the Club numbered on its list many of the leaders of the Whig party as well as noblemen and gentlemen distinguished in other ways. Walpole says that, though the Club was generally spoken of as "a set of wits," they were in reality the patriots who saved Britain. The Duke of Marlborough is the most celebrated member; among others were Lord Halifax, the Mœcenas of the time, Lord Somers, Sir Robert Walpole, the vain Vanbrugh, soldier, architect and playwright, Congreve with all his worldliness and cynicism, and Sir Godfrey Kneller, remembered chiefly for his portraits of the members.

To the low back-room they would come at evening, leaving at the door the cares of state and the troubles of life, to make merry over old wine and to enjoy the good fellowship always to be found here. What would we not give

to-day to look in at one of those meetings—to listen to one of Vanbrugh's wittiest stories or hear Sir Richard Steele's voice as he proposes the toasts, for they were a gallant company withal, and the verses to the reigning beauties they cut on their drinking-glasses have become classic. Sir Samuel Garth, afterward physician to George the First, was often to be found at the meetings. It is said that Steele once told the genial Doctor that his time ought to be too valuable to spend at the Kit-Kat Club. "Nay, nay, Dick," replied the other, showing a list of fifteen patients, "nine of them have such bad constitutions that not all the physicians in the world could cure them, and the other six have such good constitutions that not all the physicians in the world could kill them." At this there was a general laugh, and Steele, amid the applause of those seated around the table, proposed the patients' healths. It was hard for them to part when once assembled in Christopher Kat's back-room, and the shop-keepers were often beginning to take down their shutters when the Kit-Kat Club disbanded. That was the time alack! when Dick Steele, and often others had to be helped into their sedan-chairs by their more sober friends.

After a time the Club moved its headquarters to the Fountain Tavern in the Strand and here it stayed for some time, adjourning to the *Flask* at Hamstead Heath when hot weather made the city disagreeable. After several years the standard of membership seems to have been lowered and several members who did not prove a credit to the Club were admitted. One day Lord Mohun, the famous duellist, broke off the gilt emblem on the top of his chair, upon which Tonson, who seems to have had the forms of society much at heart, said that a man who would do that would cut a throat. When Mohun afterwards killed Captain Coote, assisted at the murder of Montford, and finally was run through the body by the Duke of Hamilton, whom he killed at the same time, the good secretary was found to be close to the truth.

Tonson lived for some time at his country house, Barn Elms, and here for a while the Club held its meetings in

a room built for the purpose in which hung the portraits of the members painted by Kneller. About the first year of George the Second's reign the meetings of the Club ceased. Many of its members were dead, many scattered, Congreve and Steele helpless invalids. But the members sustained an affection for the old Club and an extract from a letter of Vanbrugh to Tonson in 1727 is almost pathetic—"Both Lords Carlisle and Cobham expressed a great desire of having one meeting next winter, not as a club, but as old friends that have been of a club—and the best club that ever met."

Francis Parsons.

DIONYSIUS TO ARIADNE.

Ariadne, Ariadne,
Where is Theseus, Ariadne?
Has the thankless youth departed,
Has he left thee broken-hearted?
Tell me, tell me, Ariadne,
I implore thee, I beseech thee;
I am joyful Dionysius,
Ivy-bearing Dionysius,
I have come from far Cythera
Aphrodite-loving isle.
Lo! the smiling queen of pleasure
Dancing to the chorus measure
Bears the crown of priceless treasure
Through the vernal vested aisle.
Long I heard thy breathless weeping
For an eastern wind came sweeping
All the sadness, all the sorrow,
All the pain of mortal woe;
And I grew to grieve thy sadness,
Sorrow turned my brain from madness
To a young heart-easing gladness
For the lips that trembled so.
Tell me, tell me, Ariadne
Art thou fled across the meadow
To the dreary forest shadow,
Art thou gone unto the marshes
Where the dreamy Lynmads lie?
O forget the ceaseless yearning
For thy lover's vain returning,
O forget and hear my pleading,
Hear my love and do not die.

R. M. Gibbs.

WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT.

IN the first number of the *Neue Zeitschrift* for 1837, Robert Schumann writes: "After much thought as to the best subject to put before our readers for the New Year we have decided to present to them a delightful personage—William Sterndale Bennett." At this time prevented by an accident to his hand from following a career of concert performer, Schumann had turned his energies to composing and criticism, and although his reputation as yet was only a promise of what his riper years were to bring him, nevertheless it even now gave weight to his opinions, which the world recognized as coming from one having authority. And so when he promises a very delightful personage the world of art in Liepsic is at once eager and alert. Sterndale Bennett however had been presented to the music-loving world of Leipsic some months before this. His studies completed so far as was possible in England, he had come to breathe in Germany that musical atmosphere which exists in the German centers as nowhere else. At home he had already acquired some reputation, both as composer and performer. His whole life indeed had been musical, for, as Schumann says, having a father and a grandfather musicians, he imbibed with his mother's milk the instincts which years of training fail to produce. He was born a musician. From earliest childhood his mother's sweet voice singing the simple old ballads of England had power to quiet and soothe him. Nature was full of melody to him. He loved the songs of birds and the rippling of the brooks, while the fierce winter winds were solemn chorals of judgment and woe.

But soon the violin opened to him a new world of chord and harmony, and, like Mozart, finding his childish way into this unknown region, he followed on, led by a God-sent impulse.

Very soon the "cold white keys" of the piano began to fill his dreams and imagination. They could talk to him,

he said, and he must learn their message. His guardians wisely allowed him to follow his preference, which the events of later years showed to be no mere whim.

There is an interest almost pathetic in the young boy in his chorister's robes gravely performing his duties at King's College, Cambridge, whither his grandfather had taken him on his father's death. Smoothly and quietly he passed his time, differing from other boys only in the precociousness of his intellect and the unusual tenderness and delicacy of his disposition.

Far different was his life from that of Paganini or Schubert with their embittering hardness of circumstance and treatment. Although English solidity of character with which he was surrounded did not inspire in him dramatic passion and the extremes of feeling which characterize continental life, yet it produced a better rounded and more stable manhood, while his own individuality supplied the fire. "For," says Schumann, "he never fails to use just the force needed at the moment, and at times is dramatic in his intensity."

The years of study in the Royal Academy of Music were a succession of triumphs brilliant enough to have turned a less modest and sincere mind. The drudgery of the rules of harmony and composition was gone through and then the young genius began his exemplification of their practice. A symphony in the style of Mozart and Hadyn, the wonder and delight of his associates began his career. What a triumph for a boy of eighteen! The large auditorium filled with the most critical musicians of the country, the deep silence, the sound of the orchestra pouring forth fancies of his own brain and the storm of applause. Retiring, even timid, he evades the congratulations eagerly showered upon him, and creeps away to his own beloved instrument that answers to his joyous mood.

But now Bennett is urged to visit Germany by his friend Mendelssohn, who has been directing the performance of his music at the celebrated Gewandhaus concerts, and with deep appreciation of the need for more intimate communion with the great masters he assents.

Germans at that time looked upon English art much as Europeans of to-day do upon American. Handel, though claimed by England, was thoroughly German, and, aside from him, few masters of art could be shown from that country. Shakespere was beginning to receive a much wider appreciation than ever before, and to be recognized as the great world's poet. Schumann calls attention to this in introducing Bennett. "Why," said he, "should England not produce a musician as well as a poet? We have even now from that land a master in art, as truly as was his great countryman." Something more than his music attracted Schumann. It was the personality, and an intimate friendship which sprang up between the two men enabled him to see more clearly into the springs and sources of the young Englishman's life.

Here in Leipsic were brought out those three musical sketches, *The Fountain*, *The Millstream* and *The Lake*, the best known of Bennett's works, and one is tempted to say, the most characteristic. Beethoven shows his strength and feeling in a Sonata Pathetique, Chopin his peculiar lace work of ornamentation and sweetness of style, in a Nocturne in G. Schubert his transcendant melody and harmony in a song. So Bennett, his depth of feeling and delicate slender beauty in these sketches. Each true to its name, not with that vulgar realism which imitates by trick or unworthy device the unmusical sounds of common things, but with the true artists' perception, interpreting the spirit of beauty in Nature into a universal musical language.

And what a succession! The Fountain with its delicate staccato triplets, dainty and fresh as crystal drops, sparkling with light, seen for an instant and gone, falling and bursting up with each vigor of crescendo, and the melody singing through it all like some laughing naiad of the fountain, dancing among the drops, and shrieking with delight as one audacious drop, topping the rest, brings out a clear tinkling tone.

And the millstream, with its rough, boisterous frolic and play, as it dashes in broken arpeggios against the wheel

and tumbles on the rocks below, good humoredly foaming and splashing, with broad patches of sunlight pouring on it between the leaves of the trees by the mill, its splendid minors and accentuations giving an indescribable sense of hum and work.

Then all its noise is hushed in the broad Lake. A clear voice falls upon our ear, and dies away just in time to yield the perfection of echo. Again the voice and this time with a melody, pure and holy as the song which Nature loves to sing to her children. It carries a sense of quiet healing, not as the lotus, which heals by forgetfulness but by the balm of hope. Then a livelier measure, and an uneasy changing from key to key, timid questionings of doubt. But the magic of the song triumphs at last and leaves us with the spirit of peace.

Each branch of Art requires its own workmen. The old masters of painting accomplished this work by expressing what they themselves felt, and it is this ring of sincerity which attracts us in Bennett.

The ennobled character of his productions could not have been imprinted upon them by a dull or coarse nature. The faithful student, conscientious artist, profound believer, affectionate husband and father, sound in every tone. We live with him, and whether as chorister of St. James or Doctor of Music at Cambridge, our love and admiration follow him who has touched our hearts at a thousand points and breathed upon us some of his own divine inspiration.

Sidney L. Lasell.

HARRIET MARTINEAU'S TRAVELS IN
AMERICA.

A LITTLE over fifty years ago Harriet Martineau, a distinguished English novelist, philosophical and political writer, made an extended tour over the United States. At that time it was very unusual for a European lady to find her way to America and Miss Martineau's impressions are exceedingly interesting, and her criticisms very bright. Of course America then appeared to the educated and refined English lady very crude and rough, and when she returned, like many another English traveler, she did not hesitate to ridicule the customs, morals and learning of America, and to indulge in sarcasm.

Few travelers have ever made a more complete tour or had better opportunities for judging this country than Harriet Martineau. She traveled by stage from Mt. Washington to New Orleans, and visited the large cities, the factories of the North and the plantations of the South, the institutions of learning and government, asylums, historical localities and all places of interest, besides meeting the great men of the country. Although she speaks in glowing terms of American scenery, and particularly of Lake George, yet all of her description is tinctured with a vein of satire that is provoking and seriously detracts from the reader's opinion of her impartiality. In fact we should judge from the *Retrospect of Western Travel* and *Society in America* just what was true of her character, that she was "clever and unhappy."

Miss Martineau was present at the Harvard commencement, and appears to have enjoyed the occasion very much. She remarks upon the Phi Beta Kappa society, a meeting of which she attended, as composed of the "élite of the scholars * * * every member is understood to owe his election to some evidence of distinction in letters," and then adds "a traveler could not be expected to understand why they were so numerous, nor what were the claims of the greater number!" The exercises at gradua-

tion she says were very interesting but seemed like a very "antique ceremonial." Here she met some eminent professors and scholars, who with the exception of Emerson, do not impress her very much. But of all the public characters of the United States, she says Dr. Channing is the one in whom the English feel the most interest. At first this seems a strange opinion for a person who had been acquainted with Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Emerson, Madison and many other great men, but we are not surprised at it when we remember that Miss Martineau was one of the leading Unitarians in England and, like Dr. Channing, one of the few strong abolitionists of the time. She visited the great divine at his house in Newport, drove all around the city with him, and like a true hero-worshiper went away brimful of admiration for his character. It is no doubt true that Dr. Channing had a very strong influence in England as well as in this country, for Frederick W. Robertson, the brilliant preacher of Brighton, spoke in very high terms of Dr. Channing's deep spiritual insight. But the praise of a sensitive, easily-prejudiced English lady of Americans with whom she had no sympathy is far more valuable as criticism, and when she does homage to the high political motives of Jefferson and Madison it can be taken as a true judgment of them, especially as she had ridiculed the personal morality of the former.

Miss Martineau's travels through the South, as we might expect, are filled with interest. The lonely English woman rode for miles in a stage through the great pine forests, watching the dripping firs, and alert to every change of color or scenery. She was charmed with the rich foliage, the beautiful flowers and the hospitality and good cheer of the Southern States. There was one thing, however, that interfered with the enjoyment of the trip, and that was her strong feeling on the subject of slavery, which she seems to have been unable to suppress. We find her arguing with Calhoun, making provoking remarks to her kind hosts and sometimes interrupting the pleasantest narratives to relate some pathetic story of a slave. To praise one's kindness and to censure the more serious parts

of the character is never agreeable, and we can readily appreciate the fact that her books on America were held in high disfavor throughout the South.

Her descriptions of the West are mostly concerned with the unpleasant features of sleeping in log-cabins and traveling in unclean flat-boats. In Cincinnati she was invited to what was considered a very aristocratic ball, and was surprised to meet there in full evening dress all the porters, clerks and liverymen whom she had employed since visiting the town. But she says we must get over being surprised by things in America!

Throughout all her travels in America Miss Martineau was treated with the greatest respect and esteem. Her reputation as a writer secured for her the intimacy of the best families in the land, and everything was done to make her visit pleasant. Nor was she blind to these attentions, for she records that some of the most delightful friendships of her life were made in America. Her style is clear, and her language exceedingly natural and apt. She is never tedious and her observations are often supported by such common sense and truthful reflections that one proceeds a good way before finding out exactly where her weakness lies.

But why is it that an Englishman invariably makes more prominent the disagreeable rather than the pleasanter features of his American experience? Dickens, Matthew Arnold and Herbert Spencer severely criticise us and after such criticism it is hardly to be wondered that Ruskin and Tennyson express a desire to keep away from the United States. Such criticism is the outgrowth of the conservative character of the English, which does not recognize the true progress of our National character because of the rough exterior. The kindest and most unaffected American welcome will never thoroughly please an Englishman until he has broken through his bondage to conservative propriety.

Lemuel Aiken Welles.

NOTABILIA.

WHAT a contrast, to be sure, a championship game of foot-ball to-day presents to the same luxury a half dozen years ago. Then the crowd was in hundreds what it now numbers in thousands. Then broken noses and black eyes were at a discount, while to-day, thanks to the penalties of disqualification, most players bring their faces away intact; a dozen phenomenal runs might be made in a game, scores above a hundred were common, the defeat of a university by a small college which improved its then good material with a couple of good tricks attracted only slight passing comment; and the ignorant townsman to whom the "fine points"—which are now the bare rudiments of the game—were as Greek, sighed over the newspaper accounts as he thought of the brutality developing in the rising generation.

* * *

The game is old and changed now. A refinement of the rules and methods of play has been at work—and, one might add, a refinement of the players, too—so that what has been a pastime and a game is to-day a science, and presents, as has been said, the analogy of a battle in which the strategy of brains outdoes the strength of beef. The whole public is a spectator and he no longer sees in the terms "tackle" and "fair catch" only the facts and fancies of a fishing trip, while he wonders what on earth a punt looks like and how a foot ball "wedge" is used. The newspapers, too, throughout the season having preserved a moderate average of truth when they could get it, now put out their red fire and take down all their ghastly adjectives for the issue on the morning after the game and present a fairly lucid and rational account of the whole affair. And instead of the excuses and invectives and recriminations and bad blood that used to slough slowly away after the general excitement the defeated college admits the fact with honorable candor, the victors accept

their honors quietly and the colleges are again at their normal pulse for another twelve-month.

* * *

But into the best prepared ointment a fly will sometimes creep. Let us consider some of the features of the recent New York game and see if the growing knowledge and popularity of foot ball have not brought new evils for those they have displaced.

While the grandstands were quite in possession of college men, their relatives and friends, one looked in vain into that sea of on-lookers on the uncovered stands for a little island of a score or more of bona-fide college men. They were outnumbered a dozen, yes twenty to one. The yells were irregular, scattered and thin, half-drowned by the many diverse noises, and not at all like the loud, ringing, organized cheers that once were a feature of the game and are even yet so characteristic of the contest with Harvard. To be sure those strange faces represented money, but gate receipts are not a consideration with most young collegians and young collegians themselves are entitled to some consideration.

Again, there is the mob of fakirs that line one's path to and in the grounds. Rattles and horns, ribbons and flags, tiny foot-balls and partisan-colored umbrellas are their motley wares, and when they congregate, as they sometimes do before a particular part of the stand, they annoy like indigestion at a banquet. Then the sporting element find there a chance to display their flaring chrysanthemums, tilted hats, glittering rhinestones and large flasks and are there in numbers to make themselves offensive with loud talk and tobacco. They don't care a whit which side wins, and think they see in the game only some good gambling and the possible chances of a few public fights.

* * *

And now—something which demands more than passing attention—was the action of the petty officials at the grounds. It would be interesting to know to whom and how far they were responsible—those track-hands who

brought out barrels and benches and planks to make impromptu reserved stands close to the ropes where those who had paid merely admission fee might see the game from a vantage point for an extra half-dollar, while they obstructed the view of those who had come an hour earlier to secure a few crowded inches on the "reserved bleacher." Reserved! Those under officials probably laughed in their sleeve at the thought of reserving any seat in the face of a significant whisper and a couple of jingling coins. A sharp investigation of these points would develop something of interest to more than one thousand who came to see only a total eclipse of a foot ball game. And an inquirer would meet with a *rara avis* indeed if he found one whose content in the results of the game carried him that long, stuffy, damp journey of return without a murmur of discontent against the transport facilities. Certainly a comparison of a few features of the New York game with the same features—or their absence—in the Springfield game would hardly be less than odious to the former.

* * *

Despite these discomforts, however, everyone insisted on having a good time after the game. The foiled representatives of orange and mourning, and the victory-sated Yalensian sat side by side in the evening and despatched their gobblers, and drank each other's health with as good a grace as though nothing but plain, old-fashioned Thanksgiving had happened after all. Then they celebrated and, on the whole, it was rather a milder celebration than New York has seen for many a Thanksgiving; and when sleeping time came the Princetonian turned in, proud that the opponents had not scored in the first half, while all Yalensians and particularly that much-congratulated, plucky-hearted team were never so glad before that they were Yale men.

PORTFOLIO.

December
Across the sky
The gray clouds fly ;
A fitful wind goes moaning by.
The orb of night
Its misty light
Throws o'er the distant craggy height.

In measured time,
Some far off chime
Rings out, deep, rhythmic and sublime.
The sounds remote
Sweet peace denote,
As through this drowsy vale they float.

Along the shore—
A golden store—
The moon-lit, flashing wavelets pour.
Seen far away,
In shadowy gray
Dim-outlined, lies a wood-girt bay.

The spectral trees
Sigh in the breeze,
Recalling mournful melodies ;
While over all
The snow-flakes fall,
Like flowers on dead Autumn's pall.

C. M. P.

—The passion for introducing and fostering novelties, as well in literature as in affairs, is characteristic of Americans ; and so when Mr. Bret Harte issued his first volume of sketches, including *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, and with it struck a new chord in popular feeling, he was at once welcomed as the apostle of a new and distinctly American literature. Literary America was surfeited with the classicism of English fiction and of its cis-Atlantic imitation ; a style and treatment so entirely novel as well as native gained immediate recognition and popularity. In types such as Kentuck, Oakhurst the gambler, Jack Hamlin, his cynical *confrère*, Yuba Bill the stage driver, and other prominent residents of Roaring Camp, and Red Dog, were found material for the construction of a

new civilization ; in the words of their discoverer, they were the heroes of an Iliad yet to be sung.

Mr. Bret Harte's peculiar fitness to picture the life and manners of the Forty-Niners is to be traced partly to the fact that he was himself an Argonaut and had passed the most active and impressionable period of his life among the characters he sketches. It is, however, more especially due to his preëminent talent for interpreting the phase of life that was then to be found in a Western mining camp—life removed from civilization ; preserving its traditions, yet utterly freed from the restraints which it imposes. This is his field and he is easily master of it.

But when, in more recent work, we find him straying into other fields we are forced to the conclusion that he is trespassing and would do well to stay at home. His talent, perhaps because of its especial strength in its own lines, has its limits defined with more than usual exactness. Power is his at the expense of versatility. When his ear loses the accompaniment of the miner's pick and the breezes sighing through the tops of the giant redwoods he fails to sing with his accustomed ease and confidence. The more complex harmonies of civilization confuse him and ill accord with his simple, forceful notes. Almost any of his later work indicates this ; in *A Ward of the Golden Gate* "Colonel Pendleton" reminds one of the old-school Southerner from the pen of Thomas Nelson Page or "Uncle Remus;" in another volume a scene from army life recalls the work of Captain King. Labor so spent is all but wasted. Such characters have been well described by those who created them, while none but Bret Harte can tell us of the humor and pathos of the bygone scenes of '49.

R. C. W. W.

—Of all the Greek lyrists none has left us so vivid an expression of the joyous side of Hellenic life as Anacreon. The blitheness and sensuousness of Greek feeling and their spirit of immortal youth shine through all his little poems. He is in love to intoxication with everything gay and beautiful in life, but is heedlessly light hearted as to deeper passions. With bold front he can play catch and toss with the God of Love with his golden ball ; and, with Wine and Merriment as his seconds, he roundly challenges him to combat. We are

sure he won the fall. With amusing petulance he shakes himself free of serious and sober people with their heavy talk. How astonished he would be to hear that these people have inherited the earth in our day! He will not speak seriously of anything. The very thoughts seem to run merrily in rhymes in his head, and the more wine he has had the faster and merrier they run. Anacreon will have it that life is all sunshine and flowers. He dreads Death as a shadow over all this light and life—and yet only half heartedly, as if in disbelief in Death. This one touch of melancholy sounds but faintly, like rain in the wind, and is quickly gone.

We fancy him going down into a mellow old age, a white-headed man, still lover of wine and of jollity, keeping untouched the spirit of youth in his breast. There is a quiet smile upon his lips—we, latter-day mortals, turn to him to find the secret of this deathless spirit of youth—and he lifts for a moment the curtain which Time has drawn between us. We see the great Greek banqueting hall, and the feasters at the board. Shy Greek girls with slender arms and dark eyes stand at their side. Fair youths are bringing jars of wine that has been cooled in the snow, and pour it out into silver goblets. The wind through the hall blows the sweet shrill notes of the Phrygian flutes and we see faintly the motions of the dance. And there are the banqueters grand with joy of life, drinking their dim red Chian wine with crowns of violets or red roses that rival the perfume and color of the wine. Not far from them lie dark green boughs of cypress, but they do not see them, for their eyes light up as they look through the wine, and in it they see the joys of life and the jolly god Bacchus hand in hand with a little winged boy. All is one joyous frolic banquet of immortal youth. We do not see everything clearly and the curtain falls again; but all honor to Anacreon for this short glimpse at the liveliness and joy of old Hellenic life.

W. E. D.

—Many men called him a recluse. That is, most of the few men in whose thoughts he claimed even fleeting notice. In the little stone cottage hidden in the pine trees the world, or the strife and wrangle of millions in self-seeking contending for fame, which men blindly call the world, was far from him, and the echo of the tumult died away in the restful sighing of

the forest about him. The scholar was very thankful for this, as he wrote and dreamed, thinking nothing at all of human kind. His poem was to be the work of his life, a soul reflection of himself. Men laughed at the idea that one who knew so little of human life and suffering could ever touch the hearts of his fellows. They said: "Only a poet who has lived among men, has felt the weight of their needs and longings, the throb of their woes and disappointments, can have the power to move and thrill with responsive sympathy.

Yes, the poet was alone. He had only the trees and the winds and the brook. But the brook—how much it said through the peacefully passing days. To the sensitive being of the writer it was a never-failing inspiration. He was guided by its moods unconsciously, and while he believed that his soul was mirrored in his work the never-sleeping waters were the source of his ideas. He wrote only what they told him. In the long warm days of the sunshine-laden summer the brook ran mirthfully. Every moss-mantled stone which troubled its flowing made a little ripple of pleasant laughter, and from each cascade came a silvery peal. Through the overhanging boughs the sunlight glistened, and trembled in yellow brightness on the surface. Happiness was in the very air, though it was a wild, irresponsible joy, without a soul, the very spirit of Undine.

But when the wind came in long, cool breaths out of the Western darkness, a tone of sadness came into the voice of the brook. In the stillness the lapping of the water along the banks could be heard, and there rose an undertone of murmuring. The song was sweeter with the melancholy of it, just as sorrow purifies and makes the human soul more lovely. The brook had many moods to which the heart of the poet responded in perfect sympathy. There was the "gray day," which we see in bits of Whistler, when the leaden sky and heavy mist seemed to muffle and subdue the running water, and the brook sobbed softly as it stole along—like an heart-broken woman.

When the floods of spring swept down the watercourse the stream surged angrily through the arches of the stone bridge below, raging at being constrained, and from the culvert came a sullen roar, like the tumultuous cry of an oppressed and downtrodden multitude of humanity bound and held under by relentless Power.

Sometimes the gales of Autumn lashed the trees which shrieked protestingly, and a whole gamut of passion swelled up from the complaining brook, which, mighty with the power of the November rains, strove to break the bonds which Fate had made unconquerable.

These were some of the phases of the brook's varying life.

When the writer sent forth his work, only few of the greatest utterances of men had moved human natures and appealed to human sympathies as did the poem of the lonely dreamer. For Nature taught him better than he knew. R. D. P.

"Woot ye nat wher ther stant a litel toun,
Which that ycleped is Bobbe-up-and-down,
Under the Blee in Caunterbury weye."

—This "litel toun" lies along the sides of the high road which, like all roads in Kent, leads to Canterbury. That this is the road of the old pilgrimages, its whiteness and hardness bear witness, as do the old inns along it. With what enthusiasm must the pilgrims have reached this last stage of their journey, for, as they stopped to refresh themselves with foaming pots of ale at the doorway, they could look down upon Canterbury itself. Just where the road is first lost in the trees is a glimpse of the top stones of the old Roman Westgate, and beyond this the cathedral, with its beautiful angel tower rising up above the low rolling hills, seemingly the highest point for miles around.

It was hop-picking time when I drove over this road of Chaucer's—the early fall, when the rich English greens begin to take the faintest shade of brown, just enough to convey a delicious sense of ripeness and harvest time. A hop field in this season is a fascinating sight; the light, dry hops, festooned, twisted, interwoven, tossed about on their tall poles by the wind, and the melody of voices coming up from the field, as young and old join in the picking—altogether make as fair a scene from country life as can be found.

The country people passing were either hop pickers with their great wicker baskets, or farm owners, heavy and circumstantial. I could, in some measure, put myself back into the old times of the pilgrimages. The country people are so much the same. They have not grown old in these long five hundred years. It is true that the knights and the monks have

gone, as have so many delightful mediæval characters. But I am sure that I met the Miller and the Reeve, and perhaps the good wife of Bath. And, indeed, any day one may see a poor parson turning towards Canterbury on a pilgrimage, or a young clerk of Oxenford with clerical waistcoat, who has just taken orders. These latter are pilgrims with much of the true old spirit in their hearts.

I am a firm believer in pilgrimages. It is worth much to reach such a spot as Canterbury with all its solemn associations with the English Church, from Augustine's first place of worship on the hillside beyond the town to its present archi-Episcopal greatness. And who shall say that it is not worth many days' journey to stand at this little village, as Chaucer stood, and to look down on that tall tower and the dark green tree tops of the Cathedral close? And when you think of the sweet grave Christian lives, from the earliest prelates down to Alford and Stanley, that this gray-walled close has seen lived within it, you cannot doubt the real benefit of pilgrimages—especially to Canterbury.

W. E. D.

—The life of El Cid Campeador, the Spanish knight and hero, if we may credit the many legends and ballads that have woven his name into romance and history, is a glorious chronicle of victories in war, joined with the simpler deeds of a true gentleman, who feared none but God. The story of his death is even more beautiful and impressive, for, as many a quaint writer has told us, his death was almost a second life, so perfectly was his body preserved. The face even retained its natural beauty after being embalmed; the eyes were bright and open wide, and altogether there were no signs of death at all, save that the soul had left the body, though with the stamp of life, it seemed, remaining, and the Cid no longer spoke or moved.

In the dead of night the Cid was placed on his good horse Baviaca, and held upright in the saddle by two boards, one in front and one at his back, so skilfully concealed beneath his dress that no one would know but that he was sitting as he was wont to ride, with his proud helm upon his head, his great shield with gleaming device hung round his neck, and his good sword, Tizona, firmly upraised in his right hand. So they journeyed forth from Valencia to Castile, a great and

noble company, with a hundred knights guarding the honored body, and Ximena, the Cid's gentle wife, following behind with her maids. The Bishop rode upon the Cid's right, and Gil Diaz, the master's faithful esquire, led Bavioca, while six hundred horsemen brought up the rear. As the old ballad has it, "They seemed to be but twenty, so silently they passed." On their way they met the Moors, who thought the Cid was dead, but when they saw him sitting upon his horse, with his flashing sword held high in air, a panic seized them, and they with their king, Bucar, were driven into the sea by the Christians, and countless numbers were put to the sword. Thus, like Samson, the number of those the Cid killed at his death was even greater than of those he killed in his life.

To Castile they brought the body of the Cid, and within the church of San Pedro de Cartaña they placed him on a kingly throne, arrayed in fitting garments. His face was left uncovered in all its majesty, his long heavy beard flowed down on his breast, and by his side was girded his trusty sword, Tizona. There he sat for nine years, with flesh untouched by decay, a king upon his seat looking down the long aisles of the church with undaunted gaze, as though he beheld in the dusky recesses the shadowy ghosts of all the Moors slain by his hand, and was ready even now to step down and put to rout these encroaching phantoms. And then, indeed, a miracle occurred, after the Cid for seven years had remained immovable as a marble statue. It happened on a certain day that the church was empty, and the Cid was left alone in the silent twilight to guard the sacred shrine, when a stranger Jew came slowly up the aisle and stood before the solemn figure.

" 'It is the Cid ! ' quoth he, ' the Cid,
By Moor and Christian feared ;
They say that when a living man
None ever touched his beard.' "

And so in reckless daring the Jew stretched forth his hand to seize him by the beard, a disgrace a coward alone would tolerate ; but before his fingers touched it, the Cid, by a miracle, put his hand upon his sword and drew it forth the length of a span. A mortal terror fell upon the Jew, and he sank back half dead to the floor, where he was found soon after and brought to life by a plentiful sprinkling of holy water. All

heard the wondrous tale with amazement; but when they looked upon the Cid and saw his hand upon his sword, they believed and gave praise to God that their good knight had been spared disgrace. Not long after, the body of the Cid was interred in a vault before the altar, beside the grave of Doña Ximena, with the sword still in his hand; but his shield and banner were hung upon the walls. As for the Jew, one of the old ballads says:

"But the Jew he was an altered man;
A Christian he became,
And when baptized, Diego Gil
They gave him for his name.

Within San Pedro's cloister
He passed a life of prayer;
And like an honest Christian
His days he ended there."

J. H. F.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Fall Games.

100 yds. dash: Allen, '94 S., 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec.; Swayne, '95, second. One mile run: Scoville, '93, 4 min. 48 sec.; Stoughton, '93 S., second. Two mile ordinary bicycle race: Allen, '93, 6 min. 23 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec.; Wade, '95, second. 120 yds. hurdle race: Hart, '94 S., 18 sec. 220 yds. dash: Swayne, '95, 22 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec. (2 yds.); Allen, '94 S., second. Two mile Safety bicycle race: Brewster, '94 S., 6 min. 31 sec.; Yates, '93, second. Half-mile run: Morgan, '94, 2 min. 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ sec. (30 yds.); Scoville, '93, second. 220 yds. hurdle race: Hart, '94 S., 27 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec.; Good, '95, second. 440 yds. run: Chamberlain, '94, 52 $\frac{1}{4}$ sec. (25 yds.); Collins, '94 S., second. Putting the shot: Goss, '94, actual put, 31 ft. 3 in.; Lyman, '95, second. Pole vault: Briggs, '93, and Cartwright, '93 (3 inches), tied at 9 ft. 6 in. Running broad jump: Eaton, '94, and Goss, '94 (4 inches), tied at 20 ft. 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. Throwing the hammer: Coxe, '94 S., 78 ft.; Hill, '94 S., second.

Championship Game, Nov. 7.

The first championship game of the season was played at New Haven and resulted in a victory. Yale, 76; Wesleyan, 0.

Athletic Association Officers

Are: President, R. B. Wade, '93; Vice-President, M. Van Ingen, '93 S.; Secretary and Treasurer, W. C. Wolcott, '94; Executive Committee, D. B. Lyman, '94, and S. Cary, '93.

Championship Game, Nov. 14.

The second championship game was played in New York and resulted in the following score: Yale, 48; Univ. of Penn., 0.

Freshman Class Deacons

Are: Academic, W. Richards, G. Thomas, E. Cooper, W. A. Delano, W. Thompson. Sheff., Ed. Messler, A. H. Whitney, E. V. Cox, P. J. Stillman.

Championship Game, Nov. 21.

LIST OF THE PLAYERS.

Yale.	Position.	Harvard.
Hinckey.	Left end.	Emmons.
Winter.	Left tackle.	Waters.
Heffelfinger.	Left guard.	Dexter.
Sanford.	Center.	Bangs.
Morison,	Right guard.	Mackie.
Wallis.	Right tackle.	Newell.
Hartwell.	Right end.	Hallowell.
Barbour,	Quarter-back.	Gage.
McClung. }	Half-backs.	{ Lake.
Bliss. }		{ Corbett.
McCormick.	Full-back.	Trafford.

Referee: A. Moffatt, Princeton. Umpire: S. V. Coffin, Wesleyan. Total score: Yale, 10; Harvard, 0.

Yale-Harvard Gun Club Shoot.

The Yale Gun Club defeated the Harvard Gun Club at Springfield, Nov. 21. by a score of 115 to 101.

St. Louis Club Dinner.

The first annual dinner of the St. Louis Club was held Nov. 23d at Heublein's. E. O. Steward, '92, acted as toastmaster. The toast list was as follows :

St. Louis,	R. A Paddock, '92
"The Pride of the Mississippi."	
Our Track Athletics,	R. B. Wade, '93
"And as he did its hopeless distance see, sighed deep."	
Thanksgiving Day,	C. M. Pope, '93
"The latter end of a fray, And the beginning of a feast, Fits a brave fighter and a keen guest."	
Me and the World,	W. D. Simmons, '90
"Fame and Ambition to pursue."	
College Rules,	C. R. Skinker, '94
"What slavery we oft must undergo."	
The World's Fair,	Stuart Webster, '92
"The listening crowd admire the lofty sound."	
Eve's Daughters,	H. C. January, '93 S.
"Whilst I with tender gaze and sigh, Protest my love does never die."	
The Freshmen,	A. K. Kaime, '94 S.
"Ye happy band of innocents."	

Championship Game, Nov. 26.

LIST OF THE PLAYERS.

Yale.	Positions.	Princeton.
Hinckey.	Left end.	Vincent.
Winter.	Left tackle.	Holly.
Heffelfinger.	Left guard.	Wheeler.
Sanford.	Center.	Symmes.
Morison.	Right guard.	Riggs.
Wallis.	Right tackle.	Harold.
Hartwell.	Right end.	Warren.
Barbour.	Quarter-back.	King.
McClung. }	Half-backs.	{ Flint.
Bliss.		{ Poe.
McCormick.	Full-back.	Homans.

Referee: William Brooks, of Harvard. Umpire: S. V. Coffin, of Wesleyan. Place: Manhattan Field. Touchdowns: McCormick, Winter and Bliss. Goal kicked from touchdown: McClung, 1. Goal kicked from field: McCormick, 1. Total score: Yale, 19; Princeton, 0. Time of game: One hour and thirty minutes. Attendance: 35,000.

Yale-Harvard Freshman Game.

The annual foot ball game between the Yale and Harvard Freshmen was played at New Haven, Nov. 28, and resulted in victory for Yale by a score of 24 to 0.

Yale Chess Club Officers

Are: President, R. G. Eaton, '92; Vice-President, S. Scoville, '93; Secretary and Treasurer, H. A. Nauman, '94.

Foot Ball Games for November.

November 3,	Yale, 70; Crescents, 0;	at Brooklyn
" 7,	Yale, 76; Wesleyan, 0;	at New Haven
" 11,	Yale, 27; Amherst, 0;	at New Haven
" 14,	Yale, 48; Un. of Penn., 0;	at New York
" 21,	Yale, 10; Harvard, 0;	at Springfield
" 26,	Yale, 19; Princeton, 0;	at New York.

BOOK NOTICES.

*Betty Alden** is an interesting story of the Pilgrims. In this memorial to that noble woman, Betty Alden, the first-born daughter of the Pilgrims, Miss Austin has given a charming bit of the history of her people and her times. She tells of the good William Bradford, Governor of the Colony, and his staunch friend the daring, brusque, Captain Miles Standish—of how they put down the attempted mutiny and treason of Lyford and Oldhame,—how Captain Standish captured "Morton of Merry Mount," and of the visit of Governor Bradford to Governor Winthrop at Charlestown, the story is made delightful by several well told courtships of those olden times, how Wrestling Brewster wooed Lora Standish, how William Pabodie won Betty Alden, and how Captain Thomas Cornwell "the bold buccaneer," came over in command of three brigantines, and in his high plume and bright uniform he captured a gay young bride. The story has the quaint and fascinating atmosphere of those days about it, and so is extremely pleasant reading.

**Betty Alden.* A Story of the Pilgrims. By Jane G. Austin. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.25.

In the story of *The Lady of Fort St. John*,* Miss Catherwood gives some interesting incidents in the history of some of the first settlers in North America. About the Martello Tower at St. John on the Fundy Bay she weaves the tragedy of Marie de la Tour, the lady of the fort. A tragedy "which recalls," says the Abbé Casgrain in his *Pèlerinage au pays d'Évangéline*, "the romances of Walter Scott, and forces one to own that reality is stranger than fiction." Charles de la Tour, and D'Aulnay, "the rival chiefs," were fighting for the possession of Acadia. A prolonged siege of Fort St. John by D'Aulnay in the absence of La Tour is bravely withstood by his wife Marie. Marguirite, a young woman whom Klussman, the Captain of Marie's garrison, had once loved, enters the fort sent by D'Aulnay, awakens the old love in Klussman, tells him of D'Aulnay's promise to make him Governor of Penobscot if he will betray the fort and urges him to accept, picturing to him their future happiness together. Klussman finally yields to her, his attempt, however, is frustrated, but in making it he is captured and hung by the treacherous D'Aulnay. There is a thrilling account of a young officer's journey from La Tour through the enemy's lines into the fort. The entire devotion of Marie's men to her and her love for them is strikingly brought out. When further resistance was useless, Marie agreed to evacuate upon condition her men should be spared. But D'Aulnay had no sooner gained possession than he executed the entire garrison, which breaks the heart of their brave lady. Afterwards D'Aulnay is drowned in the great tide that rushes up among the marshes at the head of Fundy Bay. It is most unfortunate for the story that La Tour, the husband of so noble a wife, should wed D'Aulnay's widow to repossess himself of all he had lost. This not only mars the elevation of the story, but causes supreme disgust. This unpleasant effect is somewhat relieved by the sincere love of Antonia, a companion of Marie's in the fort, and Van Corlaer. Their story is an agreeable under-plot. The superstition of those early days is well shown. Miss Catherwood has thrown about the whole story an air of romance, so that in a pleasant way one may get a good idea of the private lives of those "who first trod down the wilderness on this continent."

It requires some patience to peer through the *colore oscuro* of a Dantesque translation, especially when the refractory medium chances to be one of the cold Teutonic tongues, born and bred in an atmosphere of machinery and rules, quite as adapted to shed warm rays as the dead lights of a steamer's quarter-deck. And in most languages the version conveys the reader far away from the author's type and *Sprachgefühl*, compelling him thus to forego the experience of another and, in our case, of a warmer glow, reflected from a southern soul-sun. Read Bembo's opening line in the "Leandro and Ero":

Nell' odorato e lucido Oriente.

What would a northern poet do with *odorato*, which suggests all the soft perfumes of Serendib, or with *lucido*, which incorporates the sunshine of Granada with the inspirations that gather within the soul on Prócida?

**The Lady of Fort St. John*. By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.25.

Goethe felt this—*Kennst du das Land?* but no other hyperborean mortal ever did or ever will, till our system of education is changed. "In the spicy and fertile Orient",—oh! "*es friert mich hier.*"

Our translator ventures thus the scene of Francesca da Rimini (*Nessun maggior dolore*, &c.): "There is no greater woe than in misery to remember the happy time?"—*Capisme?* But Tennyson has saved us from the maledictions of Giudecca (see Canto xxiv):

"This is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow
Is remembering happier things."

And the immortal line that in Dante makes you weep scalding tears,

*Noi sem venuti al luogo ov'io t'ho detto
Che tu vedrai le genti dolorose,
Ch' hanno perduto il ben dell'intelletto,*

"who have lost the good of the understanding," says our book! Why not say—Well? *Il ben dell'intelletto!* A volume is there, and an ocean of tearful sympathy, now chilled by a blast of words. Ah! when will men conceive the great Latin type, so passionate yet so bursting with sparkling imagery, so warm with myriad life and beauty! Our shrivelled autumn hearts need to be baptized in it, to recover the elasticity that God created there.

But all cannot visit the spring, whether to drink deep or shallow? Then read Professor Norton.* His is quite the best version that laity-hankerers after Dante at second hand may expect to find in the English tongue in a long time. But remember that translation is covert treason, and all translators ought to be steeped in Calna—a concession! K.

TO BE REVIEWED.

The Irish Element in Mediæval Culture. By H. Zimmer. Translated by Jane Loring Edmands. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. The Knickerbocker Press.

**The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri.* Translated by Charles Eliot Norton. I. Hell. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1891. 8°, pp. xxvi, 193.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

St. Elihu has been about the country a great deal, for him, during the last week or two. He is an old gentleman and proud of his conservatism and quiet retirement, but he journeyed up the river as far as Springfield and along the shore of the sound to New York and enjoyed both little excursions very much. "There is a certain indescribable stimulation in traveling," said the Saint, as he sat by the Table, "both of mind and body, and the continual sight of new faces and places quickens the mind and pleases the fancy." I noticed a slight hoarseness in his voice and a shred of blue ribbon still remaining in the buttonhole of his snuff-colored coat, and I smiled as I asked him if the only causes of his enjoyment of the trips had been the philosophical reasons to which he had just given utterance. The Saint was the least bit embarrassed at first when he acknowledged that the foot ball games had constituted a large part of his pleasures, but soon warmed with enthusiasm, and declared that every Yale man should feel proud of those games—as, indeed, he should.

There happened to be a volume of Fielding lying on the Table and the Saint, looking at it fondly, resumed his remarks about travel, after clearing his throat and brushing away the blue silk, as if to forget the digression. "It may be because I am many years old," said he, "but it has seemed to me that traveling is a lost art. People now do not go about the country as they used to; they cover ground now, to be sure, and they move from place to place with astonishing ease and celerity. But who, except old fashioned folks like myself, think of knowing the people among whom he is traveling, of becoming acquainted with the characteristics and the history of the places which he visits?"

With this the good old gentleman said that he was tired and would go to bed, so I handed him his cocked hat, held the door open for him, and bade him a very good night.

Perhaps I was prejudiced in favor of the Saint's remarks. Delightful, particularly delightful, to me are visions of frosty roads, of coaches bowling out their twelve miles an hour, with red-faced coachmen on the boxes and well-muffled passengers behind, of brisk changes at wayside inns, with their cheery fires and a mug of ale and a bite of beefsteak pie at the bar—it is good to think of these things in wintry weather. How strange it is that only the attractions of old things strike us strongly! We cannot appreciate the discomforts and inconveniences of stage travel half as well as picture to ourselves its pleasures and heartiness.

There was a good deal, too, in what the Saint had to say about knowing the people among whom one happens to be traveling. No better medium of acquaintance can be found than a modern Pullman car, with its seats so near together and its smoking room so attractive and so welcome to all. And yet a car full of people may travel together here in the East from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same and never venture on each other's acquaintance further than to the extent of the passing of a newspaper or the loaning of a match. It is to be admitted that in the West

and in the South the case differs. There something of the old spirit of stage coaches lingers. Fellow passengers in a sleeper soon manage to fall into a pleasant acquaintance, the conductors and porters seem to be born of an especially genial race of men, and a spirit prevails of hearty and old fashioned good-fellowship. Travelers used to the country make periodical incursions into the ordinary coaches and fetch in natives, who are going on short trips, and said natives crack a bottle of beer with a hearty "my respects, sah," which makes you their friend for life. The porter sits down and tells funny stories, the conductor contributes more serious reminiscences for the entertainment of the assembled company, and even the brakeman comes diffidently into the cheery smoker, blowing his fingers after a cold hour on the platform, and smokes a cigar and tells a story or two.

Under these circumstances one hears all the gossip of the country, learns to know the people and to absorb the local atmosphere. This, the Table holds, is traveling—in the East it becomes merely cold-blooded and geometrical progression.

Out of the pile of verse for the month the Table fancies these :

THE BUILDER—SCIENCE.

I saw in outline on the northern skies
 A fair-haired giant, building, with his hands,
 And lifting rock on rock ; and now expands
 The growing structure ; skillful, ay, and wise,
 He shapes and plans, and wearies as he tries
 To fit the mighty work to those demands
 His laboring brain requires ; till now there stands
 A towered temple complete before his eyes,
 He rests, and lies beside a running brook,
 And in its voice grows thoughtful ; then in pain
 He starts, and knows the birth of the divine.
 Touched with the dreadful question of that look
 I turned away, but saw him once again
 Dead, lying where he should have built his shrine.

—*The Harvard Monthly.*

IN OLDEN TIMES.

In olden time, when hearts were true
 And eyes were black, or brown, or blue,
 Beneath a blossomed apple bough
 A youth and maiden sat ; and how
 They acted, I'll relate to you.

The sun sank low, just peeping thro'
 The parted leaves (as people do),
 And kissed the pretty maiden's brow,
 In olden time.

The hint was plain, we must allow ;
 The youth not backward too, I vow ;
 But what forthwith transpired to view
 I'll not describe ; 'twas nothing new.
 They acted just as we would now,
 In olden time.

—*The Inlander.*

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VOL. LVII.

No. IV.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED
BY THE
Students of Yale University.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudisque VALENS
Castabunt SOLOES, unanimique PATRES."

JANUARY, 1892.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale University. This Magazine established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Fifty-seventh Volume with the number for October, 1891. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the university. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the Book Notices and Editors' Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from students of all departments, and may be sent through the Post Office. They are due the 1st of the month. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LVII.

JANUARY, 1892.

No. 4

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '92.

EDWARD BOLTWOOD.

GEORGE B. HOLLISTER.

PERCY C. EGGLESTON.

THORNWELL MULLALLY.

FRANK J. PRICE.

COLLEGE CUSTOMS.

OLD customs are like old friends—it is the pleasantest thing in the world to meet with them after years of separation and nothing gratifies one more than to see them well kept and in good health and bidding fair to live on for many years to come. You greet old friends and old customs, too, with something of the same curious and loving gaze, waiting to detect some especially familiar and peculiar trait or feature, and, when your expectancy has been satisfied, you are apt to break out in each case into the same hearty laugh and slap your friend on his dear old back or clap your hands together as you recognize the familiar detail in the carefully preserved custom, and you feel very glad that everything is not altogether changed. Old customs furnish, it would seem, an excellent way of renewing youth, suggesting least, out of all the various kinds of draughts from De Leon's fabulous fountain, the passing of Father Time and the painfully regular strokes of his swinging scythe. For to see younger people doing the same things, enacting the same customs, which at their age he used to do, carries one back over the years with

very little hurt to his feelings; the intangible custom is the same as when he himself took part in it, the participants now are as young and full of spirits as when the custom belonged exclusively to him and his contemporaries, and the result is a most gentle and harmonious twanging of memory's harp strings which, Heaven knows, are liable too often to produce only harsh and disquieting discords.

It is natural that customs should spring up and be kept vigorously green among such assemblies of men as are kept together for some considerable space of time; it is by hardy companies of soldiers and sailors, by august bodies of legislators and solemn ecclesiastics, by learned universities and schools that old customs are cherished and revered the most. Men of such associations are almost unreasonably fond of the old customs and unreasonably anxious about their observance, even after they have gone from the places where the old usages are practiced and have parted company with the old friends with whom they were connected. It may not be that at schools and colleges old customs are most lovingly held in remembrance and practiced with the greatest liveliness, but at any rate college customs have always been most peculiar and distinctive, and the numerous and happy visits paid by alumni to their universities have served to energize the undergraduates with special enthusiasm in their observance of the college customs of their fathers.

I had the pleasure once of meeting a Yale man who had graduated among the later sixties and who told me of his return to New Haven after an absence from this country of some fifteen years, spent in the diplomatic service in Spain. He came alone, being too impatient to wait for commencement, and consequently found himself here with no familiar faces about, with the very campus changed greatly from his fond recollection of it, and, worse than all, with no fence at the corner. The very atmosphere of the place seemed altered, the students looked younger and strangely different from the students of his college years. After calling upon a solemn member of his class,

who had become an instructor in the Divinity School, he retired to bed, disconsolately vowing to take the first train away in the morning and declaring that Yale was no longer what it used to be and that the decadence was well begun. But, awaking early and in better spirits, he resolved to go to prayers and so accordingly to prayers he went and sat in the first row of the back gallery; and he said that the very sight of the seniors bowing out the president, after the manner in which it used to be done when he was in college, raised his fallen spirits to such a degree that he sat down to breakfast with the greatest cheerfulness, and after it he happened to meet two sons of a former classmate and he went to New York feeling very well satisfied with the world in general and Yale College in particular. So there is the value of one college custom practically illustrated. The old graduates are strangely fond of these college customs and delight in talking about them; indeed it must be a potent attraction which, at an untimely hour, will drag them from their comfortable beds—for beds seem very comfortable to men who have lived for three score years—and take them to morning prayers and induce them to stiffen their legs and broil beneath a June sun on the hard seats at the reading of the class histories.

We who are in college to-day can remember the tremendous agitation made by the proposal to remove the fence, although even the oldest generation of us did not take part in it, and the monster petitions and the dire prophecies delivered concerning the dreadful effects which would be produced by its loss. It is beyond the purpose of the present article to inquire whether such prophecies have been borne out, which foretold among other calamities the total extinction of the Yale spirit of democracy and the dissipation of the essence of Yale life. But the discussion and the vehement protests aroused at the time by the proposal to give up Yale's most fondly cherished custom were significant as pointing out the importance of these customs and the affection with which they are regarded by college men. It is, perhaps, worth while to consider

the causes of the gradual giving up of many of these old usages and the reason, if any, for which we should preserve those that remain. St. Elihu would not be set down as an obstinate and antiquated conservative, but, as becomes an old-fashioned gentleman in knickerbockers and full-bottomed wig, he always has been of the steadfast opinion that it is a good thing to cling to the traditions of our forefathers, provided such traditions and customs do not positively hinder the growth and development of the University.

It seems that the most striking difference between Yale student life now and that of three or four dozens of years ago lies in the comparative isolation of the latter from the outside world. New Haven was little better than a good-sized country town and in it Yale College formed almost a separate community, there being often, indeed, no little ill-feeling between the two. The lack of such means of communication as we now use aided, of course, in shutting in the little college community from external interests. In fact this isolation of a college was supported by all known examples and was an idea to which men were accustomed, the position of English and European universities having been from medieval times one of practical, if not absolute, independence of national government during the time when all other institutions and men were under its direct control. As a result of this there existed a sort of traditional lawlessness among students which, fostered by youthful spirits and a constant feeling of superiority over the ignorant common people, made student life of the middle ages so radically different that it was a thing to the majority almost unknown and mysterious. The awe with which learning of all sorts was regarded by the unlearned in medieval times left its trace upon later years and contributed to the license allowed to university students. One has only to read certain chapters of "Charles O'Malley" to appreciate, with due regard to fictional exaggeration, the feeling of irresponsibility to law and order prevalent among the undergraduates of an Irish college at the beginning of this century. We cannot be surprised at any customs originated among such surroundings.

It is to be expected that a remnant of these traditions and ideas should have been transplanted to American shores with the founding of our older colleges. During ante-revolutionary times young men went to college with the expectation that they would, to a great degree, be cut off from the world in which they had lived, both materially and mentally, and it was almost as if they were going to take up their residence in another and a far distant village, where the manners and usages of the inhabitants were strangely different from those to which they had been accustomed. At Yale they were bound, especially in their first year, by a complicated set of rules regulating apparently trivial details of their behavior on nearly every conceivable occasion and these ordinances of the faculty, strange enough as they seem now, were doubtless supplemented by stranger customs, enforced by undergraduate statutes and probably just as stringent as the printed and more formal decrees of the faculty. We can with little difficulty imagine that the great revolutionary movement which ushered out the eighteenth century made itself felt in even as unnoticed a corner of the world as Yale College then was and that it was made manifest in the removal of many of the formidable restrictions upon the conduct of the students. But, as compared with other colleges of the same size, the undergraduates of Yale are said to have been less in touch with the outside world than were the undergraduates of other institutions and to have taken great pride in the number of their peculiar student customs.

It is easy to see what causes would tend to destroy such customs. Among them would be the increase of the size of the College and the foundation of the several departments of the University; increased numbers made dangerous the abuse of the old usages. The publicity given to college matters, chiefly because of the development of the all-seeing newspapers, led to descriptions and discussions of college customs which too often abounded in the wildest exaggeration and sensationalism, most harmful to the interests of the University. These considerations would

compel the authorities to put a stop to those customs either which Yale had in their opinion outgrown or which had degenerated into mere riotous and senseless disorders—an action on their part to which no reasonable friend of the University would think of taking exception. But a potent cause of the desuetude of the old customs has been, it would seem, the change in the relation between the University and the outside world of society and affairs. The constant and standing discussion concerning the capability of college graduates in business, the great and increasing interest in our athletics, the growth and activity of the alumni associations, have all united in bringing the college and its life more and more before the eyes of the general public. To this result, too, have doubtless tended the establishment and growing size of the Junior Promenade, with its attendant social festivities, and the extended trips of the Glee Club. Men in college now are naturally very far from feeling that freedom from conventional restraint that was a trait of a college man two score of years ago. It is but a natural consequence that, with the number of external interests, there should not be so many peculiar characteristics of Yale life as formerly and, while there is as much warm love and enthusiasm for the college, that there should be a diminished interest in the old usages and customs. Again the decadence of these has a reactionary effect on the causes to which it was due, for the loss of its peculiar customs aids in the breaking up of the individuality and distinctiveness of student life.

Now it is certainly not to be maintained that the state of things which seems to have brought about this decadence should be in the least deplored. In the present condition of American society no one wishes to go to a college as if to a monastery, to shut himself up in scholastic seclusion and to be entirely and uncouthly different in manners and customs from the outside world, and while one has no right to demand of an academic institution that it should directly fit him for a business career, he may fairly ask that it shall not, even indirectly, *unfit* him for one; the value to a college of being in sympathetic accord

with the world and the times is unquestioned. At the same time it seems worthy of consideration whether our old Yale customs do not deserve especial care, when so many causes are combining to effect their decay. Upon their preservation depends much of the subtle charm of college life; to keep them from languishing as well as from abuse lies chiefly, it may be said, with the undergraduates. Too soon will our manner of life become monotonously ordinary and commonplace; it is a good thing to guard jealously the peculiar individuality of our present student life from unnecessary external encroachment, it is a good thing to do as our fathers did, so far as we may, even in these seemingly trivial old customs. Thus we may aid in no small measure in keeping warm and lively that *esprit de corps* among undergraduates which is the mainstay and pride of Yale.

Edward Boltwood.

TWILIGHT.

The twilight of the evening hour
Softly falls o'er hill and dale,
Beneath its touch the shadows cower,
Ere they unfold their dark'ning veil.

The sun's last light seeks high o'erhead
A cloud-born host that banners fly
Of varying hues, now purple, red,
Which bid dark night the conflict try.

The ice-bound mountains rear aloft
Their dazzling peaks, a rampart bold
Where rest the clouds with billows soft,
Bright warriors 'gainst the darkness cold.

When thus the shades of Death draw near,
The twilight of my life grows dim,
And mournful with an unknown fear
Sadly resounds the evening hymn.

Look thou, my soul, where tower above
Death's gloomy vale of loneliness,
Illumed by the heights of love,
The mountains of God's righteousness.

John H. Field.

PAST AND PRESENT: A SKETCH.

THE warm sun of a spring morning shone brightly upon the damp, glittering pavements of Fifth Avenue as Mr. Schuyler Van Beeckman turned in from a side street and strolled leisurely in the direction of his club. Before him an endless stream of cabs and stages filled the gap between the rows of brick and brownstone dwellings and sent back a dull rumbling roar which came to his ears mingled with the sharper rattle of vehicles close at hand. Groups of bright-faced school children, early shoppers and solitary pedestrians passed in quick succession; but long familiarity with all these sights and sounds had rendered Mr. Van Beeckman quite oblivious of anything more than a vague impression of their presence. His thoughts, too, were on this occasion so abstracted from his surroundings that only the most persistent of his acquaintances among the passers-by were able to gain from the old gentleman a reply to their morning salutations. A few trivial incidents had sufficed to arouse memories of earlier days, which were to him favorite objects of contemplation. The disappearance, one by one, of the familiar landmarks of past years had, from time to time, brought home to him very forcibly the idea that like these he was himself in some sort a relic of the past, and the thought was no less pleasant than saddening—saddening because he felt that he, too, must soon be swept away to make room for others; pleasant in that he liked to consider himself a representative, in a quiet way at least, of the old New York that had grown dear to him through life-long association.

And so musing as he sauntered on, he recalled with a certain mournful pleasure the memories which this fresh spring morning brought him. He traced anew the outlines of his long and (he thought with quaint complacency) not wholly aimless life—his youth, spent in the family mansion, in a neighborhood now considered far down-

town, but half a century ago the centre of wealth and fashion—his later years with their attendant sorrows and financial misfortunes—the gradual falling away of kinsfolk and friends, until at last he found himself almost alone in the world.

He entered the club and thought to drive away his feeling of loneliness by seeking out those of his old comrades who yet remained. But the sight of so many unfamiliar faces, where once he had known and been known of all, forced the conclusion upon him ; he lived wholly in the past, and now even that was fading away before him. His thoughts soon turned to more practical matters ; he found himself wondering as to the result of some financial dealings in which he was interested ; it was as characteristic of the man as of his time of life that he showed merely a careless interest in an operation where failure meant the absorption of the last remnant of his already scanty income.

He was impressed with the strange fatality in the coincidence which followed when a servant entered with a dispatch from his broker, conveying the worst possible news. He read and re-read it, for the moment scarcely comprehending its full importance. Then little by little he began to feel the force of the blow and there came over him a childlike longing for someone to whom he might confide his trouble and from whom he could gain the sympathy he craved. But strange faces made up the groups around him and the usual occupants of familiar nooks were gone. He was conscious of a choking, stifling pain, and rising feebly he made his way to the street. There he stood a moment vacantly staring at the stream of people who passed ; then the fresh air and bright sunlight seemed to revive him and he turned up-town, walking with a jaunty step which belied his years.

With each block that he put between himself and the bad news which had overtaken him, he appeared to regain more and more of his old vitality and spirit ; it was as if the long-buried genius of his youth had risen to resent the rude touch of the prosaic world of to-day. By the time

he reached the Park he had easily distanced the threatening demon of business and once more felt the subtle charm which dwells in green lawns and shaded paths.

For years past this had been his chief pleasure. During his rambles he had made friends with a host of babies—almost with generations of babies—and had watched them as they grew, day by day and year by year. Their protectors, too, the gray-coated policemen, always seemed glad to lay aside their official dignity to chat for a moment with the kindly old gentleman.

On that morning, however, none of his friends had yet appeared in their accustomed haunts, and at last, wearied with strolling about, he seated himself in a shaded nook and gave himself up to dreaming. The present was forgotten and he lived again in scenes which were peopled with the friends of former days. And then, with the muffled sounds from the distant roadway, the soft sighing of the wind in the pine trees and the gentle influence of the memories stealing over him came sleep and rest.

Some time afterwards a passing nursemaid noticed the death-like pallor of his face and gave the alarm, but aid came too late. They tenderly lifted him into a cab and took him to his home. A committee from the club attended his funeral and the morning papers noted the extinction of another old family.

R. C. W. Wadsworth.

GOETHE'S INFLUENCE ON POLITICS.

ALMOST every man has experienced moments when he feels capable of accomplishing whatever he may desire. When hearing inspiring music or reading a beautiful poem, we are sometimes carried beyond ourselves, see the unattainable within easy reach, and unsurmountable barriers broken through. These sensations which one has arise from what is best and noblest in man: a desire to excel, even if the *power* is lacking. As civilization gradually develops the human mind, there increases accordingly this desire for something more sympathetic with one's inner self—an opportunity, as it were, of eating of the forbidden fruit, and “esse sicut Deus, scientes bonum et malum.” With many, literature is the means of satisfying this passion, which struggles for escape; and as an author's works are the productions of his strongest faculties, so they exert a great influence on those who have the capacity of appreciation, although creative power may be lacking. This appreciation of art is much more prominent among the enthusiastic Germans than among the matter-of-fact Anglo-Saxon race, who are apt to prefer the practical to the artistic, and many of whom do not agree with the German poet when he says, “Des Lebens Höchstes ist die Kunst.”

This influence of literature on political affairs was especially noticeable during the last hundred years. Before that time, when French manners and customs were predominant in Germany, particularly at the courts and in polite society, a new interest was aroused in the German language by the appearance of an author, thoroughly German, who was to establish a modern literature of which any nation might be proud. This author was Lessing, who was the first to prove that German could be adapted to drama and tragedy as well, if not better than French. But great as the service was which Lessing rendered to German literature, he was soon to be succeeded by an even more influential man than himself, who was to

unite poetry, philosophy and science to give us works which are the gems of German classics. Depth of feeling, true poetic rendering, and the portraying of characters found in every-day life are the characteristics of the works of Goethe, one of the greatest geniuses of the age.

Between all men there exists at least one common tie, which will always remain, even when every other is destroyed. Speech—what could take the place of this common means of sharing the workings of one's mind with one's neighbor? But when nations use the same language their literary works are common property, and since national pride is held in all great men, literature comes to be of common interest, and the countries become more united as time advances. Would it not seem strange to be hostile with the countrymen of Shakespeare, Dickens and the other great authors of England, whom we have almost come to regard as our own, although the English may have given us provocation for enmity more than any other nation? The War of the Revolution, England's position in the War of 1812 and the Rebellion are forgotten and fall into insignificance before the overpowering influence of literature.

Goethe had very much the same influence on the German States as English literature now has on the English and Americans. By creating some interest in the German language, which was then said to be crude and uncouth, he forced it into higher circles of society, so that it was used among educated and cultured people, and not merely among peasants and laborers. By writing in German, and not filling his books with French words and idioms, he established German as a language, and showed what was possible to be had from it. Giving them their legends and traditions in a newer and grander form, he carried them back to those days when they once all belonged to one vast nation and worshiped the same gods.

Throughout Goethe's works there is a strong partiality and sympathy for everything that is German. In taking German traditions such as Faust, and old German charac-

ters like Götz von Berlichingen, he revived the interest in those legends and historical personages, which could not fail to stir up a national enthusiasm. In *Faust* he pictures the characters most common in German life, and represents men as he saw them, with all their good and bad qualities—*Faust*, the thoughtful, deep-minded German, and *Gretchen*, the typical peasant maiden, influenced entirely by the man she loved. It is the trueness of all Goethe's characters which especially recommends his works to us. He has already gone through what he attempts to put on paper, and indeed almost all of his male characters at times suggest himself in some experience of his life. From the following extract from one of Goethe's letters to Frau von Stein one may see his inability of portraying anything which has not some connection with what he himself has experienced. When in Italy at work on *Torquato Tasso* and *Faust* which, owing to his lack of inspiration, do not progress as rapidly as he thinks they should, he writes, "If it goes on so, in the course of this year I must fall in love with a princess for *Tasso*, and give myself to the Devil for *Faust*, although I have little desire for either or for both." Goethe, then, was evidently a man not inventing strange plots and characters, but a poetical historian, relating what had actually occurred, or had already been related; dealing with human nature and retelling the old sayings with so much delicacy and in so realistic a manner as to make them appear entirely new. It is true that Goethe was never what one might call a political patriot. His position in the Weimar government was nothing in comparison to the influence which he had from being the foremost literary man in Germany. He was not suited for politics, his nature was not warlike, nor did he trouble himself much about the War of Independence with France, which he looked upon as fruitless. But in advancing the cause of German literature he unconsciously aided German politics. Because he did not lend his influence for the advancement of this war Goethe is often accused of lack of patriotism. But he is more to be praised than blamed for abstaining from that for which he was not at all suited. He did not compose war songs—

that was done by Körner, who seemed to be inspired by the noise of battle to write what would encourage others in the same circumstances ; but Goethe created an interest in wars fought long ago, rather than in those taking place in his own time.

This influence of literature upon the people was felt more among the small German States than it would be between larger countries, as the United States and Canada. In Germany the States were all crowded in together, and, being surrounded by hostile nations, it did not take much to make them form an alliance against the other countries, who were continually threatening to destroy them. Therefore, when Prussia offered herself as leader in the war of 1871, the other States were easily induced to follow her leadership. The North and South, in presence of this danger, forgot their causes of hostility towards one another, repressed their differences in religious matters, which up to that time had been a cause of their inability to sympathize with one another, and when the French advanced, expecting to gain an easy victory, they were confronted by a power which seemed almost marvelous, considering the short time taken for its formation.

But before all this could come about the powerful influence of literature was needed as a connecting link, and Goethe more than any other should be recognized as controlling this power. The condition of a country depends not upon her nobility, but upon her people, who in reality constitute the country ; and in all of his works Goethe shows that he is writing for the people—the educated middle class, which is so prominent in Germany. He let them see the reflection of themselves in his works, and as each one was aware of the same figure in the mirror, so they began to look upon one another more as fellow-countrymen than as men who had nothing in common. At first, living in the same country, speaking the same language, and finally, serving the same emperor, they rose to that position which they now hold as one of the chief powers of Europe.

Roger S. Baldwin.

AN AFFAIR WITH PERU.

UPON the broad rolling summit of one of the Green Mountains is perched the little village of Peru, two thousand feet above the level of the sea. Its few and scattered houses are built along the narrow road which winds aimlessly from the valley below to the mountain top. Indeed, so unpretentious is the village street that the chance traveler would hardly recognize the central cluster of farms as even a quiet village, were it not for the white steeple of the wooden church, and the sleepy country store across the road, with the notice, perhaps, of the next town meeting posted on its weather-beaten door. Tradition says, voiced by the inhabitants of the rival town in the valley, which boasts of a railroad depot, that the founders of Peru built upon a mountain to make their settlement the highest in all the country round, and when once this ambition was realized, neither they nor their descendants ever had another. However this may be, the Peruvians look down upon their rival with modest superiority, acquired, no doubt, from lifelong communication with a higher atmosphere, and scarcely deign to notice even the vaunted depot, which after all is but an old side-tracked freight car made over to suit the new demands put upon it, and daily exposed to the danger of being coupled on to the rear of the train, and carried off by mistake. But even to this day, as if in retaliation to Peruvian pride, the locomotive whistle shrieks disdainfully six miles away, and the shrill echoes seem to mock the slow progress of the village upon the mountain top.

In the stirring times of the Civil War, Peru nobly responded to the call for troops with her best young men, but the old and infirm were left behind to manage the farms, and care for the interests of the little town, which they did with jealous zeal, longing for good news of their warrior sons, and fearful lest the tide of battle might sweep near them, and the fiery hand of the invader descend upon their homes. So it came about one winter morning that

the postmaster, having laid aside for a moment the arduous duties of storekeeper to assume the greater responsibility of a government official, hit upon a suspicious looking letter in the week's mail addressed to Jeremiah Willard, Esquire, and marked important. Jeremiah Willard, who was the furthest landholder to come under Peruvian jurisdiction, lived on the outskirts of the village two miles away, and, besides, being an old man with both his sons enlisted in the War, he drove down for his mail, when he had any, only on Saturday, and this was Wednesday.

All these facts the postmaster pondered over, as he turned the letter round and round in his hand, held it up to the light, and "hefted" it critically. Finally he came to the not unpleasant conclusion, after a minute's doubtful gaze at the missive through his great owl-eyed glasses, that it was his duty as postmaster, storekeeper, and oracle of the village, in view of the present circumstances, to open that letter and read its contents. He broke the seal cautiously, looking around with a conscious air to see if he was watched. No one interrupted, and by the aid of his long lean forefinger he spelled out its threatening import: "'Respected Sir,'" he read slowly, "'this note is to forewarn you that your house and the property of said house will be stoned, robbed, and the inhabitants thereof perhaps put to the sword on Wednesday midnight of this present week. Remember, Sir, the fortunes of War. A spy may be in your midst now'"—the postmaster's trembling hand made the words dance before his bewildered eyes, and he stopped to take another survey of his hitherto safe quarters—" 'Sir,'" he read on in a lower voice, "'the South is in arms, and it has friends across the Canada border line. I repeat, Sir, across the border line, not so very far away. Danger forbids my adding more to this friendly warning, save to say I am always—Y. T. D.'"

"Well!" said the startled postmaster, apparently talking to an empty flour barrel, which stood near by, and at which he looked expectantly, as if waiting for an armed warrior to materialize from its cavernous depths, "Well!

he sartingly writes like one, as Scriptor says, havin' authority, and I guess 'at I'd better extend the friendly warnin' in-amongst the neighbors. 'Tis sort of peaceful, 'storm, and rob, and put to the sword,'" he added, reading the letter once more, "but I guess Jeremy will forgive me for openin' of it." Then he stepped briskly across the room, and took down from its rack on the wall his dusty rifle, which had last done service in killing a skulking fox over in the hill pasture; now, thought the postmaster, as he rammed home powder and buck shot, gritting his teeth with every thud of the ramrod, nobler game must be brought down, and honor to him who slays the most.

A strange sight the villagers saw that morning, their postmaster, usually prim and dignified, swinging up the street with gun on shoulder, keeping step to the lively strains of Yankee Doodle, which he whistled fiercely, only pausing to give the notice of their peril to whomsoever he met, and bid them fall in behind. The church bell, as if it too had caught the excitement, tolled long and loud in urgent summons, calling the village fathers to drive back the advance of the invader, "Turn out! Turn out!" it seemed to say, "Beware! Beware! Beware!" drowning the shrill whistle of the postmaster with its clangor, and bringing him with the rest to the town meeting.

Night came at last, and according to the decree of the villagers, all who could shouldered a musket or a pitchfork, and marched down the lonely road to Willard's farm. They came straggling in by twos and threes, each one emphatically denying that he was at all afraid, but commending to the rest the truth of the saying in union there is strength; old men they were too, most of them, with gray hair that scarcely gave them a formidable or military appearance. By eight o'clock almost the whole village had assembled, no one daring to be left behind. The women and children, who came to cheer Mrs. Willard, were welcomed indoors by that good housewife, while Jeremiah marshalled his fighters outside, and gave them advice as became a veteran of the Mexican War.

"I tell you what, boys," he said, drawing his rusty sabre with a commanding flourish," the fust thing we want to do is to build a couple of rousin' bonfires to let 'em know we're waitin' fur 'em. That's the way we did to the War, we allers let the enermey know 'at we were a-comin', er a-waitin', an' we thrashed 'em up ev'ry time. We can't fight 'em, erless we see 'em."

So by the wavering light of two big fires, which made the dark shadows under the trees look even blacker than before, and whose glare was dimly reflected by the ice-bound mountain looming up in the gloomy background, they watched out the cold winter night, struggling to rouse their courage, which kept pace with the falling thermometer, by stories of heroic daring. Never had the War seemed so near to them before, the tide of battle appeared to be surging about their own mountain, and when old Joseph Bender remarked in his shrill voice, breaking the oppressive silence, "Boys, I thought I heard cannon a-boomin' down in the gorge this artemnoon, an' musketry a-rattlin', too," they strained their ears to catch the imagined roar of artillery somewhere amongst the dense shadows which enveloped their little circle of light on every side. A distant hoot-owl thrilling the lonesome forest with its weird cry seemed to them the baneful har-binger of woe and destruction, and the night wind sighing through the frozen tree-tops tolled a mournful death knell that chilled their very hearts. If the cannon of the Army of the Potomac ever sounded even faintly with reverberating echoes through the North, they sounded then to the listening ears of these watchers on the mountain.

The slow hours dragged themselves out at last, and the cold gray twilight of the early morning made the drowsy guards stretch their stiffened limbs, and watch anxiously for the first rays of the sun rising over the snow-clad hills, but no enemy had yet appeared, whether from presence of mind or absence of body was still a matter of conjecture, a question that at once began a lively debate among the impromptu soldiers. Slowly and sleepily the band dispersed with their military ardor somewhat dampened by the long night's watching, but with spirit enough re-

maining to cast reflections on the bravery of their unseen foe, and compliment their own daring. The fear of invasion had come suddenly, and passed away as quickly.

With the rest the postmaster tramped back to his home again, feeling a trifle sheepish in contrast to his ardor of yesterday, but on entering the village store he found a surprise awaiting him, which cleared the drowsiness from his eyes, and roused him to his senses with an overwhelming shock. His slender stock in trade had been overhauled by no gentle hand, and great gaps made therein. The cash drawer was broken open and the money gone; but worst of all, the few letters of the last mail were missing from their boxes, and so, thought the woe-stricken postmaster, as he sank down disconsolately on an emptied nail keg, the calamity became national. Robbery of the village store, robbery of the mail! The postmaster trembled at the thought. And he it was that had roused the townfolks by a false alarm, now he himself had been outwitted, and the trespassing hand of some artful plunderer had fallen upon his property in very truth, a judgment, it might be, for opening that fated letter. He groaned aloud, and with a sorrowful gaze upon the dismantled room, stood up to hang his rifle back in its place upon the wall, with a sigh of regret that it must descend to fox-hunting again.

Life for a time seemed bitter indeed to the postmaster, but he managed somehow to survive his misfortunes, replenished his stock of commodities, and even increased the weekly mail by writing a few letters himself. So all ran smoothly again, but he, meanwhile, was quietly biding his time, hoping to find out at last whether he had been deceived by his careless folly, or by the dupes of a sharper mind than his own, that knew his weakness, and took advantage of his prying curiosity. Indeed, he began to be afraid that his calamity was not one of the fortunes of war, as he had persuaded himself at first, but only a common every-day burglary managed a little more shrewdly than usual, and so he kept an ever watchful eye for the man whose name was branded with the fated initials, "Y. T. D."

On a cold winter's night, when the men would sociably draw up their chairs around the red-hot stove in the village store, and tilting back rest their great boots against its fiery sides, while the melting snow ran down in hissing streams, the postmaster—after meekly bowing before the storm of rough jests, which always brought vividly to his mind his unnecessary display of courage not so very long ago—would appeal to them in his wheezy voice, and say with a questioning jesture, "Well, boys, you can laugh, but what do you consider 'at the meanin' of 'Y. T. D.' is, anyway?"

Then, after modestly waiting for some one else to venture the first opinion, old Joseph Bender would answer, winking slyly at the rest, and rubbing one horny palm against the other, "I s'pose you erlude to the night 'at we had kind o' a basket picnic, stead o' tusslin' with a enemy. Lemme see, 'twas about the time 'at the Confed'rates in Canady, er else them 'at favor'd 'em, I furgit which 'twas, made a invasion er raid up to St. Albans, but didn't git no further south, an' didn't stay long nother, feared o' our milishay, I s'pose. Wal, I should reeply, a-givin' ez my opinyon, 'at the aforesaid letters stan' fur 'yourn till death,' howsomever, I may be wrong with reespect to my preclusions."

Many years have passed since then, the postmaster is an old man now, and his official cloak has fallen upon the shoulders of one of the younger generation, who even to this day does not find it too burdensome for the successful management of the country store. If you by chance visit the little town of Peru, you will meet, perhaps, a feeble gray-haired man, with sharp blue eyes that have an uncomfortable way of staring at you through glasses that seem to magnify their acuteness; if he is satisfied by his scrutiny of your person, he will hobble away again with the help of his apple-wood cane, but if not, you are destined to a closer inspection. Woe betide the unfortunate who may sign his name upon the register of the village inn with the initials Y. T. D., for the postmaster has not forgotten, and is looking for him yet.

John H. Field.

A PICTURE.

On spinet old, Clarissa plays
The melodies of by-gone days.
Forgotten fugue, a solemn tune,
The bars of stately rigadoun.
With head bent down to scan each note,
A crimson ribbon round her throat,
The very birds to sing forget
As some old-fashioned minuet
Clarissa plays.

King George long since has passed away,
And minuets have had their day.
Within a hidden attic nook
Covered with dust, her music book.
Gone are the keys her fingers pressed,
The bunch of roses at her breast.
But still, unmindful of time's flight,
With face so fair and hands so white,
Clarissa plays.

Edward B. Reed.

ON SOME USES OF FORGOTTEN LITERATURE.

THE top shelf in every library is the peculiar habitat of all forlorn and out-dated books, a sort of limbo where dwell the useless old memoirs, histories, novels, stale poetry, and all the products of dead ages, tumbled in with worn-out guide-books and complimentary volumes; a mass which no one can quite bring himself to destroy. The career of a book is quite human. From a proud position among the aristocracy of the lower shelves, it slowly ascends until, after years, it creeps, aged and out of fashion, to the top shelf, there to enjoy a musty immortality by the tolerance of forgetfulness. So the piles increase until the excess of population overflows into garrets or bonfires, and the paper is hardly worth the rags of which it was made.

Popular opinion, the arbiter of all affairs, ranks a book whose day has gone by as valueless, and there is a ten-

dency to get a knowledge of literature, in boarding-school fashion, from bits of great works in elegant and gilt-lettered collections of masterpieces—an abhorrence which ought to be shelved with the encyclopedias, census reports, backgammon covers, and all the other biblia a-biblia of Charles Lamb. But the true lover of reading—an old-fashioned character, as are most good types—has a great love for this body of forgotten literature. He is no mere amateur who has a limited acquaintance with the standard works. You will find him perched on high ladders in darkest corners of big libraries, in the regions of eternal dust. For these are the peculiar haunts of the genius of a library, and often he presides in incarnate form of stuffed owl over those forsaken top shelves.

There is much of really solid value in such unknown places. Without some knowledge of these we can never completely come out of the thoughts and conditions of our own time. Let no historian venture to write if he have not gone far into these regions. No one can bring us back the atmosphere of the age of our grandfathers until our mind is fairly filled with their quaint, extravagant figures, who has not read through old "Lives and Letters," tedious novels and prim poetry without end. It is a hard task; and whether historians have been faithful to it or have drawn chiefly from their fancy it is not here place to enquire. Think, with wonder, of those massive eight and nine volume novels that no puny author of our day could have written, and those endless realms of blank verse of about a hundred years ago. Yet he does not deserve the honorable title of lover of reading who cannot sit down with a comfortable pleasure to one of these big, stupid books.

But this forgotten literature is interesting in a way which its writers themselves least fancied. It is a priceless collection of endlessly varying personalities. They are a never-failing study, for a reader must bear the name of "student of humanity," in however small a way. What queer, fascinating people, like the characters of Shakespeare! Look at them if you need convincing of

the sad truth of the Preacher's rhyme: "Vanitatum vanitas; et omnium est vanitas." A strange gathering!—from pompous authors who wrote as if the world stood listening; serious poets, who covered such quantities of good paper with their verses; scientists and historians, with ingenious and elaborate theories, their life's work, but already proved groundless before the printing was finished, to shy young writers venturing timidly into print with only half-concealed dreams of future fame. Strange that these old books had popularity; it is startling to read "3rd edition" on some title-pages. Did they really think that their works would be remembered? It seems as if some mischievous demon had pushed them in foolish costume on the stage, and as they leave it they seem to let fall the motley and the cap and bells and stand dimly in their true characters with the same lovable frailties which we see in men and women now. Endless is the number of friends you gather from this company, and they are closer far than any of the great writers of the world. One of my particular intimates was a great traveler, who wrote up his journeyings with many historical excursions, and he dreamt that he was contributing mightily to human knowledge. The absurdity of it! His book is of small value except as it shows himself, dear obstinate, hot-tempered, eccentric old fellow. It is quite pathetic to think that all their dreams had to prove false. Here and there we meet among them a merry man who foresees this failure, but he cannot conceal his secret hope that future fame is his lot. They people a strange attractive border land of the fancy, these ghosts of old forgotten writers, and some come to preside over your arm-chair as familiar spirits; and while you are laughing quietly at their folly, your elbow is nudged and you start at remembering that all writers now are at the same game of chance, and this thought is likely to wrap you in a most serious melancholy.

But to return to our top shelf. No one has time to get through with more than the smallest fraction of it. Perhaps, in the end, it proves to be trudging over the longest,

weariest, and dustiest of roads, repaid only by a few glimpses of fair country beside it. Yet there is always a sweetly lurking possibility, enticing to antiquarian and book-wormish fancies; who knows? you may be the discoverer of some great poet who has long been forgotten or never appreciated, and shine by the reflected glory of the discovery. Even Chaucer and Milton were for long time quite unknown.

Winthrop E. Dwight.



NOTABILIA.

A TOPIC of considerable importance not only to the college world but one which has awakened wide-spread interest in the public at large is the joint debate which takes place between the Yale and Harvard Unions on the 14th of this month. As it is the first of a probable series of such debates, and as the Unions themselves from the nature of their work seem to deserve a prominence which has not as yet been accorded them, a few notes on the history of this movement may not be out of place.

The Harvard Union has been in existence for a long period of years. They have the prestige among their past membership of men who as graduates have become distinguished in those departments of life for which the practice of public speaking gives the best preparation. This Union holds its meetings monthly and at certain times gives prize debates in which competition is thrown open to the University.

The Yale Union is a newer growth. While it has no connection with the Yale Assembly which was gathered to its fathers Linonia and Brothers quite within our recollection, it is certainly a revival of that praiseworthy spirit that brought forth and fostered under the care solely of undergraduates a training school so excellent and necessary. Some Seniors in the Spring of '90 founded the organization and members were elected from the next two

classes. Debates were held weekly, and in the Spring of '91 the first joint debate was held with the Kent Club of the Law School, the most flourishing organization of its kind in the University. The membership of the Union fluctuated from time to time and, as all new projects, it met with much adverse fortune. To-day, however, it is established on a firm footing with an enrollment of nearly sixty men and an average attendance of about thirty. The questions debated are economic, political, and social, and in addition, lectures are from time to time secured through the influence of the Union, which are open to the University. The first Harvard-Yale debate will take place in Lander's Theater, Boston, and Gov. Russell of Massachusetts will preside. A return debate will be had in New Haven some time in March or April, and preparations therefor are already going forward.

* * *

There is no project under purely undergraduate control that deserves more individual and personal support or warmer encouragement than this effort to create and keep alive an interest in the art of public speaking. Like so many maxims of religion and conduct, it is preached by the many and practiced by the few. As the Latin pun has it, the popular scholastic spirit of college is one of *ratio* not of *oratio*. A healthier spirit would be one in which these two trends of mind worked side by side, the one stimulating and aiding the other. None expect to see to-day in the average college graduate a man who, as Johnson bluntly said of Goldsmith, "writes like an angel and talks like poor Poll"—or such a one as many a citable orator whose speech is silver, but whose pen falters or hangs fire. Our institutions aim to make us in the aggregate a set of uniformly well-developed men, and college is the last place in which men may grow up one-sided.

* * *

The curriculum offers none of this valuable training which is so essentially an undergraduate institution. These opportunities deserve to be embraced not only for

the immediate benefits they bring but for the honor that falls thereby to the college. Our Alumni are heartily in favor of a plan which returns to Yale a form of self-education always desirable, and until lately, deficient. Athletics have done much, fraternities more, to bind all college men in a broad brotherhood and the step of intercollegiate debating is the more cordially to be commended in that it is the latest link in the *esprit de corps* ever strengthening between colleges.

* * *

The subject of Promenade expenses which each year is brought in one way or another to the attention of the Junior class is an irksome one until the Promenade itself is a thing of the past. Then certain doubts arise in the mind that after all the affair might have been socially just as successful with less outlay. And just here it seems fair to extend the horizon of our view, and look upon other social affairs which draw heavily on the finances of many men and which are by degrees becoming oppressive. We allude in particular to the dinners which are given by various clubs at times throughout the year. What should be the measure of the success of such events is the amount of pleasure given as against the amount of trouble incurred. There has been a dangerous rivalry growing as these events have passed into the hands of succeeding classes. The standard of the measure of our enjoyment is getting to have an unpleasant metallic ring about it, and we would be glad to see the truth of the negative principle demonstrated that gold and silver alone do not furnish fine times. If each board and club would fix and determine once and for all a reasonable sum to be expended in its celebrations, anniversaries, and dinners, forgetting the foolish notion of outshining its rivals and its predecessors and devoting its energies to attaining a high degree of good-fellowship rather than of costly elegance a great deal of unpleasant, though now somewhat justifiable grumbling would be quieted, and—who knows? Would the student pocket be the fuller? At any rate the experiment would be worth trying.

PORTFOLIO.

—In the *Gallerie des Beaux Arts* in Paris stands the work of a famous sculptor, the sad story of whose death increases the value of his almost priceless production.

All Paris was smiling with joyous life ; Paris the gay, the refined, the intellectual ; Paris of bright skies, where art and science and ideality run riot with sensuality and pleasure ; where follow in fantastic succession, the love song and the dirge, the battle chant and the soft Lydian airs of the opera, and life and death vie with each other in ever varying fluctuation. Where the romance suddenly becomes the epic, and the fêtes are turned into songs of heroic triumph ; where has been heard the whisper of peace and the shout of war, and the light step of the waltz has changed into the heavy tread of armed throngs. And Life, fresh, jubilant, buoyant, smiled in through the garret window of a Parisian tenement, which in turn looked down upon this mad whirl. It smiled upon the figure of a poor and aged sculptor standing before the clay model of a statue, and it put new strength in his hand and renewed hope in his heart, as he nervously worked out his unwavering course toward preferment and success. It saw him, as it sees many great men, in poverty, his low garret chamber serving the threefold purpose of studio, workshop and bed-room. There was nothing there to charm the senses, nothing to feed the imagination, nothing to satisfy the taste. Yet in the old garret a soul was on fire and burned its way steadily to the heart of the sacred image, giving life and expression to the cold clay.

But there came a change. At night a frost suddenly fell over the city, wrapping it in a snow-white mantle. From the garret window it seemed a lifeless copy of the world in marble. The wind blew mournfully about the sculptor's room, and the chill night air crept stealthily through the door and window casements, and with it crept in Death. The shimmering moonbeams struggled through the half open shutters, throwing long pencils of light across the uncarpeted floor. Tender hands, loving hands had given the last touches to the model, and upon its shining surface the shadows came and went, the darkness playing with the light as death with life. The moon stole behind a cloud and darkness reigned. At one

side of the fireless room the sculptor lay upon a broken-down bed, worn with his day's toil, hungry and sleepless. The few ragged coverings but poorly protected the old man and the cold grew more and more intense as the night wore on. But, afraid that the moistened clay might freeze and the model be ruined, he arose, and, in self-forgetting affection for the image which he loved, reverently wrapped the bed clothes about the precious work ; then, flinging himself back upon the bed, he lay shivering through the night and the wind crept in and chilled every fiber of the old man's body. In the morning they found him dead. But the sacred image of the genius within him lived and triumphed over death.

R. R. L.

—I was sitting in my room, gazing at the open fire, when by some chance, a line of poetry flashed across my mind : "To thine own self be true." The burning logs seemed to invite reflection, and as I thought of the verse the question arose, "What is your *own* self?"

There can be no doubt that a man is made up of many personalities, that we live even more than a Jekyll-Hyde existence, for instead of a good and bad self, we have numerous selves. Hypnotism has already demonstrated that there are at least three distinct selves, each acting independently of the other, and this is no new idea. It is found in books written long before hypnotism was even thought of, and the genial Autocrat of the Breakfast Table wrote years ago, "The conveyance in which we traverse the narrow isthmus of life is not a private carriage, but a public omnibus." If we look at ourselves we can easily see that this is true. We recognize without difficulty the lazy self, the industrious self, the modest self, the proud self, and so on through the whole catalogue. Now one of these must be our own self, the one we are to be true to, but how can we tell which it is? Is it a single distinct self, or a compound self, one made up of many, a resultant self, so to speak? How are we to decide, how shall we recognize it? The ancient Greeks saw the importance of this when they attributed the maxim, "Know thyself" to a god. We may be in reality entirely different persons than we think we are ; perhaps we are making a total failure of our life because our right nature is pushed aside and we are true to the wrong self.

At this moment, the door opened and a man with a subscription book entered. My courteous self at once told me to say that I was glad to see him and ask him to sit down. My conscientious self objected to this; insisting that it was not true. My generous self urged me to subscribe liberally, while my impecunious self suggested unpaid bills and told me to plead poverty and an empty purse. I stood perplexed; "To thine own self be true"—but which was my own self?

E. B. R.

—The old city of Alexandria, situated six miles below Washington, on the Virginia side of the Potomac, is one of the most picturesque and historic places in the country. Away back in colonial times Alexandria was the most important city of Virginia. Here was the seat of state government, and here was the great mart of the commonwealth. But how does it appear to-day! A small dirty city, with a few pretentious old houses and many cheap common shanties—all looking decayed and musty, gives the traveler an idea of slackness and abandonment. But it is delightful to rummage about such a unique place for a day, because there are some rare old houses here. One of the first sights pointed out to the visitor is the little stone church in which Washington used to worship. They have kept his pew, with its high back and red cushions, exactly as it was when the young Virginia planter, and later the retired President, sat in it. But the most interesting building is a huge old-fashioned Virginia mansion, that can be distinguished even from the river as it rises above the smaller houses. This is the house where Gen. Braddock was quartered just before the French and Indian war, and here Washington took his first commission. The room in which Washington received his command, in which the arrogant young Irish officer planned his unfortunate campaign against Fort Duquesne, and from which he went out to his death, is a large room in the extreme rear of the house overlooking a court yard. The sides are covered with the old colonial panels, and as we step into the room such a colonial atmosphere hangs about it that we find ourselves back in the conference planning the attack and witnessing the hurry and bustle of the young commander as he hastens the preparations to start, on that memorable summer day.

They will show you, too, the old Masonic hall with Washington's apron and chair, and an old auction block ; but the living reminders of slavery are far more vivid than the weather-beaten block. We may see, too, the grand old residence of the first Lord Fairfax in this country, and other similar relics. There are also numerous reminders of the civil war and these seem as old as the Revolution—but we dislike to leave Washington, who did so much to build the nation, and come down to the war which nearly divided it.

There is probably no city of its size in America so filled with historic memories of national interest, and certainly no city in the country so well preserves the dust and decay of age. On leaving the dingy old spot and entering the beautiful city of Washington, we seem to feel the change as much as would the hero himself, from whom it was named, should he chance to ride his bay horse into it.

L. A. W.

—“Wal, Cyrus, I'll tell ye how 'twas,” Alvin Billings went on to explain, as he rested his arm affectionately upon his friend's shoulder, and the two old boys walked down the lane to the meadow, side by side, just as they had through the past sixty years of their lives, “you see, Cyrus, me an' Ad'line hadn't ben gittin' on together ez well ez we useter, kinder got tired o' each other, I s'pose. I wa'nt never much o' a husband, an' I dunno ez Ad'line was any better wife. 'Tanyrate our effection fur one n'other got a leetle mite soured, ez though there was a hiperin' big thunder storm a-rattlin' round all the time, an' come to think o' it, mebbe there was. Arter I'd done my day's work, I useter hang round out o' doors ez long ez I could, dreadin' to go in an' face my wife, an' she didn't look any gladder to see me 'n I was to see her, when I did go in. They say, Cyrus, 'at a woman's terrible sharp with her tongue, but Ad'line was a leetle mite sharper with her broom, she could dust round consid'able lively, I tell ye.

“Wal, one night I come in kinder late, an' found Ad'line a-fryin' pork for supper. Arter I'd slicked up, I sot down on the stool in the corner an' watched her. By'n by I piped up an' said peace'ble 'nough, ‘Ad'line, don't fry that pork all to a crisps!’ An' she up an' flung the fry kittle at me. Naterally,” he said, with a conclusive sweep of his hand, “I was kinder riled, an' the week arter I sued Ad'line fur d'vorce to

the court, bein' 'at the grounds fur complaint was female vi'lence, which it is worsen'n the starn sect's, accordin' to my jedgment. Wal, by thunder," he went on with a roar, to hide his feelings, "I got my siparation, an' now Ad'line's gone to her sister-in-law's, she took on consid'able, too, an' I'm livin' up to the ol' place alone," with a wave of his hand towards the low white farm house, just visible over the brow of the hill, with the front door thrown invitingly open to coax the summer breeze to enter and sweep through the hall.

"Come up an' see me right along, jest ez you useter, Cyrus," he added in milder tones, "drop in an' have a cup o' tea, now, won't ye? I got me a turrible nice piece o' pork yistiddy down to Mendon, an' I'm gittin' to be a great hand to cook, most ez good ez Ad'line. But she could fry doughnuts, my! how she could fry 'em!" and he smacked his lips longingly at the thought. "Yes," he admitted with a far away look in his eyes, as if he were really beholding his wife, or the more enchanting doughnuts, "Ad'line had her good faults 'long 'o her bad ones, an' I hope she's happier 'n she useter be—an' 'at I am, too. It's kinder lonesome up to my house, I ain't much comp'ny fur myself, but when I git desp'rate lonesome I set up the broom an' the fry kettle in the corner, an' look at 'em a spell—an' I guess I can stand it. Cyrus," he said, with sudden energy, "I'll race ye up to the house!"

And off they dash up the lawn, puffing and panting and kicking up a cloud of dust, like two frolicsome school boys out for a holiday. There they go over the top of the hill, walking now and fanning their red faces with their wide brimmed hats. We might expect to see their mother step out on the threshold in her blue calico gown and white apron, with her hair a purer gray even than her son's, and chide them for their boyish noise. But instead, another face appears at the open window, and a well-known voice is heard to say: "Now, Alvin, you an' Cyrus step right in an' try some o' my doughnuts I've been jest a fryin', while I git out the pork fur supper." "Why, Ad'line!" Alvin exclaims, "How'd you know 'at I was just a-thinkin' o' them doughnuts, an'—o' you? Wal, by thunder—"

But the door closes with a cheerful slam and cuts off the rest, while it shuts them in to domestic peace and doughnuts again, let us hope.

J. H. F.

MEMORABILIA VALENSIA.

Glee and Banjo Club Trip.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

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|--|---------------------|
| 1. Nadjy Waltz, | <i>Chassaigne</i> |
| Banjo Club. | |
| 2. Alma Mater, | <i>Shepard</i> |
| 3. Hunting Song from Robin Hood, | <i>DeKovin</i> |
| 4. College Songs, { <i>a. Nellie was a Lady,</i> | <i>Carm. Yalen.</i> |
| <i>b. Upidee,</i> | <i>Carm. Yalen.</i> |
| 5. The Happiest Land, | <i>Hatton</i> |

PART II.

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|--|-------------------------|
| 1. Cocoonut Dance, | <i>Hemann</i> |
| Banjo Club. | |
| 2. Morning and Evening Star, | <i>Aide</i> |
| Mr. Erskine and Club. | |
| 3. College Songs, { <i>a. My Last Cigar,</i> | <i>Carm. Yalen.</i> |
| <i>b. Peter Gray,</i> | <i>Carm. Yalen.</i> |
| 4. O'er the Lake, | <i>Kitchell-Shepard</i> |
| Whistle by Mr. Wurts, | |
| 5. Down the Road to Sally's | <i>Shepard</i> |

PART III.

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|---|---------------------|
| 1. Au Moulin, | <i>Gillet</i> |
| Banjo Club. | |
| 2. Jack and Mary; an Episode, | <i>Shepard</i> |
| Mr. Hinkle and Club. | |
| 3. In a Year, | <i>Diegert</i> |
| 4. Predicaments, | <i>Lee-Tweedy</i> |
| Mr. Runyon and Club. | |
| 5. Bright College Years, | <i>Carm. Yalen.</i> |

Concerts were given at the following places: Pittsburg, December 21; Cincinnati, December 22; Louisville, December 23; Chicago, December 24; Dubuque, December 26; St. Louis, December 28; Nashville, December 30; Atlanta, December 31; Savannah, January 1; Charleston, January 2.

St. Paul's Club Dinner.

The annual dinner was held December 2 at Heublein's. W. D. Young, '92, acted as toastmaster. The following were the toasts responded to :

St. Paul's,	H. M. Kidd, '92
"Salve mater almior."	
The Pig Skin,	T. L. McClung, '92
"Heavily hangs the crimson rose, Heavier hangs the tiger lily."	
School Memories,	I. B. Laughlin, '93
"Oh mirth and innocence, oh milk and water, Ye happier mixtures of more happy days."	
A Voice from Exeter,	W. B. Franklin, '92
"Hark, from the tombs a doleful sound."	
The Unshorn,	E. R. Folger, '94 S.
"But what am I? An infant crying in the night."	
An Echo from Andover,	Stuart Webster, '92
"I had my country. Am I to be blamed?"	
Beauty's Eyes,	H. S. Lyman, '92
"Forgive me if I can not turn away From those sweet eyes that are my earthly heaven."	
College as I have Found it,	E. Boltwood, '92
"Fit for the gods."	
Antigone,	W. N. Runyon, '92
"And stretched metre of an antique song."	

Subjects for the Townsend Essays.

The following essays are due May 1st, and may be handed to Prof. Beers, at 171 Farnam :

1. Lowell's Service to his Country.
2. The Reaction of India upon England.
3. Richard the Lion Heart in History and Romance.
4. Tammany Hall.
5. Recent Pension Legislation in the United States.
6. Horace Walpole.
7. The Relation of Realism in Contemporary Literature to the Growth of Democratic Ideas.
8. The Disestablishment of the Church in Wales.
9. Emperor Frederick the Second in Sicily.

University Reception.

President and Mrs. Dwight held the first of a series of monthly receptions, December 7.

Cobden Club Medal.

The medal will be given for the best thesis on one of the following subjects :

1. Recent Modifications in the Theory of Free Competition.
2. Workingmen's Insurance, Voluntary and Compulsory.
3. The Public Debts of the Great European States since 1870.
4. The Economic Development of the American Colonies in the Seventeenth Century.

BOOK NOTICES.

A leisure half-hour can hardly be passed more pleasantly than in reading this plaintive, and yet not saddening poem.* It is a tale of sentiment, but such as finds a response in hearts environed by the least romantic atmosphere. It is strange enough to be exciting, and so true to human feeling generically, that the interest it aims to excite is favored and fostered throughout by the observance of the probable, and the semblance of the real. The publishers have clothed the production in a most suitable dress.

This book† is an effort to give a resume of Carlyle's opinions teaching morality and religion. It is little more than a selection and classification under appropriate heads of utterances by this German cultured Scotsman. For the most part the mist surrounding the object designed to be presented is, at least to an ordinary mind, very thick, and the notions of the sage anent supernal things very indefinite. Yet the book is suited to have a stimulating effect upon every thoughtful reader, and is perhaps as near an approach towards a true estimate of the unique writer as we are ever likely to see made.

The best element of this book‡ is the genial admiration of Irish scenery it expresses. This did not need the writer's praise, yet we feel a sympathetic pleasure in reading heartsome commendations, which are so decidedly deserved. The young tourist is not free from English prejudice—which has

* *The Perfume-Holder. A Persian Love Story.* By Craven Langstroth Betts. New York: Saalfeld & Fitch.

† *Thomas Carlyle's Moral and Religious Development.* By Edward Flügel, translated by Jessica Gilbert Tyler. New York: M. L. Holbrook & Co.

‡ *A Little Tour in Ireland.* By an Oxonian. New York: Gottsberger and Co.

for long been rampant in regard to the Irish—when he speaks of the cause of Ireland's trouble. The great famine, he attributes to the exclusive cultivation of the potato, but the truth is the Irish raise as many acres of wheat, oats and barley in every three years, as they do of the much abused esculent of Western origin. Every acre that is given to this crop one year, is sown with wheat the next, and with barley or oats the succeeding year. The true cause of the famine was, the rent. This takes all but the potatoes and when these fail, the people must starve. Nor is it true that the Irish are lazy. They do not always work to the best advantage, but they do work sedulously. When the tourist depended on his eyes he is generally interesting and truthful, when he depended on memory, he is very English and not at all candid. But the fault is one of inheritance and not of personal volition.

The author and the translator of this volume* deserve the thanks of all who are interested in the achievements of the past. No doubt the present attention which the Irish nation receives from the civilized world, will both help, and be helped by, this elaboration of a bright page in the generally pathetic history of Green Erin. Without controversy, her experience for many centuries, has been misrule, oppression, and misrepresentation. This book helps to show, what her children might have been under more propitious circumstances, and better yet, what it may be hoped they will become, under the liberal possibilities of self-culture and development. It is not only in mediæval times that Irishmen have greatly served learning and progress in other lands. In France and Spain, and preëminently in the United States, they have through the centuries of modern times done much for learning and religion. The great Presbyterian church is a plant of Irish origin and almost all the piety and learning of the Roman Catholic church in this country has been contributed by the invincible race of Hibernians. The success of Irishmen abroad, from the middle ages till now, is proof sufficient that the sufferings of the Irish, in their native land, are due to bad government.

The collection† in hand from the Odes, Lyrics, and Sonnets of James Russell Lowell, proves perhaps that the criticism, which is published with them as an odd sort of preface, is in great measure just.

"There is Lowell, who's striving Parnassus to climb
With a whole bale of *isms* tied together with rhyme,
He might get on alone, spite of brambles and boulders,
But he can't with that bundle he has on his shoulders,
The top of the hill he will ne'er come nigh reaching
Till he learns the distinction 'twixt singing and preaching;
His lyre has some chords that would ring pretty well,
But he'd rather by half make a drum of the shell,
And rattle away till he's old as Methusalem
At the head of a march to the last new Jerusalem."

**The Irish Element in Mediæval Culture.* By H. Zimmer, translated by Jane Loring Edmands. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

†*Odes, Lyrics, and Sonnets from the Poetic Works of James Russell Lowell.* Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Riverside Press. Price \$1.00.

We hear not the voice of the preacher in these selections, but that of the singer, accompanied by those chords of his lyre that ring most sweetly, and its tone is that of what might have been, if it is not, that of the true poet. Had Lowell followed whither his Muse might have lead, not neglecting her to worship at the shrine of other and mayhap to him fairer divinities, we cannot but be constrained to think that his seat among the other dwellers on Parnassus would be forever most secure.

The lines "On Burning Some Old Letters," carry a melody that remind irresistibly of Poe :—

* * * *

" Full of life and light and sweetness
As a Summer day's completeness
Joy of sun and song of bird
Running wild in every word."
* * * *

How delicately and perfectly fit is the altar of lazuli from "Dian's inmost cell" and the crystal lens to symbolize the purity of the dear relics to be sacrificed. The simplicity and sweetness of the closing lines are charming.

" All is ashes now, but they
In my soul are laid away,
And their radiance round me hovers
Soft as moonlight over lovers,
Shutting her and me alone
In dream-Edens of our own."
* * * *

"Under the Old Elm" is the one of the three Odes selected that perhaps has the greatest merit. Its tribute to Washington and to Virginia attracted gratified attention at the time it was delivered.

" Virginia gave us this imperial man
Cast in the massive mould
Of those high-statured ages old
Which into grander forms our mortal metal ran ;
She gave us this unblemished gentleman :
What shall we give her back but love and praise
As in the dear old unestranged days ?
* * * *

Thou gavest us a country giving him
And we owe always what we owed thee then.
* * * *

Through battle we have better learned thy worth,
The long-breathed valor and undaunted will,
Which, like his own, the day's disaster done,
Could, safe in manhood, suffer and be still,
Both thine and ours the victory hardly won ;
If ever with distempered voice or pen
He have misdeemed thee, here we take it back,
And for the dead of both don common black.

Be to us evermore as thou wast then,
As ~~we~~ forget thou hast not always been,
Mother of States and unpolluted men,
Virginia, fitly named from England's manly queen !"

"The First Snow Fall" is a simple and touching little poem. "Agro-Dolce," written in a lighter vein, "Without and Within," and "The Courtin'," each in its way, are pleasing.

This* is the first volume of genuine travels in the Knickerbocker Nugget Series. The author of Eothen, Mr. A. W. Kinglake, years since established a reputation in letters in a greater work—The History of the Invasion of Crimea. The present work is really a series of letters to a friend, and was first compiled and published in book form before Crimea was invaded. That it has stood the test of time is obvious from its re-publication and inclusion in a library of so standard and popular a character. The author's "excuse" (as he puts it) for the work though justifiable seems a little peculiar. One looks in these days of novelty-seeking and demand for sensation for something startling, fantastic, or odd in a book of travels. The claim for Eothen and, be it said, the recommendation is its truth.

The style is attractively simple, the subjects unique in that they are persistently only those matters which interested the author (whose appetite for the new is certainly not omnivorous); yet on that account what he relates of is treated the more familiarly and with an uncommon zest, which persuades the reader to share for the time the author's pleasure therein. Constantinople, the Troad, the Monks of Palestine, Cairo and the Plague, the Dead Sea, are some of the topics; features that travelers would not usually meet with—or if otherwise, would be passed unnoticed, are discovered and dwelt on at pleasant length. A chapter detailing a visit to Lady Hester Stanhope, the remarkable granddaughter of Lord Chatham is an instance of this latter characteristic, and proves one of the most readable passages of the book. It seems hardly just, however, to specify in so harmonious a work—and then, the part is never equal to the whole.

With the present volume,† the published series of Lowell's writings is completed. It comprises essays and addresses composed at various times from 1883 to 1890. Though written so late in the author's life, there is no sign of impaired powers. The same vitality, compactness, mastery of subject, and abundant illustration that characterized the work of his middle period is present.

The papers are valuable in being the maturest opinions on interesting characters and questions of one of our brightest critics, and are more than satisfactory from the fact—a truth about most of Lowell's writings—that so much more is contained in each article that is advertised in its heading.

* *Eothen*. By A. W. Kinglake. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. The Knickerbocker Press.

† *Latest Literary Essays and Addresses of James Russell Lowell*. Boston and New York. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The Riverside Press, Cambridge.

For instance, in the essay on Gray we have first presented a background of eighteenth century men and habits. There is perhaps no author living who could sketch so vivid a picture in so few, bold, yet just and fitting generalizations. A short disquisition on the dilettanteism of the times, and its effects on minds of genius, gives perspective to the sketch, and Gray, a representative of the combined critical and creative spirit is under discussion. An especial interest belongs to the notes on Landor from the description which Lowell gives of a personal visit he paid the distinguished author nearly a half a century ago. To his final candid estimation of Landor he adds a former judgment of the same writer which he had condensed into two picturesque four-line stanzas.

His *Walton* which first served as an introduction to the fine edition of the *Complete Angler* published by Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., is almost a biography, beautifully complete, and showing besides, a more than ordinary acuteness in bibliographical research. His paper on Shakspeare's *Richard III*, read before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution in 1883 is the only one unrevised in the collection. The others partake uniformly of the excellences of the foregoing in their treatment, and one can only close the book with renewed sense of the loss to the world of a literary mind at once so keen, so brilliant and so genial.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

We Americans are wont to pride ourselves upon our imperviousness to external influences, we are much inclined to boast that we have the stolidity of our Briton ancestors without their obstinacy and we are fond of looking with a curious and amused disdain upon the impressionable Frenchman or any one else who is easily moved by sensuous surroundings. We are Americans, we care little for aesthetic environments or for sentimental ones. Sentiment, forsooth! No time or place for sentiment in these United States. We puff ourselves out and stoutly declare that an American will be an American and show his sturdy and unruffled American traits and matter-of-fact disposition in any country and in any climate. Nothing can disturb us—we are Americans. We take anything unnatural or unforeseen with steady American equanimity and are proud of it. What is the use of being troubled at trifles?

This being the constitutional make-up of the average American character, the Table was considerably amused by all the numerous complaints, and genuine too, concerning the extraordinarily unseasonable weather of the Christmas just gone by. Its influence over this boastfully insensible American nature of ours was very edifying. Men complained bitterly that there was no Christmas at all and seemed to feel no little chagrin that such a minor affair as the weather could make so much difference with their enjoyment of the festive season. The deer of Kris Kringle were an obvious impossibility with such muddy roads and even Santa Claus himself tottered on his throne in the presence of green grass and summery showers on the twenty-fifth of December.

Among one class of people, however, Christmas is always the same despite April weather and spring freshets. This happy race is composed of the editors and writers of the various Christmas annuals; how regularly cheery and how conventionally joyous they are to be sure! The melancholy green Christmas does not disturb them and their poems and stories and pictures are the same as if the snow was knee deep out of doors. They tell us the same tales of the same haunted houses, year in and year out, and regularly regale us with the ever pleasing and familiar story of the poor but honest family made unexpectedly happy on Christmas eve by the arrival of a rich relative or the return of papa from the Sandwich Islands, where he had been shipwrecked years before and had made his fortune since. These little attentions of the annuals to the reading public are always very pleasant, their absence would be almost as bad as the absence of frosty weather and icicles has been. In the midst of all that was so unreasonably unseasonable in the past month it was good to see the old-fashioned Christmas spirit sturdily displayed in these publications.

The Table cannot say that it altogether approves of the imitation of the popular press which is attempted by college publications in the production of Christmas numbers, although many of them were enjoyable. But in more of them the Christmas cheer seemed almost forced and flat, even more insincere than the paid for Christmas sentiment of professional writers. That to which the Table takes exception is the principle of the thing. The college press, in its opinion, should stand by itself, under the control of no needless conventionalities, and aping larger contemporaries no more than is necessary. The Table would be glad to see a bolder spirit of independence characterize the various student publications, while it recognizes at the same time the danger of the extreme; anarchical radicalism befits Saint Elihu least of all saints in the calendar. It seems that the illustrated college papers should have especial care to keep themselves distinctively college journals. Someone has said that from the pages of *Punch* or *Charivari* one can learn more in half an hour about the manners and characteristics of Englishmen or Parisians of past years than a book can tell him in a day. Illustrated journals—especially humorous ones—are exceedingly valuable in thus picturing curious fashions and foibles; and college sketchers might perhaps add to their usefulness by keeping this in mind, and aiding the curious antiquarian of some hundred years hence who may be desirous of forming a picture of college life as it was way back in the nineteenth century.

HARMONICS.

This string upon my harp was best beloved;
I thought I knew its secrets through and through,
Till an old man, whose young eyes lightened blue
'Neath his white hair, bent over me and moved
His fingers up and down, and broke the wire
To such a laddered music, rung on rung,
As from the prophet's pillow skyward sprung
Crowded with wide-flung wings and feet of fire.

O vibrant heart! so metely tuned and strung,
 That any untaught hand can draw from thee
 One clear gold note that makes the tired years young—
 What of the time when Love has whispered me
 Where sleep thy nodes, and my hand pausefully
 Gives to the dim harmonics voice and tongue?

—*Harvard Monthly.*

"AS COMETH THE MONTH OF OCTOBER."

How fair is the face of the earth, as cometh the month of October,
 When bare are the fields, and the crops in bins are gathered by toil,
 And sere is the grass which aforetime all the brown of the soil covered over
 The brown of the soil.

Like a mantle of red and yellow lie leaves from trees, on the ground,
 The golden rod flaunteth its banners, the aster's blue is revealed,
 The cricket's shrill chirp from the field breaketh the stillness profound.

Yea, fair is the face of the earth as the month of October is nigh,
 Veiled in haze are the hills and the sky, the forests and fields are bare.
 Oh, the sun with its light mellow light! Oh, the breeze coming soft from
 the sky,

When October is nigh!

—*Trinity Tablet.*

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VOL. LVII.

No. VI.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale University.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

MARCH, 1892.

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS,

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale University. This Magazine established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Fifty-seventh Volume with the number for October, 1891. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the university. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the Book Notices and Editors' Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from students of all departments, and may be sent through the Post Office. They are due the 1st of the month. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued on the 15th day of each month from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 300 pages. The price is \$3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at the Coöperative Store. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications, with regard to the editorial management of the periodical, must be addressed to the EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, New Haven, Conn.

THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LVII.

MARCH, 1892.

No. 6

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '92.

EDWARD BOLTWOOD.

GEORGE B. HOLLISTER.

PERCY C. EGGLESTON.

THORNWELL MULLALLY.

FRANK J. PRICE.

SOME UNIVERSITY INFLUENCES.

FOR only six years has Yale been called a University, and hardly yet has she become fully imbued with the idea. Her progress has been good as far as it has gone and her position to-day is perhaps first of American literary institutions, but there are certain University characteristics she has not developed as yet. These are especially lacking in the first two years of the college course, when students are compelled to follow certain prescribed studies. It is not our purpose to discuss whether Greek and Latin should be studied. We believe they should be. But there are many men who think differently, perhaps too readily, and consequently shuffle along doing scarcely any work in these studies, and depending solely on translations experience no good, but drop into superficial methods and lose their self-reliance. These habits will cleave to a man through life, characterize his work and make success well nigh impossible. If men cannot be trusted to select all their studies, might not the Faculty appoint those which should never be omitted, and the student be left to select such as may most interest him among those not so essen-

tial to fundamental education? There are many men who having come to college under compulsion are apt to treat slightly those studies which they are required to take, when they, feeling competent to judge for themselves, deem them useless. They waste much of the first two years in idleness, which generally has its bad accompaniments and fall irretrievably into unfortunate ways of studying or rather of not studying. It is good training to teach a man to apply himself to tasks not pleasant. This is exactly what he will have to do through life. No man if he would attain to anything can expect to pick out and pursue only the pleasant and enjoyable, never meeting with those duties, the performance of which is not exactly suited to his taste. It is well to learn this necessary self-control in college. But it is possible to secure this desirable end and at the same time an opportunity for interesting study in the first two years be given, so that from the outset, the young man may study not merely for marks and examination, but for mental training and the attainment of knowledge. The bad effects of compulsion in the studies which might be left to the student himself, so affects the student's habits that there is not even in those studies which he approves of, whether selected by the Faculty or himself in the last two years, the amount of study there ought to be, and but little research of the right sort. Men generally study merely to pass an examination or for stand. This is shown by the well known truth that students are more concerned about their marks than about their mental development, and in the class room would have the Professor govern himself not with regard to the elucidation of the subject, but to the question of "fair marking" as understood by the student, whose grand object is by giving a mere literal answer to a mere literal question to get a high mark. It is reasonable to suppose that in this matter men would rise to greater responsibility if it were thrown upon them. Sophomore year is not far from the time when the student is expected to go out into the world to assume grave responsibilities and to decide important life questions. During that year then he should be able to

begin to take some part in guiding his own development. This exercise of judgment is most desirable. The youthful age of the students at entering, accounts, perhaps in no small measure, for the feeling that the work should be prescribed for the first years. The standard might be raised sufficiently to remedy this. Certainly there is a need and a place for an American University of this sort. It might be said that American youths are so precocious and so advanced in their studies that it would be impracticable to raise the standard so high as to keep out all of too young an age to exercise the necessary judgment. The objection answers itself. The question is not about years but about mental development.

Another particular in which the University idea is not carried out is in compulsory attendance on religious exercises. Doubtless much can be said in favor of it or it would not have been so universally adopted by the good and wise men to whom we owe certainly the larger number, and perhaps the best of our literary institutions. We desire it to be distinctly understood that our objection is not to the appointment of religious services themselves, but to making attendance upon them a *sine qua non* of studentship. That there ought to be stated worship in every College we think beyond doubt, but that any man should be compelled under penalty to be present at it we seriously question. The writer is in favor of a religious College. Yale is the child to-day of Christianity and has grown under the fostering care of her divine mother to the noble institution she now is. But compulsion in religious duties is not in keeping with the teachings of our religion itself. It will not do to say that students at the age of nineteen or twenty are not able to judge their duty in the matter and accordingly must be compelled to go. It may be right for a father to compel his son to go to church until he is old enough to feel his obligation in the matter. It is to be hoped, at least, the University student has reached that point. We do not deny that the founders or governors of a literary institution have the right to insist that its students shall attend religious exer-

cises. But what we question is the expediency and wisdom of using that right. An argument might be made for it on the ground that a man's education is not complete without some knowledge of the Bible and the Christian religion, that divine service at stated times affords an opportunity for this and therefore it is advisable to make it compulsory as well as the other exercises. The analogy, at least for the purpose intended, does not hold good. The essential element in divine service is not instruction but worship. Attendance therefore affects at once liberty of conscience. But not only so, to attend worship prompted only by the fear of man or mere human considerations, if not wholly is yet painfully near hypocrisy. No man should wish another to appear in a company of worshipers under any other constraint than that of a desire to honor his Maker. Compulsion will but make the service odious to the unwilling attendant. If the Bible ought to be studied, and we think it ought, let that study be placed in the curriculum. It becomes a student in such matters to suggest rather than to advise positively. Yet perhaps one among the student body may have some opportunities for seeing the practical working of a law which those not in it would not have. The question is how best to secure the highest Christian development among the students. The general effect of the present law seems unfavorable for this to one looking at it from a student's standpoint which, however, is rather narrow and not so well suited to gaining the best view as that of men of experience and judgment. The "Church papers" have ever been a fruitful source of temptation. A distaste for the service is engendered so strong that the slightest excuse is used for staying away, and it is reasonable to suppose that the unpleasant impression will remain after men have ceased to be compelled to go. Under this system, that which should be a privilege and an enjoyment is omitted with a feeling of relief and rest as soon as the student is out of College jurisdiction. It does credit and gives tone to any University that it should be earnestly desirous to have its students attend religious services, but it is danger-

ous to compel them to go. When this is done a full attendance signifies a wish to obey human authorities, but it is in no way a testimony to the divine claims upon the institution or its members. It may be said that the practice at least wrongs no one. It causes studentship at Yale, no small privilege, to be offered as an inducement to engage in worship with Christians, to those whose consciences forbid them.

Thus there seems hardly yet among us a broad University influence that impels men to study for learning's sake, and develops them according to a liberal University standard. Just at present the lack of this seems offset somewhat by a strong unifying force that engenders a strong bond between Yale men which is strengthening and ennobling, that causes a more perfect knowledge of men and human nature, that creates many fast friendships to last through life characterized by a unique sentiment. At present the Yale spirit, well known on the athletic field and among Yale's sons everywhere, is felt by all who come under her influence. This bond of sympathy, however, seems not to have lessened but rather to have grown with the extension of the University so far. May this not be carried farther yet without sacrificing that other and most important influence so that while Yale's present condition and ability for developing men and inspiring them with her spirit of pluck and indomitable energy is unique and magnificent, yet she may increase her power of bestowing a broader and a better culture.

The impression is prevalent that in morals the influence of a University is generally for the worse. It is due in part to the fact that newspapers are ever ready to publish with glaring headlines any misdemeanor, whereas the daily performance of duty and the quiet influence for good among students passes unnoticed. So that the opinion obtains that as a class, college students are perhaps the worst morally of all young men, that the general influence of their life conduces to make them so, and while some, feeling quite charitable, are disposed to excuse them with the remark that wild oats must be sown, they do not stop to ask if such impressions are really true.

The student it is true is not subjected to unvarying business hours. Some days he may be entirely free from recitations and left to himself. But neither has he the continuous routine of the young man in business. Therefore the physical rebound is not so likely to be excessive in his case as in the other. While the young man at college is not under the strict surveillance of his superiors, and has not so strong an appeal made to his mere pecuniary interests, yet he is subjected to the strongest appeals and to all the noblest and most powerful principles of the human heart to be found perhaps in any condition of the world. There is a power in college silent until aroused, but when once aroused, strong, quick, unsparing, and generally unerring in its judgment—public opinion. No man can fly in the face of it or ignore it. It makes some arbitrary allowances, sometimes mistakes, but its moral tone in general is of the highest and noblest order. Among the hundreds at college there are some of such natures that the best influences cannot affect them, who giving themselves up to idleness and pleasure only use their college opportunities to develop these propensities. It were far better for such that they be removed and put under a master's control. College influence or any other mere moral influence must not be expected to make a man of every one who comes under it. You cannot put worthless material into the college mould and expect to see a good article turned out. There are indeed many men who are the worse for having gone to college. The finer the workman, the more delicate the workmanship attempted, the more useless will be the production if the timber be faulty. College public sentiment is impulsive, but generally unselfish and therefore in the right direction. It stamps out hypocrisy and engenders sincerity, truth and a high sense of honor. The moral tone of our colleges to-day is indeed high, but there is one point in which it is sadly lacking. This was touched upon in the *LIT.* for November, but it is of sufficient importance to deserve a second mention, nor would the discussion of this subject be complete without it. It is the practice of cribbing in examinations. It is not enough that honesty

be maintained among the students towards each other. It should be no less strictly observed in all dealings with the college officers. The looseness in this particular, we believe, is caused in no small measure by the men not duly apprehending what they are doing and also by their being watched in examinations. If more trust were put in the men, we believe public opinion would soon require as high a standard in this as it does in other questions of honor.

Thornwell Mullally.

THE QUEST.

O, twilight, art thou never
 Weary, ever
Longing for the day that goes
Swift, fair before thee? How it woos thee on!
What worlds of beauty oft it crowds
On mountain brows, and in the clouds
Breathes crimsons deeper than the rose—
Calling, softly calling thee, and then is gone!

I, too, have felt such burning
 Anguish, yearning
Long for soul-truth, seeking far
Along the shore among the shells that blush
Sea-secrets, list'ning 'neath the pines
When falling snow about them twines
A voiceless grandeur and a hush—
Catching but a gleam like that when star greets star.

Yet surely life is rarer,
 Visions fairer,
For all noble striving; we
Become like that we seek at last, and cease
To strive; a calm then as of streams
Wrapt in their strange, still, winter dreams,
Shall fill us, and—deep mystery—
Truth shall claim her own in purity and peace.

C. A. Schumaker.

THE FRIAR OF ST. MARKS.

IT was towards the latter part of the 15th century that a stranger stood before the convent door of St. Dominick, at Bologna, and declared his wish to assume the humble dress of the order and to do penance for his sins. He was of medium stature and of dark complexion. His eyes were dark and under black eyebrows, his nose was aquiline, his mouth wide, his lips full and compressed in such a manner as to manifest strength and firmness of purpose; there was something about his forehead, too, even then furrowed with wrinkles, which indicated a mind of deep thought and contemplation, and a melancholy smile gave his features an expression of goodness that at once inspired love and confidence. The young man had not long to wait. The convent door soon opened and again closed between him and the world; but we have caught our first glimpse of Girolamo Savonarola,—we have seen the future preacher of San Marco.

There is a strange infatuation which must always linger about the life of this Florentine preacher. It may be its mystery, its complexity, its tragedy; but something there certainly is which gives him a secure place in the sympathy of our present day. To me Savonarola has always seemed like an earlier Luther in a more primitive age, with fewer followers and a more tragic death; and yet, later and colder ages have cast him aside almost as a knave and imposter. Preacher, reformer, Iconoclast,—he sought to break down the extravagant ideas of magnificence and prodigality which had spread abroad in the church and to purify and elevate Christianity to the height of its holy mission. In him the spirit of reform was intuitive, and it only needed time and growth to decide the course of his life.

It may be true that the young man, Savonarola, was reserved and serious and did not love the noisy gardens of the ducal palace; and yet the determination to devote himself to a strict monastic life was the result of no sudden

impulse, and many times in after years he recalls the severe mental struggle that he experienced. The ties of family are as strong in one age as another; and it had always been the dream of Girolamo's parents that he should one day be a great physician. It was in this way that he took his first plunge into the scholastic philosophy of the day. The works of St. Thomas Aquinas were particularly attractive to him and, often neglecting the studies more necessary for medical instruction, he would meditate upon them for whole days. Then his grandfather died, and he became more estranged from his medical pursuits; the religious sentiment became the prevalent one in his mind; the world opened before him and he was appalled by the religious and moral darkness that he saw. Such was the state of mind in which Savonarola found himself when he first thought of entering upon an entirely religious life. "The cause," he writes in an affectionate letter to his father, "which led me to enter into a religious life is this: the great misery of the world, the misery of man; the robberies, the pride, the idolatry, the monstrous blasphemies by which the world is polluted." "Dearest father," he continues, "do not allow your sorrow to be added to mine, already most severe. Take courage, comfort my mother, and, together with hers, send me your blessing."

Here for seven years the monk found rest in the convent at Bologna. They are the only peaceful years in his whole life, and we can well imagine how sweet it must have been, a few years later, to look back to the quiet hours in the majestic temple, where lay the ashes of his patron saint. But they are years of preparation, too. He studied the scholastic theology of the Fathers with all its subtle perplexities; but his mind soon rebelled, and he drew his chief inspiration exclusively from the Holy Scriptures. Thus Fra Girolamo—so the brothers called him—was living when the summons came to retire to the convent of St. Marks.

His first public sermons did not promise a very brilliant future for the young priest. The Florentines were living

in the midst of their golden age, and the bold simplicity of the monk of St. Marks sounded harsh at first to ears accustomed only to "the soft sounds of music and banqueting, the ringing of silver, of brilliant majolica, and Venetian glass." The great audience which had been accustomed to worship in the church of San Lorenzo dwindled away to a mere score, until the monk in despair thought once more of his classes and the lecture room.

There was never in Savonarola's life a greater crisis than when it seemed for a moment as though his career of usefulness was destined to be closed forever. It was a crisis that comes in many lives,—when our first ambitions fail and self-confidence begins to feel the chill of indifference and coldness. But his was a nature of too much energy to tamely succumb to the first obstacle, and with increased vigor he resolved to arouse the slumbering people from their lethargy.

The storm of Savonarola's eloquence broke like a cyclone over all Italy. It seemed as though he had hardly taken time to rally from his first defeat, when for the first time he gave utterance to those ideas, which for the next few years appalled men's souls and drew them in fearful crowds about the foot of his pulpit. He was at last the preacher; even more, the prophet. "Repent, repent," was his warning, "the church will be scourged, then regenerated and this quickly." In denouncing the corruption of morals, in condemning the want of religion in clergy and laity, the preacher felt his courage rise; his energy was redoubled, and often his audience was reduced to tears, and men wondered whether this was the man who had failed a few months before. There arose a demand that he should accept the office of Prior of St. Marks; he consented and once more prophesied, "Tomorrow I shall begin to preach, and I shall preach for eight years." These were exciting times for Savonarola, but through them all he preserved his true character, which was essentially Catholic; and, with the courage of a Crusader, he stood for the freedom of the individual con-

science before the princes of Italy and in the face of the Court of Rome.

But the time was at hand when the sword of God should fall upon Italy, and when the pulpit of the Prior of St. Marks should be the throne from which he would hold rigid sway over Florence. The magnificent days of the Medici were at an end.

It was the height of folly which led Piero de' Medici, upon the approach of Charles VIII. of France, to enter into a confederacy with the King of Naples, whose throne the French King claimed as his own. The city of Florence was threatened; the populace rose in its fury; men rushed through the streets with weapons which had not seen service for half a century; Piero and his adherents were declared rebels, and the last remnant of his government perished. In all this tumult there was only one man who could exercise any control over the multitude; to Savonarola was it due that the streets did not flow deep with blood, and one inconsiderate word of his might have brought back again the history of strife and the civil wars. It is almost impossible to follow him. Twice he was sent on an embassy to the King; but, for the most part, he spent his time in the pulpit. There he was the preacher, the prophet, the law-giver; and the constitution which he introduced has been declared the best and most liberal that the city ever enjoyed throughout its long and disturbed history. Its fundamental postulate that Florence should be a Christian city also had its influence upon the people; the women gave up their ornaments and dressed with plainness and simplicity, young men forgot their banquets and their wine, and, instead of carnival songs, religious hymns were chanted through the streets.

The enthusiasm for Savonarola increased, and the following summer found it at its highest pitch. He had become the very soul of the people, and he watched over and directed the new government from his pulpit with all the omnipotence of the human will and eloquence. But the clouds had already begun to gather about the weary priest, and gloomy pictures of his martyrdom had found place in his visions.

It is not impossible to understand the sorrow of his last years. The monk of St. Marks died not only because he was hated by the wicked and beloved by the holy ; but, in the enthusiasm of his reforms, he sought to reverse the very law of nature.

This period is one of continued strife, and it only prepares us for the end. It was war for supremacy between the Pope, with his load of rapacity and sensuality, and Savonarola who still hurled forth his invectives against the sins of Rome and the church. The victory was at last the Pope's. But he did not silence the preacher of St. Marks by his offer of a cardinal's hat ; his imperative summons to Rome, his excommunication were alike without effect, and the monk still kept his place in the pulpit. There was only one means to silence the reckless friar, to precipitate his fate,—the people must lose faith in their prophet, and he must be shown as a vain quibbler who had completely deceived them with his words and prophecies. He must, in other words, choose a champion, and his cause must be decided by the ordeal of fire. The appointed day came, and a vast multitude assembled to see this great farce of an ordeal, in which Savonarola and his followers were the only sincere parties. There was a long delay ; then the ordeal was postponed ; and it was given out that at the last moment Savonarola's courage had failed. The indignation of the multitude knew no bounds ; baffled, fatigued, and aggravated, it burst forth with violent imprecations against the monk. He was jeered and pelted through the streets like the lowest criminal, and it was with difficulty that he was ever conveyed in safety to the gates of his convent.

The scenes which follow are even more exciting. The night passed and in the morning the cry was heard, " To St. Marks ! To St. Marks ! Set it on fire !" and bands of ruffians rushed on towards the temple. It was not too late for the monk to have saved himself, had he been willing to sacrifice the convent ; but, after a feeble resistance by some of his followers, with his friends, Domenico and Salvestro, he gave himself up to the mob who re-

ceived him with a wild howl of joy and a volley of stones.

There are examinations, tortures, re-examinations; and then in the month of May is enacted the last scene in the drama of Savonarola's life. The scene is laid in the Piazza. Three stands have been erected in the ringhiera, from which the legates of the Pope and the officers of the city may witness the execution. The multitude throngs the square about and avails itself of every advantageous point of view; some are the friends of the Monk of St. Marks, but most are his enemies. A scaffold occupies about a fourth of the Piazza, and at its end is an upright beam, having a cross-beam near the top at right angles, from which hang three halters and three chains; by the first of these the friar and his two companions are to be put to death, and then the chains are to be wound about their dead bodies while they are consumed by fire. The heap of combustibles has already been collected at its foot, and with difficulty do the soldiers keep off the populace who with curses and brutal cries press forward in eager anticipation of the horrible spectacle, more like wild beasts than human beings. The friars descend the stairs of the Palazza and are met by a Dominican who orders them to take off their gowns and to advance with their under-tunics only, their feet bare, and their hands tied. They are weak and haggard from torture; but they advance with firm steps to the place of execution. Salvestro dies first, and then Domenico submits his neck to the hangman. The Monk of St. Marks is perfectly calm and he mounts the scaffold with a countenance radiant with hope and expectation. He stops on the ladder to look down on the people whom he has loved and confessed and he sees them with lighted torches eager to light the fire. Why should Savonarola live? There is for a moment silence, —terrible and oppressive; then, as the smoke mounts up from the pile, there is an uproar which shakes the very monuments. A blast of wind just for an instant diverts the flames from the bodies, and someone, more frantic than the rest, shouts out, "A miracle, a miracle!" Then the flames

shoot up, and the whole square is in an uproar. There are those who dance and shout with joy and throw stones at the bodies; but others fall down on their knees and worship, while some of their number, more zealous than the rest, make their way through the turmoil to cut splinters from the gibbets, which they may preserve as sacred relics of their sainted dead.

Thus died Girolamo Savonarola; and yet he did not die. His ashes were cast into the Arno; and yet his sermons once more caused the fickle Florentine to turn pale and tremble. The monk of St. Marks was a pioneer. "He was the first in the fifteenth century to make men feel that a new life had penetrated to and awakened the human race." The new Republic was destined to fall; but not until this work of Savonarola had received the commendation of a Michael Angelo, and St. Marks had once more become the center of the most faithful friends and defenders of their native land and of liberty.

Percy C. Eggleston.



THE CYNIC.

The stars have gazed upon the silent sea
Through all the ages; and, from year to year
The flowers unfold their wisdom to the world;
The thoughts of men live on forever; hearts
Beat in a kindly knowledge, scattering deeds
Of Love and Hope; and Pity, angel-born
Smiles through our tears upon our sufferings still.

Yet one, alone, there in the darken'd cavern
Of Pride and Hate, nor letting in the light
Of Love that kindles in each heart,
The beauty that beams forth in every eye,
Sees not without the wisdom of the stars
Sprinkling the fields by day, the skies by night,
Hears not the meaning of the song the lark
Puts forth each morning, feeling not the soul
Of Truth that beats in every thought of Nature.

Burton J. Hendrick.

PRESIDENT STILES AND THE REGICIDES.

IT was with no ordinary pride that Yale recognized in Ezra Stiles the first of her many sons who was qualified to be her president. This choice which rendered his name conspicuous, was a frank acknowledgment of his abilities and character, an acknowledgment the more flattering, since it was in disregard of the precedent which had hitherto bestowed this honor upon a graduate of the older school at Cambridge. Besides possessing a breadth of intellect which his position demanded, President Stiles was an ardent upholder of civil liberty. His zeal for freedom was intensified by the state of the times. The persistent struggle of the colonies with England, the Declaration of Independence, and finally the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown afforded abundant fuel to feed the patriotic flame which his soul had ever fostered. His interest in the momentous conflict brought him into the closest relations with the leaders in the revolutionary movement. Familiar as he was with the history of the struggle between puritan and cavalier, these military associations seemed a repetition of past events. Washington and his generals appeared men of an earlier century. The buff coats, the ponderous flint-lock muskets, and the gleaming spontoons may perhaps have brought before his mind a picture of Cromwell and his forces. But the brightness of the scene was clouded for an instant as his mind traversed the years succeeding the Protectorate. He saw the Restoration in all its shame, England again under legal sway, and the judges of the first Charles murdered. He remembered that three of these judges having escaped death by timely flight had taken refuge in New England. Some lonely retreat or grave of doubtful epitaph was the sole memorial of those whose judgment had given freedom an impetus which hastened American independence. President Stiles resolved to perpetuate their memory by a more fitting and enduring monument. Thus the man whose scholarly pursuits and duties as an instructor rendered it impracticable for him to take up

arms, aided the cause of liberty in a novel, yet effective way.

A quaint little volume lies before us. The bright morocco cover, the gilt edges still retaining much of their former lustre, and the characteristic eighteenth century type, allure us to examine its pages. The frontispiece at once attracts our attention. It reveals President Stiles in the clerical attire of a hundred years ago. The gown, the bands, and the broad bag-wig are perfectly in keeping with the face, where an expression of determination and severity mingles with one of frankness and benevolence. The book itself is a history of three of the judges of Charles the First, Major-General Whalley, Major-General Goffe, and Colonel Dixwell, who at the Restoration fled to America. Although the narrative is often burdened with detail, and is noticeably lacking in unity, these pages which Elisha Babcock issued from his press at Hartford in 1794, still possess an interest which the lapse of a century has not taken away. The author had the advantage in writing of men who were in themselves interesting. All three had been officers of high rank in the Protector's army, and their prominence in the execution of Charles, renders their experiences in America especially noteworthy. As we follow them in their wanderings from place to place, constantly in fear of apprehension, living for months among the romantic yet comfortless hills about New Haven, or hiding in the cellar of some bold clergyman, our interest deepens to sympathy. The change from national prominence and political influence, to almost complete oblivion makes their plight the more pitiable. Yet their complete isolation and life so robbed of pleasure, seemed sweet in comparison with a return to England, and to the mercies of Charles the Second. What those mercies were is vividly described in Pepys' diary. "I went out to Charing Cross to see Major-General Harrison hanged, drawn and quartered: which was done there, he looking as cheerful as any man could do in that condition."

In the endurance of their forlorn condition Whalley, Goffe, and Dixwell evinced a heroism which is rarely witnessed. The fortitude which sustained their sense of

justice even to the condemnation of a Stuart, enabled them to bear its consequences. No murmurings reached their friends abroad. They even derived a certain satisfaction from the realization that their sufferings were the result of efforts which had perceptibly advanced the cause of liberty. We should naturally expect that minds given largely to serious contemplation of the political outlook, and tinged with the sombre characteristics of puritan thought, would be perceptibly wanting in a sense of humor. But the following anecdote which President Stiles relates may serve to remove this impression. "While they sojourned at Milford there came over from England a ludicrous cavalier ballad satirizing Charles's judges, and Goffe and Whalley among the rest. A spinstress at Milford used to sing it in the chamber over the judges, and the judges used to get Tomkins to set the girls to singing that song, for their diversion, being humored and pleased with it, though at their own expense, as they were the subjects of the ridicule."

After a sketch of the lives of the regicides and a somewhat exhaustive discussion as to the location of their graves, President Stiles begins that chapter of his work entitled "The Justification of the Judges." It is a different book. The simple narrative gives place to a masterly plea for civil liberty. A man whose scholarly instincts led him into the most careful investigation of the lives and haunts of the regicides, becomes at once the champion of justice. While this portion of the work is valuable as the opinion of an eminent American on the lawfulness and necessity of Charles's death, it possesses another charm. It is alive with the author's personality. His character, his thoughts, his fancies are reflected from every page. We find a man sensitive to every encroachment upon justice. The reign of Charles First, "one incessant infraction on civil rights and religious liberty" arouses his indignation and horror. He cannot brook any talk of legality or precedent. In his eyes there is but one course of action—that which the court pursued in its condemnation of the king. However strongly he maintains the necessity of

such a verdict, he is not without a just appreciation of the effort by which it was brought about. For he realizes that a decision unfavorable to the king was not only contrary to English institutions, but extremely hazardous to the lives of the judges. As President Stiles gazes upon these men of an earlier epoch and forms a real conception of the service which they rendered to civil liberty, and the spirit with which they endured its consequences, he is filled with an admiration which his own words best indicate.

"They achieved a great and important work and it was well done. But such was the fatal and mistaken versatility of the nation, that they availed not themselves of this noble foundation, so happily laid on principles which Englishmen will ever revere, and in every exigence recur to, and ultimately established. The republican martyrs and heroes of the twenty years period from 1640 to 1660 are now in resurrection in France, Poland and America, they are beheld with spreading estimation, and will in future be contemplated with justice and veneration. Among these will be considered the enlightened, upright and intrepid judges of Charles First, whose names, and achievements, and sufferings will be transmitted with honor, renown and glory, through all the ages of liberty and of man."

Charles Cheney Hyde.

SIMPLICITY.

Within his silent, high observatory
Beside a telescope, the scholar thought.
For him the star-light was no silver glory ;
Nor charm had Venus, through her mystic story :—
The stars were worlds. Their mystery he sought.

Within his little bed, a child of seven
Gazed out upon the star-bespangled night,
And prayed : " O God, how bright must be thy Heaven,
If through the very chinks I see such light !"

Hugh A. Bayne.

A LITERARY PIONEER.

THE artist or author represents not only himself, but also the people under whose influence he has been brought up. His ability and talents are not due alone to internal circumstances, but also to the intellectual advancement of his contemporaries. He is the fruit of the great national tree, and denotes the condition of his countrymen. The industrial and social state of the country leads his genius in the direction most acceptable to the people, while the man himself is to a certain extent made by those with whom he comes in daily contact. They may not have his genius to create, but how to appreciate and criticise they fully understand. James Fenimore Cooper was no exception to this rule.

When the North American Colonies of Great Britain had become the United States of America there was a great improvement in the country's affairs. The people fully realized the importance, which was so suddenly attached to their country, as with the change from a dependent to an independent organization the management of the government became a greater responsibility for the individual citizen. They perceived that their future welfare depended upon themselves alone, and in consequence there was an increased activity in all directions. New dignity was given to all undertakings, commerce was increased, new industries were established, private corporations were formed, and in short everything bore witness to the good moral and material effects of independence. But when the country had settled down again to the commonplace of everyday life, there was a greater demand for the intellectual, something in sympathy with the *pneumonia mentis*, and how was this to be satisfied?

The literatures and arts of older countries have come into existence when the development of the minds of the people has so far advanced as to admit of their understanding, and valuing them. The mind does not seek in vain for mental enjoyment, or the eye for beauties in which

to delight. Art is born in anticipation of appreciation. But in America the culture of the people was further advanced than the state of the country. They were sufficiently well educated to enjoy good authors, but having no literary works of their own, they were obliged to look to the literature of other peoples. England was naturally the source from which they drew, and in this manner they were held intellectually allied to a country from which politically they had just broken loose. So the English influence was not to be thrown off as easily as had been supposed. Here was one nation dependent upon another for practically all her literature and the result was to set up English authors as models, and the English public as critics. The former rulers of the Colonies, not having any special grounds for good feeling towards Americans, were not over zealous in praising their authors, and as Americans themselves began to think there was little literary talent among their own number, it became even more difficult to have any success in literary pursuits. This tended to popularize any man, who was able, in spite of all opposition and difficulties, to acquire the sympathy of the public, and when the people once received an author, they were likely to run in the other extreme, and to praise him more than he deserved. Such was the state of letters in America when Cooper first appeared and although not the first writer, either in point of time or the quality of his works, he may rightly be considered one of the most influential novelists that America has ever produced.

It was the time and general state of the country when he wrote, that was responsible for the great success of Cooper's works. As Swift says, "Great turns are not always given by strong hands, but by lucky adaptation, and at proper seasons." Brought up among those scenes, which he afterwards was to describe so vividly, Cooper received his training from nature herself, and by his patriotic treatment of his subject he brought the people of the East more in sympathy with the western pioneer, and placed the North American Indian on the highest

pinnacle of his fame. Now the redskin was a symbol of America, and with the wider circulation of Cooper's works abroad, was taken for a representative of those *Western Wilds*.

The people of that time were not in a position to enjoy heavy reading. They desired to be entertained, and were more likely to favor a light and interesting story than a fine literary work, however well written. That was the day for practical ideas. The first half century of a new nation had not yet drawn to a close, and the foundation of its future prosperity was now to be laid. The country was not yet in full possession of all its territory, and the West remained yet to be conquered.

"The need that pressed sorest
Was to vanquish the seasons, the ocean, the forests."

Cooper's works were adapted to just this state of mind in which his countrymen found themselves. The national tenor of his subject could not fail to interest all Americans, and as the general character of his writings was elevating, his works developed a taste for good reading, as well as being entertaining.

Here it was that Cooper had such an influence over the minds of the people. His stories sufficiently interesting to fix and hold one's attention, were at the same time calculated to enforce upon and recommend to the reader a desire for more serious literature. Inducing the people to read his works by their interest in the subject, he gave them something more than mere plot, and appealed to the intellectual side of their character. Formerly foreign authors alone were received in America, but now it was time for the English yoke to be thrown off. Art and literature should be developed in America by *Americans*, and the success of Cooper's stories was almost the first step in this direction.

Roger S. Baldwin.

CHICOUT.

ONE of the most prominent landmarks on the Canada shore is La Roche Percée. The fishermen see it for miles up and down the coast; a rugged sentinel, grim and frowning, sternly guarding the entrance to the tiny harbor behind. Buffeted by the weather, and scarred here and there by the fierce northern storms, the Rock rears its giant head a hundred feet above the tossing surf, lonely and isolated but imposing, majestic, in its solitude.

On the side furthest from the shore the huge pile has been worn through by the ceaseless beat of the eager water in an opening large as the biggest house in Percé village, and here the sea surges and boils in eddying whirlpools, lashing and tossing up on the slippery stone: unlucky the "*habitan*" whose boat is caught here, he would cry in vain, for the seething water is irresistible. No one could bring him aid.

André shivered as he looked at the dripping cavern. The grim rock had always held him in a fascinating terror, and he never could accustom himself to it.

Besides, old Mère Davrot said the sea-witches dwelt there, and André believed in witches. Had they not cast loose his skiff one night and carried it away out to sea, where he and his father picked it up later in the year?

He crossed himself devoutly and said, "They have bewitched old Chicout. Me they shall not;" then rowed hastily out to his chaloupe.

"*Parbleu*, there he is now, *le pauvre Chicout*!"

Off on the shore, just below the Rock, a man half crouched, half sat in the warm sun, watching the screaming gulls as they whirled in wide circles about the red crags; waiting, waiting all through the long day.

"They do not care, the birds;" he half sighed. "But he must come soon now," and Chicout once more looked out to where the boiling surge roared in and out through the great fissure.

How he hated the great, brown ledge. It laughed at him so grimly; it was so mysterious and strangely like a huge monster!

If only he could find where the black fissures had swallowed poor Celestin so long ago! "But he'll come back," he repeated slowly, shading his dim eyes. "He'll come. I am getting tired waiting, almost!"

Long years, slow years had passed along since that smiling morning when they had climbed up, up the furrowed rock, crawling from ledge to ledge, grasping a lichen here, a cranny there. They had almost reached the top of the cliff, young Chicout ahead. He scaled the summit, then looked back and down for his companion. He heard a quick shrill cry, he caught a flash of something falling, then there was a stillness.

The gulls mocked him and laughed discordantly in hoarse chorus, but Chicout never heard them; he laughed himself, with vacant eyes; and shouted to the wind in a voice that sounded not his own.

"Celestin is a brave fellow, but foolhardy! They will seek him by the shore, all about, you know, here and in the hills, and M. Le Notaire will assist! Parbleu, what a boy he is, but they always said gulls were fine creatures. Au revoir, mes amis, I am going home. Bravo, Celestin!" and he chuckled foolishly as he started back to the earth. "I will wait for you, Celestin, never fear," the madman repeated again and again, "but make haste."

He had indeed waited. All through the hot, fierce summers and biting winters, Père Chicout had lingered at the foot of the gaunt Rock. "Celestin would expect him, and he must stay till he came."

Children shrank away from "*l'insorcelé*," as they called him, and sought a safe refuge behind their mother's protecting aprons, peering out with round eyes; the rough fishermen nodded and turned to point knowingly at the bent old figure. But Père Chicout did not care; he lived on, always hoping, save when a chance gleam of reason shone across the disordered fancy, when he would grow restless for the moment, and complain of Celestin's slowness. "He could not wait always."

It grew dark and cold early in these autumn days, and André stamped his benumbed feet as he stood at the tiller, and he looked anxiously at the solemn Rock. The red glow of the sun between the storm clouds blazed fiercely through the ragged hole in the flanks of the great pile, like the door of a furnace, dying away and again flaming up bright; the familiars of the place, too, the lawless gulls, chattered and shrieked at the man in the brown-sailed lugger, as they were blown about, black spots against the copper gleam behind them.

"A fine night for the witches, *ma foi!*" whispered André, and he wished he were safe beside the fire again by the church over the hill.

On the shore the wind blew coldly across the hard sand dunes, and it sang a plaintive minor around the eaves of the little house by the Rock, Père Chicout's house.

Within, the guttering tallow shone faintly on the bare walls and ceiling. It shone on the old man as he rose to his tottering feet.

"Dost thou not hear him coming?" he cried, holding out the withered hands.

"Hark to him at the door! He's stopping now, trying the latch! Higher up, Celestin, higher up! Ah! *mon ami*, how I have waited, but now ——" He fell back and closed the tired eyes, his wan face against the priest's black cossack.

Two old "*habitans*" leaned forward to watch the old man, drawing in their breath, and glancing furtively about as the candle burned lower and lower. M. Le Curé bent his ear and listened for a moment. Then he rose and smiled.

"*Le vieux* has waited long, *mes amis*, but not in vain. He has once more found his Celestin!"

Emerson G. Taylor.

NOTABILIA.

THE deeply regretted death of one of the pioneers of our University is a most potent reminder of the growth and progress of Yale during the last half century. In the early part of his life Dr. Porter was for a time a Pastor of Congregational Churches in New Milford and Springfield, yet his uninterrupted connection with Yale covers a period of forty-six years, the last twenty of which have seen the growth and development of the University spring forward with an impetus that has characterized no preceding period in her history.

Dr. Porter had occupied the chair of Moral Philosophy and Metaphysics for twenty-five years when in 1871 he was promoted to the Presidency of the University. Although Dr. Porter was reputed a conservative of the old type, our educational lines under his administration were unhesitatingly broadened as fast as they could be creditably maintained. The consolidation of all the courses outside of the Departments of Theology, Law and Medicine under one comprehensive title, was the first recognition of the university principles although the formal title of *University* was not assumed until the present administration. Our departments of Classics, Science, Philosophy and Literature were enlarged and strengthened by endowments, and changes and several brilliant additions in professorships. Two among these latter incumbents were called during Dr. Porter's administration to college presidencies (Professor Carter in 1881 from the chair of German Literature to Williams College; and Professor Northrop in 1884 from the chair of English Literature to the University of Minnesota). Others who were connected with Yale during this period and who have been summoned to the heads of institutions are, Professor Daniel C. Gilman who in 1872 resigned the chair of Physical and Political Geography to assume the Presidency of the University of California; and Professor W. R. Harper

who at the close of Dr. Porter's administration was appointed Professor of the Semitic languages and has since been called to the Presidency of the University of Chicago.

In all other directions a rapid advance was noticeable. An unrestricted fund of over three hundred thousand dollars was obtained. Graduate scholarships were more than doubled. An examination in the elements of a modern language was added to the requirements for admission. The curriculum was enlarged by the added professorships and the beginnings of a real elective system introduced. An examination for the degree of M.A. after a year's liberal study was instituted. The financial resources of the library were augmented more than fifty per cent., and, largely by the consolidation of the large libraries of the old societies of Linonia and Brothers in Unity (founded respectively in 1753 and 1768), with the University Library, the number of volumes was increased during this period from fifty-five thousand to one hundred and sixty thousand. The Law School, North Sheffield Hall, West Divinity Hall, Battell Chapel, the first wing of Peabody Museum, the Bacon Memorial Library, the Observatory, the Sloane Laboratory, Lawrance Hall and Dwight Hall, costing in the aggregate over half a million of dollars were erected under this regime. The attractiveness of these very greatly improved facilities is shown in the steady increase in the size of classes throughout the period. Records attest that on the average over one hundred more degrees were given per year than during the administration preceding.

* * *

It would be difficult to say of Dr. Porter anything that has not been included in the universal esteem that was his in life, or in the tender eulogies of mourning friends over his respected dust. Remarkably versatile among intellectual men of modern times he excelled in whatsoever work he undertook. An author of repute he has given, besides essays for the world to read, the richer products of his thought for the instruction of the young who always commanded his interest. As editor he personally per-

formed much of the arduous task of revising Noah Webster's dictionary. Aside from ministerial activities he was a foremost theologian, keen, eager and vigorous in the field of religious thought, and singularly well equipped for controversy. He was widely recognized as a most scholarly metaphysician; and in recognition of these varied and superior faculties and attainments, universities at home and abroad have proffered him honors of special degrees. Yet it was as a teacher and as a man among men that he won something better than fame, a deep and wide-spread affection. Comprehending the immense good which so great popularity privileged him to do, he devoted his time and talents without stint or measure, and at the close of a well-filled term in the capacity of President preferred to continue his classes rather than relapse to a life of merited ease.

On Friday, March 4th, after a lingering illness which had confined him at his home for three months, he passed away. On the afternoon of Monday, March 7th, his remains were borne to their last resting-place after a simple yet impressive service in Battell Chapel.

PORTFOLIO.

THE DEWDROPS.

The dewdrop which rolls to the carpet of green
From the violet that nods neath its weight,
Perhaps flashed a ray from the first moonlight sheen,
That stole over Eden's white gate.

It may be, that dewdrop will flash from the wave
That breaks on a peopleless shore,
When this earth swings through blackness—Humanity's grave,
To re-echo Man's voice never more.

R. D. P.

—The traveler, sailing along the coast of Normandy, may notice, on the summit of a high hill overlooking the Seine, a very strangely shaped old tree. One branch is bent far back

so as almost to touch the trunk, while another, covered at its end with a tuft of foliage, in shape faintly resembling a French sailor's broad brimmed hat, stretches out toward the sea. The Norman peasants call the tree, *Le bon homme de Tatonville*, and tell a strange story about its origin. About one hundred years ago the Seine changed its course, and ran near the left side of its broad estuary, instead of keeping to the right as it formerly did and now again does. The sea near the new mouth was soon filled with dangerous unknown sandbanks, which sadly perplexed pilots and steersmen, and might have caused the loss of many lives but for the self-denying vigilance of an old pilot of Tatonville, a village near the mouth of the Seine. Unable longer to buffet the waves and the winds in his boat in pursuit of his calling, he resolved to be still of some help to the sailors, and so every day went early in the morning to the top of a far-surveying hill, and stayed till late at night, calling to passing vessels and warning them of the unseen and treacherous shoal. When at last, worn out by his patient, unselfish toil, he felt death stealing over him, in great fear for the fate of the sailors when he was taken away, he prayed to God to send some one in his place. Immediately his staff took root, and became a tree, standing where he stood, with its branch pointing to the sea, giving warning of the dangerous passage, as his arm once did. After his death the grateful people made a saint of the good old pilot, and the wondrous miracles he worked are still told of, while the tree yet stands, a god-given monument to his faithfulness and self-sacrifice.

R. H. N.

—There are many who can lay claim to the name of country gentleman—the old *Señor* of a New Mexican sheep ranch, his swarthy face and flashing black eyes almost overshadowed by his immense sombrero; the great wheat farmer of later days who may look over miles of his standing grain as it rolls like an inland sea in the plains of the Mississippi valley; the haughty southern planter of *ante bellum* days, proud of his name, of his stock, of his slaves, of his cotton—all could demand our attention. But I come back to New England, the origin of everything American, and take for my type of a country gentleman the squire of an old fashioned town.

In the rear of his old mansion, down beyond the row of bee hives and big unpainted barns, the meadows are rolling their

wealth of standing grass before the wind and far below you can see the party of mowers. There is the squire, a jovial man of sixty, resting on a rake in thorough enjoyment of the scene before him. Familiarity has not dulled his senses to the beauties of Nature. The fragrance of the new mown hay is to him the sweetest of perfumes and all the sounds of the field, from the chirp of the cricket to the rattle of the hay cart, come to his ears like the sweetest music. And he is always so. Often, in his rides, he will stop to pick some rare flower or enjoy a charming view and even now, in the bracing fall weather, he delights to get off with his hounds and gun for a day with the foxes.

As a matter of fact my country gentleman has seen a good deal of the outside world. He is both a well read and a well traveled man and the village gossips whisper wild stories of dissipation and baffled ambitions connected with his younger days. A small income has put him in comfortable circumstances and his farm is just enough now to keep him occupied. During the winter days he revels in the pleasures of a well stocked library and could never be persuaded to exchange his easy chair before the roaring wood fire for the finest of city apartments. And why should he? His life is happy and free from care. His shrewd common sense and knowledge of the world give him a kind of leadership over his neighbors. He has the respect of every one. Even the children call him grandpa and love to listen to his stories in the long summer afternoons. And how happy he makes the little one that can ride with him down to the railroad station, two miles away! The boys come to him to learn the wood lore that is never written in books. They bring to him their treasures of birds' eggs and curious orchids and few are the Natural History classes superior to the Squire's, as he walks through the fields and woods on Saturday afternoon with half a dozen boys trooping behind him. What pleasure, too, he takes in his farm! His colts never need breaking. His pumpkins are always the largest in the town. Even his hens always hatch out their full quota of peeping little chicks. Besides this he is doing good to every one. His cheerful greeting and hearty laugh is better than a doctor's prescription while his open, free hearted ways draw out the better qualities of those around him and broaden the lives of all that know him.

E. H. C.

—On the borders of a blossoming Italian plain where ancient Etruscan cities stand, flanked by green hills whose olive-shaded slopes rise slowly into the whiteness of the Apennines beyond, we may picture the home of the popular Songs of Tuscany. Here we may wander with old Boccaccio on summer evenings, or underneath the blue Italian sky listen to Petrarch, the gay troubadour, singing love songs to his impassioned Laura. From some point of vantage the plain stretches before the gaze like a gem with vine-clad hills around for setting. Tracts of corn-land are interspersed with patches of unripe flax, and from tree to tree the tender vines hang in long festoons of green. Upon the hills to the north gaunt cypresses stand with black, out stretched arms against the summer sky, and the meadows bloom with Tuscan wild flowers.

Amid such surroundings these popular songs have started into being—love songs we may call them, for it is a noticeable fact that nearly all the Tuscan ditties deal with this one theme. There is little of the dramatic or tragic element in the poetry of Italy, strange as it is of a country which in both ancient and modern times has had a generous share of the tragic in its national history. The Italian *contadino* instead of finding expression in heroic measures; instead of singing

“For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago,”

chooses rather to sit on summer nights beneath the window of his *madonna*, and hum in his mellow, Italian voice, some simple song of love, passionate, yet always respectful. He inclines to what is cheerful and brilliant. His memories of mighty Rome palsy his inventive faculties. His genius is not creative. He pours out his soul, not in those records of war and oppression which seem to us so poetic in their grandeur, but when he sings it is of love, of anger, of despair. His poetry wells up from the fountain of his own emotions, and flows on in a leaping current of joy, bright and sparkling.

These old songs, springing from the simple hearts of uncultivated peasants, display little of that quality which elevates poetry into the loftier domains of art. Natural and direct, they express the feelings of the composer himself and are always personal. Who first gave them form and shape matters little to the Italian *damo*, as a sweetheart is termed. Some date

back to the fourteenth century ; some may have been born but yesterday. Imported perhaps from Sicily or Naples, carried across the hills by peddlers to distant towns, or passing from mouth to mouth and from province to province, they became the property of anyone whose feelings they express ; while the simple-hearted poet, who perhaps poured out his soul in passionate tenderness, remains in obscurity. What can we imagine sweeter or more sincere than this *rispetto*, taken from the Tigri collection, although when carried away from its native Tuscan hills and translated into a less musical tongue it loses much of its beauty and pathos :

“ If I were master of all loveliness,
I'd make thee still more lovely than thou art ;
If I were master of all wealthiness,
Much gold and silver should be thine, sweetheart !
If I were master of the house of hell,
I'd bar the brazen gates in thy sweet face ;
Or ruled the place where purging spirits dwell,
I'd free thee from that punishment apace.
Were I in paradise and thou shouldst come,
I'd stand aside, my love, to make thee room ;
Were I in paradise, well seated there,
I'd quit my place to give it thee, my fair !

R. R. L.

—In the marshy wilderness of the Florida Everglades is the Indian village of Tallafajesse, “Our New Home.” It is the chief village of the Seminole settlements, and in the midst of the hammock, its rows of palmetto-thatched huts harmonize with the wildness when twilight dwellings would look incongruous. Tom Tiger is the head chief of all the Seminoles and his lodge is one of these rustic pagodas. I first saw this “Fenimore Cooper red man” at the trading post of Fort Pierce on the Indian river. Most Seminoles are blots on the landscape from an esthetic view, and their inordinate yearning for many-hued calicoes removes the last trace of the dignity of savagery.

It was a winter day—one of those restful mornings when the blue lagoon has just a trace of sparkling ripple, and the air is full of the lazy croon of the surf. I sat on the porch of the trading store, talking pineapple culture in a desultory way with a “cracker” fisherman, when without a rustle of the scrub, an old negro stepped from the thicket a few yards away.

His back was bent by the pack of deer-skins strapped across his shoulders, and a pace behind him walked an Indian—Tom Tiger, for I recognized the build and carriage of the man from oft-heard description. He was six and a third feet tall, and straight—not as a ramrod, for there was no suggestion of stiffness about his long, sinewy body. His weight of two hundred pounds was so carried that he looked almost slender. His face was noble, the aquiline nose and thin lips differing markedly from the wide mouths and flat noses of the squaws and young braves. On his head was twisted the immense turban of his tribe, a score of yards of calico folded and wound into a huge “doughnut.” But the stuff was of a soft gray tint which colored well with his weather-stained hunting-shirt of the indescribable neutral hue which only wind and rain can dye. Leggings of home-tanned deer-skins reached above his knees, soft, yet tough to resist the thorns and the rattlesnakes’ strikes. In the broad-fringed buck-skin belt were stuck the hunting-knife and cartridges, and the brown-barreled Winchester rested in the hollow of his arm. Detailed description of such a man is not paper wasted, for when you find an Indian worthy of more than exceeding brief mention, he should be prized accordingly.

The negro paused at the porch of the store and unslung his pack. He had a sort of morbid fascination for me, for there stood a slave—as much a bondman as though Emancipation were still a dream. Still, far within the Everglades, negroes toil to till the Indian corn fields, and freedom has no meaning for them. Tom Tiger was the only Seminole who dared bring a slave to the river and that seldom. The negro stood submissive and silent, for he knew no English, while his lord bartered his hides for ammunition and supplies. His words were few, a grunt expressing approbation or the opposite. His business dispatched, the purchases were loaded on the henchman, and at a gesture the man of burdens shambled off toward the heap in the hammock from which he had emerged. His master stood behind him, and the strange pair disappeared in the leafy wilderness.

R. D. P.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

University Reception.

The second of the series was held by President and Mrs. Dwight at Dwight Hall, February 1.

Chi Delta Theta Elections.

The following men were elected February 1: H. A. Bayne, H. B. Hinckley, D. T. Huntington, H. R. Rathbone.

Yale Union Prize Debate

Was held February 12, and the following prizes were awarded : first, to J. I. Chamberlain, '94; second, to G. P. Steele, '92 L. S.; third, between H. M. Kidd, '92, and H. R. Rathbone, '92.

Yale Lit. Medal

Was awarded to Winthrop E. Dwight, '93.

Yale News Banquet

Was held at Heublein's, February 17. E. H. Mason, '92, acted as toastmaster, and the list of toasts was as follows :

The Retiring Board, Clive H. Day, '92
"My grief lies onward and my joy behind."—*Shakespeare.*

The Incoming Board, Irwin B. Laughlin, '93
"Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme."—*Milton.*

The Harvard Crimson, Hugh McLandon
"Let there be no strife, I pray, between thee and me."—*Genesi.*

Yale Athletics, William B. Franklin, '92
"Peace has her victories, no less renowned than war."—*Milton.*

Sheff., C. Arthur Gordon, '92 S.
"The treasury of everlasting joy."—*Shakespeare.*

The Fourth Estate, Charles B. Clark, '71
What is writ is writ—would it were worthier."—*Byron.*

The Glee Club, James F. Carr, '92
"Bright gem instinct with music."—*Wadsworth.*

- Editorial Amenities, Hugh A. Bayne, '92
 "If the *Review* wants to be a lily, God help it, but we say to hell with a
 journalistic stinkweed."—*Spokane Spokesman*.
- The Alumni Weekly, John D. Jackson, '90
 "The baby figure of the giant mass of things to come."—*Shakespeare*.
- The Ladies, Edward Boltwood, '92
 "God save the queens."—*Adapted*.

Freshman Deacons.

At a meeting, February 24, the following men were elected :
 William Sloane, H. Thomas, W. D. Thomson ; from '94 S.,
 E. V. Cox and M. Hart.

Chicago Dinner.

The annual dinner was held at Heublein's, February 24.
 E. H. Mason, '92, acted as toastmaster. The toasts were as
 follows :

- Chicago, Prof. W. I. Knapp
 "Urbs in Horto."
- The N. K. K., W. N. Runyon, '92
 "Night-caps get in the game."
- Yale Athletics, Edw. Boltwood, '92
 "Though I am not splenitive and rash
 Yet I have something in me dangerous."
- Sheff., H. W. Hamlin, '92 S.
 "I have been there and still would go
 'Tis like a little heaven below."
- Looking Backward, G. E. Eliot, '86
 "When all the world was young, lad."
- Dwight Hall, W. D. Young, '92
 "A lordly pleasure house
 Wherein at ease for aye to dwell."
- The Campus, S. Webster, '92
 "A man's best things are nearest him,
 Lie close about his feet."
- St. Louis, E. O. Stanard, '92
 "Far away beyond the glamor of the city and its strife."

Lit. Elections, February 24.

The following men were elected editors from '93: W. E. Dwight, J. H. Field, Francis Parsons, R. C. W. Wadsworth, L. A. Wells.

Kent Club Lecture.

The second of the series was given by Right Rev. Bishop J. J. Keane, February 25; subject: "The Church and Its Relations to the Social Problems of the Day."

Walter Camp Dinner

Was given in Madison Square Garden, New York City, February 26.

BOOK NOTICES.

"Miss Bagg's Secretary"* though more or less improbable in plot, is an unusually clever and pleasing story. It makes no pretension of treating any great sociological problem, it does not aim at greatness. But there is a lightness and delicacy of touch, a bright humor and above all a heartiness and health of tone which make the story thoroughly enjoyable.

Mr. Rowland E. Robinson in his new history of Vermont† presents an interesting and carefully prepared work. Many points in the early history of the State in regard to its settlement and its participations in the Revolutionary War have been collected from various sources and combined into an extremely interesting narrative. The book bears the mark of careful research and appears to be thoroughly trustworthy as a concise history of the state.

This latest novel‡ from the pen of our most popular writer of western life, though founded upon a highly improbable combination of incidents

**Miss Bagg's Secretary.* By Clara Louise Burnham. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

†*Vermont.* By Horace E. Scudder. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

‡*A First Family of Tasajara.* By Bret Harte. Boston and New York. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The Riverside Press, Cambridge. Price \$1.25.

ought nevertheless to rank among the first of its author's works since the appearance of the famous "Luck of Roaring Camp." The sensational episode that forms the main thread of the story is so incredible, yet is told with so much artistic reserve and sincerity that one is constrained to consider it but another proof of the maxim,—particularly appropriate in the wonderful home of the scenes—that truth is stranger than fiction.

The opening chapters are the least effective part of the tale, chiefly because of the number of threads of a rather complicated plot which must be gathered together before the weaving can begin. Once under way the grasp, versatility and dramatic power of the writer are evident and sustained. Although Mr. Harte's individuality is strong, his sympathies are very varied and adaptable; and this is the secret of a mobility of expression so developed that in its extremes, it forms not modes of one but really several distinct and inimitable styles. When he writes of those odd characters—his pets over whom he dearly loves to linger—the plainsmen and pioneers of California—his language is rough, direct, full of slang, even uncouth. When his actors are conventionalities of the "effete East," their language is precise and elegant, replete with polished niceties and small talk. When picturing some calamity of Nature, as death, or devastation by flood or fire his eloquence is vivid, sombre and picturesquely grand. This capacity for rapid and complete scene-shifting is one of his chief charms and powers as a narrator. The novel deserves a wide popularity not only on account of its lively and unexpected twists of plot, but also because they are presented with so many of those little indescribable graces and subtleties as artistic and rare as they are welcome.

Mr. Fowler's scholarly work* is an excellent example of the modern school of biography which deals with the lives of particular men only as typifying and emphasizing the epoch in which they lived. This book aims primarily to give a concise and accurate account of the life of the great emperor but it extends far beyond these limited lines and sketches the rise and development of the mighty Roman imperial system as far as it was carried by Caesar. Thus the work must be considered in its two-fold aspect to be fairly criticized. The author in his preface announces his intention to make the style of the book popular, but it is to be doubted whether it—or indeed any other biography of Julius Caesar—can ever rival in this regard the masterly work of Mr. Froude. The style is too close and scholastic, it seems to us, to ever become what is known as popular reading. On the other hand, the keen insight and penetration with which Mr. Fowler has analyzed the system of imperial Rome, its effects and causes, should make the book a favorite among all students of historical literature. It is attractively printed and bound, with many plans, maps and illustrations, especially of busts, upon the authentication of which the author has expended much care and research.

**Julius Caesar, and the Organisation of the Roman Empire.* By Warde Fowler, M.A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price \$1.50.

TO BE REVIEWED.

William Gilmore Simms. By William P. Trent. Boston and New York : Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Equatorial America. By Maturin M. Ballou. Boston and New York : Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Spirit of Modern Philosophy. By Josiah Royce, Ph.D. Boston and New York : Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Mark Hopkins. By Franklin Carter. Boston and New York : Houghton' Mifflin & Co.

Poems. By Maurice Thompson. Boston and New York : Houghton, Mifflin & Co.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

That royal wit, Mr. Douglas Jerrold, once said regarding a melancholy and lachrymose lady of his acquaintance, "Hang her, I don't believe she'd admit that there was a bright side to the moon." This was to be sure a lamentable state of affairs. But I wonder if the estimable female friend of Mr. Jerrold was really sincere in her weepings and wailings, or if possibly she was one of those spirits who pass their lives in constant rebellion to the conventionality of men's adages and so-called wise sayings and who rise in open and fierce revolution against the fixedness of proverbs.

These reflections were induced by a conversation which I lately held with my young friend Philosophiculus. I chanced to be strolling through the Green the other afternoon and came upon him as he was sitting upon a bench and with a moody and dejected expression upon his face. It was a fine, pleasant day and the sun was shining brightly ; I could conceive of no reason for his sadness and so ventured to seat myself at his side and to ask him why he was so cast down, for I like the youth immensely.

"I was reflecting, sir," said he, "that every silver cloud has its leaden lining, that everything, however bright and perfect, has its dark side. Even Seniors must go to morning prayers." In order to lead him on, I answered that this was to me a novel way of looking at things and I furthermore remarked mildly upon the unreasonableness of such an opinion as coming from a young and healthy man, blessed with the advantages of a university training. "That," said he, "is the very thought which cast me into this frame of mind." I perceived that he was in a talkative mood and let him continue. "I have heard the commonplace praise of a university experience until I am sick and tired. It is drummed into my ears when I am at home, it greets me

at every corner of the campus. All say, you must appreciate the advantages of a college education. And so my innate sense of justice has vehemently rebelled and I have come to the conclusion that it is time people's attention was drawn to its disadvantages. Did you ever meet a college girl?"

I replied that I had had that pleasure on some few and memorable occasions.

"Then," said Philosophiculus with a sigh, "you can appreciate, I am sure, one of the chief disadvantages of a college education. The college girl picks out the unfortunate college man as her own especial and particular prey. He is deluged with questions about collegiate affairs and men, all of which inquiries he is expected to answer in full, and if he does not or can not he is straightway set down as an ignoramus. He must know all the professors and all the students. He is expected to be inclined and to be able to talk of nothing but athletics and, of course, to know all the various teams, for years back, and their records to the fraction of a second. If the college man seeks the seclusion of the country during a vacation he is pitched upon by rural females to do all the rowing necessary at picnics and like pleasure excursions, and the country swains expect him to captain their ball nines and lead their cotillions. By non-collegians one is looked upon as more or less of a black sheep, until you can give satisfactory and convincing proof to the contrary, for college life always implies to them all kinds of reveling and deviltry and many of them are inclined to shake their heads and wink slyly when you protest that you have to work a good part of the time and ordinarily go to bed well before sunrise. If in the middle of the term you should unexpectedly return to your home on account of illness or some such matter there will always be people who will insist upon thinking that you have been rusticated and will refuse to be hoodwinked by any other pretence for your sudden home-coming. You are always distrusted by tradesmen, for the traditional college man never pays his bills. You are"—but the chapel bell rang at this juncture and Philosophiculus and I had to hurry to a recitation.

The Table is all ready to change its ownership. It is a rather old and well worn Table by this time but it has been carefully dusted and rubbed and put into as good order, as possible and upon the whole looks quite shiny and respectable for such an ancient piece of furniture; its feet are encased in sacking and upon the brass handle of the drawer I had just fastened a tag marked '93, when St. Elihu came in. "I have come to say good bye," said he. We shook hands and he said very kindly that he was sorry to have us go away from him and the college which we all love so well and had done our best to serve. Then he turned slowly and walked from the room; I took my pen and paper off the table for the last time and then, too, went thoughtfully out, closing the door softly behind me.

EPICTETUS.

As some forgotten child at midnight creeps
Amid the aisles of dark cathedral halls,
And trembling feels along the sculptured walls,
Until the gloom o'ermasters and he sleeps ;
And when the morning sunshine leaps
Through jewelled pane, and daylight calls
The lonely sleeper, lo ! he lies where falls
The shadow of the cross the chancel keeps :

So this great soul in darkness passed
Adown this minster life ; groped on through loss
And pain, the night of slavery and care,
Until victorious sleep outmatched at last,
Thy stiffened arms reached almost to a cross ;
God gave the radiant morning elsewhere.

—*Round Table.*

THE COMING OF LOVE.

On western skies when daylight dies,
In summer all too soon,
When lingers yet from the sunset,
Like finger-prints of June,

A mellow shine as of red wine,
Or opening roses glow—
And pausing still on field and hill
The day is loth to go—

Then, haply looking up, behold !
The Vesper Star shines fair—
A silver thread in Evening's head of gold
And flaxen hair—
A silver boat and all afloat
Upon an amber sea ;
So quietly it came that we
Knew not that it was there.

And softly as the Twilight brings
 That silver star on high,
 So softly on his silver wings
 Love flew across my sky.

—*Southern Collegian.*

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VOL. LVII.

No. VII.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED
BY THE
Students of Yale University.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SCHOLÆ, unanimique PATRES."

APRIL, 1892.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale University. This Magazine established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Fifty-seventh Volume with the number for October, 1891. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the university. In the *Notabilia* college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the *Memorabilia* it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the *Book Notices* and *Editors' Table*, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

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A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications, with regard to the editorial management of the periodical, must be addressed to the EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, New Haven, Conn.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LVII.

APRIL, 1892.

No. 7

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '93.

WINTHROP E. DWIGHT. JOHN H. FIELD.

FRANCIS PARSONS. RICHARD C. W. WADSWORTH.

LEMUEL A. WELLES.

THE VALUE OF COLLEGE WRITING.

IT is said that, when the dust has fairly settled on its covers, nothing is quite so dead as the literature of past college generations;—recurred to only by an occasional spirit of the type antiquarian for purposes of comparison or accidental curiosity. Our standards of literary appreciation and, indeed, of all matters of excellence, suffer, from time to time, such complete changes, that it becomes a matter of importance to determine seriously the element of permanence and usefulness in college writing. There is a tendency to regard writing as a special line of work, distinct from all other lines, upon which a certain limited number of men enter, much as others give themselves to athletics. But the writer would maintain that college writing is an essential and important part of a sound college education, no more to be neglected or set aside as a pursuit only for special individuals of what are called literary tastes, than the course of University study or the influences of college life. To assert the contrary would be to set up a partial and one-sided standard of development. It is true that the influence of the Univer-

sity course is to some extent in this direction. The training of the acquisitive side is developed to the exclusion of the training of the creative side. The conservative spirit of tradition, which always rests on a sound basis of common sense, pronounces the true purpose of the course to be the acquisition of learning. And we comfort ourselves with the belief that the confused body of facts which we are fortunate enough to remember may by experience be assorted and formed into a foundation for our own work. But the dangers are lack of individuality, superficiality, loss of real sincerity and power. And this is the element of righteousness in the prejudice, in other respects a false one, against the so-called "dig." It is to avoid these dangers and to develop the creative power that college writing claims a place as an essential part of college education.

It is impossible to exaggerate the value of original work. Far too little of it is done in college. We all live on a fraction, and a very small one, of our real powers. Honest, original work always means a gain of ability, and often reveals the existence of a power quite unknown. The reaction of literary work on a man's thought is much like the systematizing effect upon acquired knowledge which is ascribed to teaching, and its value will not be questioned. But there is a value aside from, and higher than this. The rare and precious gift of expression of thought,—what Walter Pater calls the finer accommodation of speech to the vision within,—is what is sought for. And this is the flower of all education. This is the rich thought wrapped in that fine old phrase, *Literae Humaniores*, though, by much hard usage, its meaning has been lost. The high ideal of college reading and study should be the cultivation of a style which shall be the expression of the finest and strongest side of a man.

College writing is the expression of power as much as close and accurate scholarship, gift of persuasive words or deep chests and strong muscles. And to give place and permanence to this peculiar manifestation of power is the LIT.'s object. In whatever particular channel this stream may run, whether it finds its expression in criti-

cism, in delicate fancy, or in plain practical thought it is precious for the power in it. Let each man then guard against affected and untrue standards. For this writing is a serious part of our education, and affectedness and unnaturalness are as mistaken, as short-sighted, and as fatal to the best development as are loose methods, superficiality, and the prevalent deification of high stand for its own sake, to true learning. At least, any college writer who fully realizes the relation of his writing to the development of his abilities will make it the honest unfeigned expression of his own peculiar individual power, and thereby give it its possibility of permanent value. And by this he will contribute his share to the thoughtfulness and body of college literature. The LIT. would commit the greatest of mistakes were it to define or limit, in any way, the subjects or manner of the work to be done for it. A man must seek development in that particular literary line which seems most naturally to be his peculiar sphere.

But aside from this development of the constructive power of the individual man, college writing has, in another way, a real and permanent value. In the incessant changes of college ideals there is certainly a place for the practical influence of college writing. And if these changes are haply for the better the credit will often be due to this strong influence. It works, in this regard, hand in hand with that nondescript personage, Public Opinion, and gives it its best expression. It not only reflects the spirit of college life, but it helps to guide it in the right direction. This has certainly been the spirit of the past fifty years, the inheritance of which now falls to us. It may seem a strange and curious sight to see conservative St. Elihu masking in the guise of a reformer, but many times we are compelled to look to him for help.

And it is here that we find a reason to hope that college writing will show its highest use in the initiation and the hastening of a revival of the love of learning and of letters. For college writing must find its source and its inspiration in reading; and while we try to avoid the bookishness which has done so much harm, the personal and peculiarly

intimate acquaintance with books is an essential to success. Such knowledge of books has grown old-fashioned for most of us. College reading has sunk to a very low level. Literary appreciation in reading has been lost by reason of the great pressure of outside interests, and in part through the alluring temptations of Poole's Index. And as for enthusiasm for learning, it is likely to seem as remote as the Renaissance. Dislike of drudgery and lack of interest have extinguished what feeble sparks of it remained.

It is perhaps idle to talk of the return of this love of learning and letters for a long time to come. But nothing will hasten its coming like honest, original work in college writing. Its advent, however, is sure. And it will come at the same time with the abandonment of primary school standards in the University. We cannot expect it so long as these standards prevail in all the relations of college life and in matters scholastic and literary. For its coming will mean the rising to a more sober and serious point of view among all college men.

Winthrop E. Dwight.



IMAGINATION?

O Sentinel ! Thy form has stood age-long against life's evening sky
To say to many a doubting heart that all of death is not to die,
A quiet beauty on thy face amid the waters wild uproar
Where ceaseless centuries billows break on thy unyielding shore—

From earliest eld—the twilight time, where glimmered dim the feeble light,
To systems vast whose arches reach like some cathedral's lofty height,
As priest, as prophet, or as Christ the boon eternal day to give
To men already choked by dust of this brief day they've striven to live ;—

Thy power may be a fantasy—imagination's glorious crown
To cover life's decrepitude which it would fain disown—
Thy victory the whispered thought of some great world-life's silent sway,
Thy boasted gift the ghastly shroud that covers deadened clay ;

And yet the realm whose shadows drear awakened childhood's nameless fear
The dwelling place of those we love—becomes familiar, genial, near ;—
And who their fate would shrink to share, to journey whither they have gone ?
For whether night or day reign there we know it cannot be alone.

William P. Aiken.

Junior Prize Oration.

THOMAS PAINE: DEISM AND DEMOCRACY IN THE DAYS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

JOHN TRUMBULL ROBINSON, HARTFORD, CONN.

MR. WALPOLE'S well known saying, "Don't read history! that I know must be false," is at least a half truth.

Party passion and religious prejudice often guide the pen of the historian. It is only when time has lent her healing influence, that we can assign to a man his true place in history. Each to-day revises the judgments of each yesterday. In 1661, the withered body of Oliver Cromwell was taken from its resting place and gibbeted. In 1892 he is accorded a place as England's greatest ruler. In our own republic John Brown was hung on a Virginia gallows. In a few months a million patriot soldiers were singing—"His soul is marching on."

It is now more than a century since Thomas Paine first appeared in American politics. But his name is still held in unjust remembrance. For the striking and unique services he rendered to the cause of our Revolution we should honor him, and if injustice surrounds his memory we should delight to remove it. Not alone to such a master of events as Washington was the success of the American Revolution due. There was need of the boldness of a Putnam to inspire the undisciplined colonists at Bunker Hill. There was need too of Tom Paine and his rough radicalism to stir up a desire for independence.

In the early months of the Revolutionary War there was little talk of independence. Only a few bold spirits like Samuel Adams looked for it from the first. The colonists were reluctant to break the bonds of union with the mother country. There were some men who looked into

the distant future and saw that ultimate separation was inevitable. But the general wish was for reconciliation. From the first Tom Paine felt that the country must struggle for nothing less than independence. England's vexatious policy gave him an opportunity. He exerted all his power at the very crisis of events.

By his pamphlet "Common Sense" he reached the very hearts of the people. Led on by this bold pamphlet, the people became eager for independence. When it was known that Paine was its author he became famous.

After winning a great reputation, why did he fall in public esteem? Why did his name become odious? It was primarily because of his attack on revealed religion. His "Age of Reason," in which he gives expression to his deistic notions and endeavors to undermine the authority of the Bible, seemed to Americans an outrageous piece of work. The author of such a book appeared to them to be capable of anything that was bad. All manner of vice was attributed to him. Of his former friends scarcely one stood by him. Though Tom Paine was blunt and irreverent he was not the licentious monster that he has been painted.

To the deism of Paine we can trace a good deal of his eagerness for independence. In the American Revolution deism did not play the prominent part that atheism did in the French, where the rights of man overshadowed all thought of God. It was as an underlying power that deism had its force. Why was it that Paine was so hostile to monarchy, while other men were indifferent? It was in part at least because he was a deist. At the present day we see that true Christianity is the foundation of true democracy. The philosophy of our Lord declares the rights of the individual. The fatherhood of God implies the brotherhood of man. In the dark ages the Bible was withheld from the people and tyranny had undisputed sway. In spite of the philosophy of the Gospel, the church and despotism had long found in one another support and protection, and the people were their servants. To establish the right of self-government, and to bring

about American independence, there was need of some destructive element. It was found at the right moment in the radicalism of deism, of which Paine was the leading representative. Deism was opposed to rank and titles, whether in church or state. Denying revelation it denied the divine right of kings, which its advocates based upon revelation. It was universally iconoclastic. It put bishops and priests, kings and nobles in the same category, and attacked them all. Deism is belief in one God, and that a God of reason. With the claims of the church it had neither sympathy nor patience. It therefore denounced the union of church and state. It seemed to the deist that a blow aimed at one would injure both. The spirit of deism which was anti-clerical was thus democratic. It was a long step from a protest against British oppression to a declaration of independence. Every factor was needed that could induce the people to try so doubtful an experiment. There was need of radical democracy in order to have any democracy at all.

In none of the leading men of our Revolution was deism so pronounced as in Paine. Though Franklin was a deist we ascribe little of his wonderful influence to his religious notions. It is hard to find out much about Jefferson's religious opinions, but it is probable that his belief was largely akin to Paine's. Vermont's revolutionary hero, Ethan Allen, wrote a book, "Oracles of Reason" only open to less criticism than the "Age of Reason," because it was weaker.

Among the many charges brought against Paine is that of insincerity. His enemies asserted that a man who had lived in this country but little more than a year could not have felt so vital an interest in American affairs. But this was a shallow and uncharitable estimate of the man. "The cause of America," said Paine, "is in a great measure the cause of all mankind." No unprejudiced reader of "Common Sense" can doubt his sincerity. He was fired by zeal for his work. When Franklin said, "Where liberty is, there is my country," Paine replied, "where liberty is not, there is mine."

"Common Sense" should be kept as one of the classics of our historical literature. Not alone is it remarkable for its great effect upon the popular mind, but it is worth reading for what it is in itself. Truths that have become household sayings appear for the first time in this little pamphlet. It is no wonder that the country was carried away with it. Its simple but earnest style and its undeniable truths appealed to the people as nothing else had. The echoes of Paine's guns trained against monarchy sounded in the ears of his fellow countrymen while their shot riddled the object of attack.

All through the Revolution Paine took an active interest in affairs. A part of the time he was an aide-de-camp to General Greene. His most remarkable services in the army were the stirring words which moved from his pen. But they were not exhortations to action given by an eloquent patriot at a safe distance from the front.

In the winter of '76, while Washington's forlorn regiments were fast dissolving, Paine determined to put new vigor into the troops. At night, while the rest of the soldiers were sleeping, by the light of the camp fire, he wrote the first part of "The Crisis." On the 23d of December it was read to the army. The weary soldiers were inspired to new courage and their voices rang out in cheers as they heard these thrilling words. "These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will in this crisis shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it now deserves the love and thanks of man and woman." A few days later the troops rushed to victory at Trenton, shouting, "These are the times that try men's souls." The credit of that victory was at the time given largely to Paine.

At the opening of the Revolution in France he was called to take a seat in the French Convention. The key of the Bastille was intrusted to him by Lafayette to be given to Washington. What a significant errand! The symbol of fallen despotism sent by our gallant patron and ally to the greatest democratic leader in human history. Great as was Paine's interest in the French Revolution, its

bloodiness disgusted him. At the trial of Louis Capet, where he sat as one of the judges, Paine was both brave and generous. He alone of the judges opposed the execution of the King. He dared the threatening cries of the spectators and begged for the life of Louis. A few days afterwards he was thrown into prison by Robespierre. By an accident he escaped the guillotine.

It is unfortunate that Paine's literary career did not end before he undertook his "Age of Reason." While this book attacks the inspiration and authenticity of the Bible, it honors our Lord as a great philosopher. Written in a serious vein, it is almost free from ribaldry. "I believe in one God," said Paine "and no more, and I hope for happiness beyond this life." "I believe that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy, and in endeavoring to make our fellow creatures happy."

Paine was a hero in the days of '76; he was depised in '96, after the appearance of "The Age of Reason."

In 1802 he returned to America. On his arrival he met an unwelcome reception. After a few years of miserable existence, the center of a low class of admirers, the best he could get, he died in 1809. This fitting epitaph has been written for him :

"Here lies Tom Paine, who wrote in Liberty's defense,
And in his Age of Reason lost his Common Sense."

The dishonesty, the licentiousness, the meanness, in fact nearly all the vices that have been attributed to Paine, existed chiefly in the minds of his traducers. He was, indeed, coarse and uncouth in his dress. In his last years he had too strong an attachment to his brandy bottle. He shows intense egotism in some of his writings. But in spite of these faults there was a kind heart beneath his rough exterior.

The city of Philadelphia, at the centennial of our national independence, refused to accept a bust of Thomas Paine. She will yet find a niche of honor for him. Rome waited three hundred years for a statue of Bruno. In charity for his faults and his follies, in profound gratitude

for his service of devotion, let us remember Paine as one of the true patriots of our Revolution, whose hatred of tyranny and love of human rights, coupled with a keen natural wit and lucid manner of expression, did much to establish our independence.

When we look back from our wealth to the poverty of our fathers, when we see their meagre farms, their country without a factory, and think that our land is now the granary of the world and the home of great manufacturing industries, when we see their struggle for rights and contemplate our government "of the people and for the people," when we see their sufferings which left us an inheritance of prosperity, enlightenment and liberty, who would dare take from that band of patriots a single soul! There was a place in that day of struggle for the Puritan of New England, for the Romanist of Maryland, for the Huguenot of the Carolinas, for the churchman of Virginia, and there was a place for the deist Paine.



"ID CINEREM AUT MANES CREDIS CURARE
SEPULTOS."—*Virgil.*

"Do you think that spirits care
For their ashes or their tombs?"
Do you think they are aware
That the tended roses are all gone with their perfumes,
That the footsteps of the mourners no longer linger there
Where the field flower only blooms?
They are dead, let none remember!
Let their memories die as they!
Clear the dead leaves of November
For the careless passing footsteps of April and of May!
Be no sign of last night's saddened ember
In the flame we raise to-day!
Not that our hearts are cold,
O dead friends, who were dear to us!
Do we our lips withhold
From fallen tombs and low graves piteous,
But only that death's voice is faint and old
And life's imperious.

Arthur W. Collins.

THE LETTERS OF ALEXANDER POPE.

AFTER Edmund Curll's death he was denounced by Samuel Johnson as "a rapacious bookseller of no good fame." This mild expression of disapproval is not characteristic of its writer, and its subject deserved one more decided. The wrath of the public against the publisher of posthumous literature is always tempered by the liberality with which it buys his wares. Curll was one who so fully appreciated this fact that in the present instance he brought a private correspondence to the press without waiting for the death of its author. The murky atmosphere of personalities and slanders, which clouded the brilliancy of the period in which Addison, Pope and Swift flourished, was rich in sustenance for creatures of Curll's sort. An author of Pope's prominence and aggressively quarrelsome temperament, and a publisher of Curll's grasping and tyrannizing nature could not long live together in peace on the same small isle. A far more healthy and better natured man than the author of *The Dunciad* might justly have become angry when the publisher brazenly advertised the forthcoming appearance in his stalls of a printed collection of the letters which had passed between Mr. Alexander Pope and numerous prominent persons. These letters had been obtained in no honorable way from a certain Mrs. Eliza Thomas, by taking advantage of her financial straits and unfortunate situation.

While Pope resented Curll's action, he strangely enough made no attempt to stop the publication. But when, after the poet had published a correspondence between himself and Wycherly to defend the latter from a posthumous charge, Curll appropriated and reprinted it as an addition to the Eliza Thomas collection, the author thought it time to begin preparing means to throw his enemy's insolently triumphant advance into confusion. Few men appreciated more keenly than Pope the exceeding sweetness of the contest "where in one line two crafts directly

meet." His first step was to call upon all to whom he had ever written for the return of his letters. Curll was at this time reaching out in every direction for material to add to another edition of the correspondence; an anonymous person, "P. T.", came to the publisher's assistance with a large collection of Mr. Pope's letters, which, owing to some injury done the mysterious being, were at the printer's disposal. Curll was suspicious, and as he was in no particular haste, let the opportunity slip. Some time later he concluded to try the strategic experiment of revealing the "P. T." offer to Pope. The poet filled the daily papers with his surprised indignation and noisily called the attention of the public to the quarrel. Curll for the moment was at his wit's end: by exposing "P. T." to Pope, he feared he had frightened away his anonymous correspondent forever; and Pope, instead of rewarding the virtuous act, would have nothing to do with him. Soon, however, "P. T." boldly renewed his offers. They were accepted, to be only partly fulfilled and partly paid for. Pope having received his reward for betraying himself, now, in his capacity of injured citizen apparently resorted to all manœuvres to keep the book from publication; though in vain. In due time the five volumes comprising *Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence*, made up largely of forgeries and even literal translations of the letters of continental celebrities, appeared in Curll's shop.

This was exactly the chance for which Pope was eagerly lying in wait. With the greatest apparent reluctance, he decided that strict justice to himself and his friends required him to publish an authenticated edition of the letters, and it was brought out in 1737. But since the public did not care for an expunged edition of a correspondence that had been disappointing in its unauthorized form, the proceeds of the sale were scarcely sufficient to cover the expense of printing.

The authorized version is interesting in view of the light which it throws on Pope's methods. It so happened that one friend, before returning the letters for which Pope had asked him, had taken a copy of them. What

then was this friend's surprise to find in the poet's edition the old familiar letters altered, rearranged, and many of them addressed to Addison and other deceased literary men, whose voices could not cry out from their graves against the fraud. We want no grounds more relative than these to convince us that the writer of *The Essay on Man* was at times himself not regardful of the truth.

In other ways his letters speak more kindly of him; as is instanced by the cheerfulness with which he writes of his fearful bodily sufferings; when, for example, he refers to his physician as the master mason who daily builds up a wall of canvas and plaster about him. And his letters to his parents and the members of his household—which, by the way, *he* did not think worth publishing—are full of the best that is in any man: the most earnest home love, often touching in its playful seriousness and its tenderness of thought. Had he but put more of simple sincerity and less of rhetorical affectation into his general correspondence it might actually have attained the same fame as his poetry; a consummation he most devoutly wished.

To form a true conception of his letters as they were originally written we must look, not to Curll's mixture of the genuine and forged, nor to the poet's own scraped and re-designed and varnished revisions brought out from time to time after 1737, but to letters that did not come to the light until after the quarrels and disputes were over and when neither Pope nor Curll was in a position to be interested in them.

Such are the *Letters to a Lady*, which were printed twenty-five years after the author's death. The "Lady" was Judith Cowper, an aunt of William Cowper the poet. Pope sought her acquaintance in consequence of her lines on *The Progress of Poetry*, beginning:

"High on the list see Pope appears
With all the fire of youth and strength of years."

These letters are of a literary and philosophic nature that constantly turns toward the personal. One who finds pleasure in scanning over the harmlessly mild course of an

author's *affaire de cœur* can find in the yellowed leaves of the little book, with its queer spelling and quaint letterpress, a charm that altogether fails of expression in the white pages and coldly formal type of a modern edition. The concluding paragraph of the third letter is at once an example of Pope's transparent self-depreciation, his ornate flattery and his unsurpassed neatness at turning pretty phrases. It is but a taste of what anyone can find free at his hands by drawing the *Letters to a Lady* from the library.

"I only desire you to observe by what natural degrees I have shrunk to the humble thing I now am ; first from a pretending poet to a critick, then to a low translator, lastly, to a mere publisher. I am apprehensive that I shall be nothing of any value long, except, madam, your most obliged and faithful humble servant, Alexander Pope."

Lindsay Denison.

A LEIPSIK PROFESSORSHIP.

A DARK and narrow stairway leads up to the top story where the Professor's room is. Down below, on the lower floors, it is so dark, one has to grope along ; for the wall of the next building is close and shuts nearly all light out from the little windows on the stair-landings. But higher up here the dirty and broken glass gets a glimpse of the sky, so that one needs no longer feel his way. Great hollows are worn in the middle of the steps where the water collects as it drips from the leaky roof. There are wide gaps in the wall where the plaster has been knocked off. The rest is adorned with drawings, embodying in blue and red chalk, the political tenets of the young student who has the room across the hall. Up in the angles of the walls, the cobwebs hang unmolested. A card on the door to the right, tells you that this is the Professor's room.

The ceiling is low and the one dormer-window does not admit much light. But what there is shows a threadbare rug in the middle of the floor, a small stove with a long, bent pipe, two chairs and, hanging on the opposite wall, some roughly-made book-shelves. Books are piled up in all the corners, some covered with the dust of years apparently. They are, most of them, huge volumes bound in plain, uninteresting leather, with long, incomprehensible titles. On the wall over the stove hangs a cheap print of Frederick the Great. The paper has grown yellow around the edges.

The outlook from the window is not inspiring. Down below is the narrow street. The rumble of the carts and the hum of voices comes up, somewhat deadened, from below. Across there is a confused mass of red-tiled roofs and chimney pots. A dark cloud of smoke, through which the rays of the sun just manage to struggle, hangs over the city. Across the roofs to the right, the belfry of the little Franciscan chapel can be seen. Every morning and evening, at sunrise and sunset, the chimes ring and the sound, floating over the house-tops, comes first of all to the Professor's window. Up under the eaves, two sparrows have built their nest and the Professor always opens and closes the window gently, lest he frighten them.

There is a massive meerschauum lying on the window-sill, and from it rises a faint spiral of smoke which fades in the gloom of the ceiling. The smoker has just laid his pipe aside. "The Herr Professor," as his landlady calls him, is a man of a very slight figure and bent by long application to study. A pair of heavy-rimmed spectacles are pushed up over his forehead and are partly covered by his hair which is thin and turning gray. In his blue eyes there is a light that almost instantly makes one like him.

For twenty years he has held a professorship in the University—a professorship with only a moderate salary, of which the greater part has gone every year to help some needy relatives. And yet, as he sits by the window, he smiled, as if contented. Perhaps, after all, it is better as it is.

The sun is sinking lower. There is a hush even in the noise of the busy, unthinking city. A few struggling sun-rays manage to penetrate the maze of roofs and chimneys and throw a distorted shadow of the Professor and his chair on the floor and the opposite wall. He lifts his eyes from the book and looks out of the window.

The clouds are banked in the west and seem to follow the sun to the very edge to lean over to catch a last glimpse of him. There is something very beautiful in the way the light pours over their big folds, as if caressingly. "The Herr Professor's" eyes do not go back to the book. They watch the glory of the sunset. A certain sadness creeps into them. Perhaps some one, at his old home, is watching this same sunset,—one of his playmates, grown old and gray now—some one, perhaps, standing there at the top of the green slope in the orchard, under the great apple-tree where, as a boy, on the warm summer days, he used to lie and dream away the hours.

* * * * *

There is a thrush up in the branches, chirping contentedly. The great red apples hang above, ripe and ready to fall. Through a great hole in the crown of his broad-brimmed straw hat, which he pulls over his face, he can look up at the blue of the sky and the white clouds floating there. Occasionally a swallow flits across. There is a hawk far up there, almost perfectly still. Where the sunlight filters through the tangled meshes of the leaves, the shadows are thick and soft. There is a low hum of insects in the summer air. The clumsy bumble-bees go stumbling amongst the clover-blossoms. That sweetest of all odors, that of the clover-fields, is about him.

As he lies there, with his bare feet plunged deep in the grass, he can just see over the red and white tops to where a blue-bird, on the fence, pipes cheerily as he flutters from post to post. In the next field, the wheat, dashed here and there with the scarlet of the poppies, is just turning to gold. All through the orchards the bright yellow of the dandelions is scattered. Across the road, the men are mowing. Now and then one stops to whet his scythe. How musical the note is! A lark rises with a whir-r-r and poises her-

self in midair. The road dips just to the right and goes through the stream which flows on down the meadow. The serious-faced cows stand knee-deep in the cool water. As a team passes they slowly raise their heads while the bubbles drip from their mouths.

The poor old Professor! A smile that is sweet and sad comes over his face. He takes off his spectacles and wipes the glasses with his handkerchief and then quickly brushes his eyes. He is afraid to admit even to himself that he can cry after fifty-seven years!

Yet these are the moments when the Herr Professor really lives, when the fragrance of the clover-fields comes back to him, and the shouts of his boyhood's playmates ring faintly in his ears from across those distant fields of his old home.

Lafon Allen.

WALT WHITMAN.

EVERY great movement has its period of excess, and usually some poet-laureate, whose sympathetic and sensitive nature typifies most clearly its extravagance. And democracy in this country has found him in Whitman. Feeling for the individual is found reflected in the poems of Walt Whitman more than in any other American poet, for he has deified the individual, and made the body soul. Of course this position seems extreme to many, and so we find the critics of Whitman divided in two very opposite opinions. He is either too coarse and heathenish to be read, or else he is a writer to be compared with Shakespeare. Mr. Robert Ingersoll thinks Walt Whitman is a reformer, who has done a great deal toward unmasking the hypocrisy of his time and calling people to look and recognize truth. But few of Whitman's countrymen give him so much credit, although Emerson early praised him as a rare and original poet. The interest in Walt Whitman in England is probably due more to fashion than to lasting approbation. It reminds us that a few years ago great interest in Thoreau was exhibited at an English University, when some of the students, in imitation of the genius of Walden, left town and lived in huts near a pond.

What Walt Whitman really endeavored to teach was the excellencies and goodness of this life. He tried to exalt the human being, as human, and so is preëminently the poet of the body, making no distinction of importance between body and soul. His great love leads him to consort with the lowest human beings because he appreciates the good in every living creature. Mr. Dowden well expresses this by the quotation, "He caresses life wherever moving." Whitman saw the divine in man, but never saw the divine outside of man. And just here we see the whole spirit of his genius,—we see him a very giant of spontaneous love and sympathy, full to overflowing with life and the glories of life, but never realizing the beauty and grandeur of those truths taught by Christ. We can easily imagine him, marked by rare unselfishness, to have lived in Ancient Greece, and to have drunk in the old spirit of nature and love.

It is said that during the war Whitman spent most of his time in the hospitals ministering to the soldiers. He read to them, gave them his money, and even broke down his health in relieving their distress. Probably it was here that he gained the experience and material for his "Drum Taps," the poems which are filled with his expansive benevolence and strong power of description. But we have even more right to expect strength and manliness in a poet than in others and in his grand robust nature we do find that kindliness which so well becomes strength and greatness. Whitman is full of what Burroughs calls "aboriginal power and manhood." He has the strongest and most healthful feeling for earth, for man and for everything that is. And this is shown, too, in the manner he goes from the individual to the universal, and brings into a short poem many suggestive but not expanded subjects. So much has he yielded to this tendency that his poems have been criticised as mere catalogues. But we should expect a poet of democracy, as Mr. Dowden remarks, to be comprehensive, and a poet is excused in not elaborating every head, for poetry by its very nature is the antithesis of science.

But in his adoration of all that pertains to human life Walt Whitman seems to us to have gone too far. In his endeavor to revolt from false modesty, and in his striving to elevate the majesty of the body—to show that it has a part in life that ought to be recognized, he has dwarfed the soul, and made prominent what Nature herself conceals. There is a mark beyond which none should tread. He has not only gone far beyond this mark, but has drawn boldly forth that which belongs to the innermost recesses of privacy, and flaunted it in the face of the present civilization, to whose eyes such revelations are truly startling. But we must not overlook the good, for they are few indeed who appreciate the inestimable good of this life.

There is something like Keats in Walt Whitman's feeling for nature. He is undoubtedly sensuous, and many of his poems upon Nature resemble the poems of Keats much more than they do anything of Wordsworth or Tennyson. That spirit of viewing nature with entire satisfaction and composure, and even with the utmost delight in it reminds us of Robert Browning. And he has not only a philosophic approval of nature, but a real subjective feeling, a deep sympathy for it; and it is this inmost harmony with nature in Walt Whitman, which has brought John Burroughs, the modern Thoreau, to love and admire the poet. Indeed it would be a hard task to find anyone, however much of Whitman he may scorn and reject, whose affection is not won by this sweet communion with nature.

There was one occasion above all others when Walt Whitman's noblest powers were called forth, and that was at the death of President Lincoln. The few poems written then are deservedly his most popular, for they reveal the heart of the man.

“O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rock, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
 But O heart! heart! heart!
 O the bleeding drops of red,
 Where on the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.”

But all Whitman's poems indicate the man, and an acquaintance with them gives us more confidence in humanity and better feeling toward our fellow man.

Walt Whitman is sensuous and sympathetic; but he cannot be called spiritual as we usually understand the word; and whether his endeavors to pull down the barriers which obstruct the clear view of truth are for the good or bad, there can be no doubt that the "Good Gray Poet's" love of man was genuine, and strong and immortal.

Lemuel Aiken Welles.

A LETTER.

Dear Friend :

Have you heard the "Fun'ral March"
Of Chopin?—I'm hearing it while I write,—
I mean, in my fancy: Maud, you know,
Played till I fell in a reverie.
The last chord died, like a whispered breath
Of a voice afar, a low sad voice,
That told of the mystery of death.

And then she turned, with her earnest face,
And deep brown eyes that look you straight
And never flinch in their gaze, because
You may look down into their liquid depths
To her very soul—and there see Truth.

"Where are your thoughts?" she turned and said.
Where were my thoughts! I seemed to hear
The voice of all life's misery
Rise and fall, in a minor key,
It pleaded long, with a deep sad voice,
Against all selfishness: "Forget,
O, man, it said, "forget thyself!
There is something beyond—," and then I thought
The voice began, in a minor key,
To sing of the mystery of death,
But it grew more faint; then fainter fell
Like an echoed sigh, or a dying breath.

* * *

And there sat Maud. The sounds were gone.
But I saw in her face and her good brown eyes
(Did an angel's breathing move her hair!)
The music embodied and living, there.

Hugh A. Bayne.

AN OLD-FASHIONED STORY.

THE whole town has a delightful flavor of ancient, long-past glory. The houses are all old and have that air of solid respectability and decorum which, while it makes one feel somewhat offended by the peaks and colored shingles of the Queen Ann cottages not far distant, overawes one a little if one ventures to climb the great flights of stone steps before the front doors and disturb the silence by using the enormous knockers. Down by the wharves, where some of the old warehouses still stand with closed doors and tightly shuttered windows, a faded odor of oakum and turpentine can be detected which suggests the days when whalers and merchantmen from foreign climes were wont to put into this convenient harbor for repairs and often to discharge their cargoes. It is no wonder that in the old days the boys who played about these now deserted streets were familiar with the voyages of Sir Francis Drake and Captain Kidd before they learned their multiplication table.

Just where the grass-grown Main street begins to emerge from the stately avenue of elms and turns toward the south, the dwellings all on one side facing the sea, stands a little house built of red brick, said to have been brought from Holland, with a row of neat pickets along the sidewalk enclosing a small garden crowded with flowers. They cannot tell you how long the gentle old lady lived here, but tradition has it that in the days of her girlhood she moved to this house with her father when he lost his fortune in the great East Indian venture which broke his already failing health so that he died soon after. She was very kind and the children on their return from the school-house farther down the street, liked to stop and talk with her as she sat in the quaint front room with the great spinning-wheel and curious wall-paper. She often told them sea-stories and occasionally her favorites were presented with some of the famed "lection cake" for which she had such a wide-spread reputation. In this front room where

she was fond of sitting are many old and curious objects. On the mantel, over the old-fashioned fire-place, are rare shells and beads from the South-Sea Islands, and at one end stands a ship's hailing-trumpet said to have belonged to the good ship *The Four Sisters*. Here, also, one may see some unusual specimens of old blue china—a "Pittsfield platter" rests beside a plate on which is portrayed the landing of General Lafayette at Castle Garden, and balancing the ship's trumpet at the other end of the shelf stands a cream pitcher covered with representations of log-cabins and gentlemen in their shirt-sleeves drinking hard cider as every true Whig was supposed to do at the time of the exciting Harrison campaign. Above the mantle hangs a stiff painting of the *Four Sisters*, and beneath this a sword and its belt which have been the occasion of much gossip among the townspeople, for none of the old lady's family were ever in the national service or even in the militia, and somehow this weapon and the buckles on the belt always looked bright in spite of the dampness and fogs so prevalent on this part of the coast. They say it appeared there strangely one day and she kept it clean and shining ever afterwards.

Perhaps it was because they in reality knew so little that the gossips were fond of fabricating the strangest love-tales about her youth. They did not think that after all it might be only a simple, old-fashioned story. One day she was not seen at the window at evening and they went in and found her lying dead before the fire-place, the sword clasped in one hand across her breast, and mingled with the tresses of her white hair, a locket, broken from its chain which held the miniature of a handsome, boyish-looking naval officer in the uniform of more than fifty years ago.

I sometimes like to sit in the low front room and think about this gentle lady. Surrounded by the ancient furniture, the old-time paintings, the curios from far countries, it is not difficult to slip into the spirit of sixty years since and picture the aged occupant of the house as the beautiful young girl she is said to have been. I am sure

that her wooing must have been a true, old-fashioned one, ordinary, perhaps, to every one besides herself and her lover. I can almost see the girlish figure standing at the great spinning-wheel, while the young officer, his sword and huge shako on the floor near his chair, talks to her as she spins; and I feel certain that she accepted him freely and lovingly. As he was rowed out to his frigate at sunset that evening she must have stood at this window and waved her hand to him. Surely the stars seemed brighter, the world more beautiful to her that night than ever before; and the scent of the honey-suckle must have floated into the room on the warm evening air as it does to-day.

And the halcyon days they spent in this old room while his vessel lay anchored in harbor. Here they planned their future which was, of course, to be all happiness and sunshine. But their first real sorrow came with the news that his vessel was to be ordered away, and I can imagine her clinging to the mantel and crying as if her heart would break as he hurries off down the walk between the crowded flower-beds with the tears in his eyes. But I know that she was there at the window, as the sailors rowed him out to the frigate, and that she waved her hand bravely to him for the last time. And when the vessel weighed anchor and headed for the open sea he was standing by the rail of the quarter-deck and straining his eyes in the gathering darkness to catch a glimpse of the girlish figure waving him his farewell.

Then the long trial of waiting began, made harder by the death of her father. The months, perhaps years, passed and she became a little sorrowful, it may be, but as tender and gentle as ever. One day a strange man, sun-browned and with gold rings in his ears, came to the door, holding a long package under his arm. She trembled a little as she took him into the front room to hear his story. But I do not think he said a great deal; I imagine that he unwrapped the bundle and handed her the sword, telling her that her lover had sent it to her and that he was speaking of her when he died—and he had been buried at sea.

Perhaps as she sat here at this window at sunset, looking out on the sea, she could see him again gazing lovingly back to her as he looked from the stern sheets of the frigate's gig on that night when he first told her that he loved her, and the world seemed so fair and the perfume of the honeysuckles filled the room.

Francis Parsons.

NOTABILIA.

"The difficulty of a first address on any new occasion is felt by every man in his transactions with the world."

The Rambler.

FOLLOWING the excellent example of Dr. Johnson, Saint Elihu will willingly succumb to the "difficulty of a first address," and will merely remark with his preliminary bow as the curtain rises on the first act of the monthly production, that the purpose of the LIT. during the coming year will to publish that which may prove interesting and readable. In advocating thought as a most essential element in contributions we would warn writers against the "heaviness" sometimes unfortunately considered to be a necessary adjunct of a mistaken tradition known as "LIT. style."

* * *

It is often supposed by the outside world that college life is an indolent existence. The young man with his hands in his pockets and naturally associated with divans, sofa-cushions and easy chairs is becoming a type of the American college student. He is lazy, but could rouse himself to great things if occasion offered. We are afraid that the "could-if-he-would" kind of a man is more prevalent in the halls of our universities than anywhere else. Though he is rather an attractive sort of a fellow such a character seldom effects much in the world. It is true that genius sometimes flashes up from indifferent hearts, but as was once said of our greatest soldier it is the "genius of accomplishment" that does the great things in life.

* * *

Many men undoubtedly possess the ability to write who do not make use of it. Perhaps the ability is undiscovered; more probably the man is too lazy to work. If memories of our Sophomore Greek are not fallacious Thucydides says somewhere, that nothing good comes to men from the gods without toil, but one comfort mortals may hold to is that if one labors hard enough for anything with a strong enough purpose and a powerful enough interest—which, by the way, will make any work pleasurable—he almost invariably obtains his object. There is a great consolation in knowing that no literary work is ever wasted, though perhaps its results may not appear in print. Sir Joshua Reynolds once remarked in regard to a young aspirant for fame, "If he has great talents, industry will improve them; if he has but moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiency." The best advice we can give our contributors is to write of what interests them; then it is more than probable they will interest others—almost every man has, or ought to have, some hobby. Let them put their own ideas and feelings into their work; better be able to say as Touchstone said of his wife: "It is an ill-favored thing but mine own," than that it is perfect, but that its perfection is insincere.

In regard to descriptive and imaginative writing it may not be inopportune to sound a muffled note of warning. There is apparent in a great number of sketches and Portfolio pieces a carelessness and lack of taste that irredeemably injures what might be otherwise most creditable work. Writers should remember that it is very easy, especially in reminiscences and descriptions of natural scenery, to slip into the commonplace, and should never allow themselves a free rein where it is always safest to use a curb. There is no intention to discourage this kind of writing; on the contrary it will be most acceptable, and we would only urge those whom the Muse inclines to lead in the paths of fancy and imagination to heed Dick Swiveller's admonition to the marchioness and, so, "moderate your transports."

* * *

The LIT. is a University publication, and besides emphasizing once more the fact that "contributions are earnestly solicited from Sheff. and the graduate departments," it may be well to suggest that the pages of the magazine are adapted to the discussion of topics that have especial reference to our Alma Mater and our life here. We are in a sort of transition period; behind us is the Old Yale with its delightful memories of the fence on the corner and the old brick row, before us is the New Yale with its promise of even greater power and more extended influence, and what the best authority assures us may be, if no unfortunate mistakes are made, one of the finest college quadrangles in the world. Surely Yale life in these times is full of suggestions to thinking men.

* * *

Congratulations are certainly due to the members of the Yale Union for the success of their efforts during the past year. The long-continued cry for the revival of the debate has at last been hushed and an interest and enthusiasm aroused that if well sustained bids fair in time to rival the Golden Age when Linonia and Brothers flourished.

Perhaps there is a little danger of the results of over-enthusiasm. A reaction would be disastrous at this time, and men should be influenced in "going in" for debating not by the fact that every one else is doing so, but because they are in reality interested in the matter and hope to improve the advantages open to them.

* * *

The pages of the Notabilia will always be open to communications on University matters any from of the departments.

Essays in competition for the LIT. medal for 1893 will be due at 126 College street on December 1st, 1892.

Mr. R. C. W. Wadsworth has been elected Financial Editor of the LIT., and all communications relative to the business department of the magazine should be addressed to him at 172 Farnam.

PORTFOLIO.

A POET.

He lived and hoped and died, but Time
Has marked no stone where he may lie ;
Men felt the sweetness of his rhyme,
But pass'd the man unheeded by.

He sang of Love, but Hate and Pride,
And Envy were his mortal lot ;
He sang of Hope, which fate denied ;
Of Fame, and is by men forgot ;—

And then he struck a gentler strain,
Singing of Death, and silently
His wounded life and toil and pain
All blended in the harmony.

But think you that this poet's day,
Spent in the deeds that men pass'd by
Saw not far nobler joys than they
Who look on Life with world-dimm'd eye ?

And think you that the lark that sings
Its heavenly song at morning's gleam
Cares for the human heart that brings
Only a discord to its dream ?

B. J. H.

—In one of the wild tangles of the Adirondack wilderness, near the edge of a clear mountain lake, there stood a diminutive log cabin half hidden by trees and underbrush. In its youthful days hunter and fisherman were glad to rest over night beneath its moss-grown roof, and the door, invitingly open, was a welcome sight to the tired pedestrian who might chance to thread his way through the surrounding forest, but of late years the rude hut had been forgotten, and was abandoned to the wary inhabitants of the woods, who pried unmolested into its inmost secrets. On a certain July afternoon, however, a new tenant appeared, one who seemed better versed in the wisdom of books, than in the lore of the woods, and was altogether a peculiar individual, whose stooping figure you might expect to find bent over a dusty volume in some quiet corner of a library.

Democritus Goodhope, professor of psychology and modern philosophy in one of the smaller New York colleges, standing, as he declared, upon the brink of an ethical discovery, and believing that the atmosphere of complete isolation in the country would be more conducive to the furtherment of his research than the somewhat bookish air of the university, determined to live a hermit's life—"modified and condensed to the limits of a summer vacation only," as he assured his friends. He chose for his habitation—it is doubtful on what recommendation—this deserted old cabin, and arrived to take possession a little before sunset. Having wished a *bon voyage* to his guides, who departed with many a sly wink at each other, the budding hermit made use of the rest of the daylight in unpacking his belongings. His personal property, beside the usual camp equipments, consisted of a curious mass of books great and small, writing materials, and a dangerous looking shot-gun, that would have better served the purposes of modern artillery than the requirements of a fowling piece; nor was it a very useful weapon in the hand of the professor, for his ability lay not in a sportsman's line, and he was far more deadly with facts than with bullets.

"Here," said the professor, as he turned his back on the lake, and faced his lonely dwelling, before entering for the night, "here I will live undisturbed, and pass the summer days in quiet meditation, and when I have given my masterful discovery to the world, men will point to this rural place and say—'beneath this roof greatness once took its abode, here lived Democritus Goodhope.'" The philosopher's slender figure trembled with excitement at so near an approach to fame, his eyes blinked hopefully behind his great spectacles, and he stooped to enter the door of his adopted house with all the spirit of a Columbus gazing upon an unknown world. The evening meal was soon ended, followed by a richer feast of psychological literature, which he devoured with a greater appetite, and the enjoyment of which absorbed his closest attention. When, however, the good professor put out his light, and with a sigh of contentment stretched himself upon his camp-bed, all the mysterious noises of the dark forest, unheard before, filled him with annoyance and growing apprehension. Sleep fled away from his blinking eyes, and the utter loneliness of the place oppressed him. Outside a melancholy

hoot-owl was dismally calling to its mate across the lake; softer sounds, like the stealthy tread of prowling beasts, were mingled with the distant roaring brook; the timbers creaked; a dead tree fell with a crash, that roused all the sleeping echoes of the forest, and brought the now terrified professor to a sitting posture, while a projecting board, invisible in the dark, might have ended his mental agony once for all, had it not been for the kindly intervention of the psychological bump upon his head. But more awful than all the rest, a severe storm was approaching, soon to drown out all other noises with the rattle of its thunder.

"Indeed, sir," as the professor said afterwards to a friend, recalling the painful memories of that night, "the very elements conspired against me, and their strife was most distressing, sir, most awful! The wind lifted the boards of the roof to let the rain beat upon me. Imagine my horror in the morning to find a vigorous family of hedge-hogs sleeping peacefully upon my books!"

As soon as the early sun had driven away all traces of the storm and darkness, and the waves of the lake had subsided, Professor Goodhope stepped into his boat with a haste that set it dangerously rocking, and leaving behind books, gun and all, as the hated insignia of a hermit life, rowed clumsily toward the nearest haunt of civilization. How he ever reached it is a problem that psychology has never been able to solve.

As for the new philosophy, Democritus Goodhope is still perched on the brink of its discovery, but his researches are now carried on in the security of his bachelor apartments in the university, to which he is more devoted than ever. Around the inhospitable log cabin many idle tales—due, no doubt, to the superstition of that unenlightened country—have sprung up, but those who profess to know what they are talking about, declare that the spirit of the unknown philosophy hangs over the forsaken cabin, and he who dares to spend a night beneath its roof, will become saturated with it, and emerge a full-fledged philosopher of an undiscovered school. However, no one seems to have been willing to make the test, for, as I am told, some wandering wag has rudely carved this inscription over the doorway: *Sacred to the memory of an undiscovered philosophy*, and another, doubtless one of Professor Democritus Goodhope's own pupils, has added these words: *For which let us be thankful.*

J. H. F.

A long, low stretch of barren sand
O'er which the evening breezes blow,
Like sentries stern the dark dunes stand,
The stalwart guardians of the land
Against her ancient foe.

The sun has set ; the fading light
Is faltering 'twixt night and day,
Far down the west, but just in sight,
A line of sea birds wing their flight
Against the heavens' gray.

A single star hangs in the sky
Against the swiftly fading blue,
Far, far below the pink clouds lie,
The sun's farewell, his last good-bye
Left for our wondering view.

Thou evening star of purest white,
Thou star of softest, clearest ray,
We hear thy voice, our hearts grow light,
"Hope on, for though it is the Night
Soon, soon shall come—the Day."

E. B. R.

—Among the willows that fringe the bank of the slow-flowing river, with the prairie stretching away on either side, is a green mound, and by it a rough wooden cross. Not a living thing is in sight. The long grass on the slopes and in the hollows tosses like little ripples on a great billow, while the willows wave about their long drooping branches as if they too were sorrowing for the dead. No bird notes fall upon the ear save now and then the distant cry of the buzzard, but the sighing of the wind is ever present.

Let us look at the cross. On it is traced, roughly these words, "Robert Cavalier de la Salle." This, then, is the grave of the great explorer—great in his unswerving purpose and his overcoming all obstacles that lay in his way. He always showed great personal courage and wonderful foresight. Only a courageous man would start from the Gulf on foot to travel to Montreal, and that not to save himself but the defenseless, starving colonists he had led to the fever stricken southern shores. He started but never even reached the Father of Waters, for cruelly murdered on this mission of salvation, he, who in life underwent so many hardships, finds rest here in the sweet smell of the prairies and the melody of the flowing river. And what more appropriate spot could there be for one who had

been so closely associated with nature, both in her wildest and gentlest moods—from the cataract of Niagara and the Great Lakes to dreamy southern bayous and savannahs—than the land for the civilization and settlement of which he had given his life.

G. F. D.

—When the butler opened the door he noticed that the young man was trembling, but from his appearance he was so evidently a gentleman that he had no hesitation in showing him to the parlor. He would see if Colonel Bletcheley was at home.

The young man sat down and glanced around the room. It was all the same, the same as it had been twelve years ago. The fine old tapestries upon the wall remained unchanged. He remembered how he had had his favorites among the weird old figures which, when the fire was lighted and the curtains drawn seemed alive in its ruddy glow. He remembered the old arm-chair in the corner ; that was where his mother used to sit. That was where he used to play while the Colonel read the paper and his mother was busied with her knitting. Yes, all was unchanged. There was the tall Dutch clock in the corner ticking the time as it had done twelve years ago. He had always liked to hear that clock strike ; it would strike in a moment now. There it went : one, two, three, four, five.

He was glad the servant had not lighted the gas. He had always liked the twilight and the fire-light from the hearth. The room had been like this when he had had the talk with the Colonel after his mother died.

"If you marry the girl," he had said, "I shall have nothing further to do with you."

He had not understood the Colonel then. He had thought at first that it was only disappointment. He did not know he would keep his word.

It would not have made any difference any way, he mused, because he had loved the girl. He would have married her in any case. She had been a good wife to him even if she didn't have blue blood in her veins. He had no reason to regret. But now that she was dead, now that he had come back after twelve years, the Colonel must see him. Surely he could not refuse.

He sat down before the fire and dreamt of his life. He dreamt of the little flat up town, and of his young wife who had been so good to him in spite of all. Now it was all over. . . Now he could rest. He was at home at last.

. . . Why was the servant away so long! Ah; there was his step now upon the stairs. Or, was it the Colonel? No, it was the servant who had entered the room.

"Well?" he said.

"Colonel Bletcheley is not at home."

The young man took his hat and cane and left the house. Up stairs the Colonel heard the door close. R. S. W.

—Perhaps the quick-tempered old doctor spoke deliberately and calmly when he defined angling as a pole with a string at one end and a fool at the other. But does he not lead one to suspect that an unlucky, or at least an unsuccessful trial of the sport led him to the assertion, "in his haste"? Cannot the mind's eye see the scrofulous old gentleman struggling with his tangled line, stamping up and down the dock, while the nervous biographer hovers nigh in terror lest some valuable thought or word may chance to be among those pouring forth in too great volume from the lips of his oracle? Or again, we may imagine the learned man fidgeting and fuming away hour after hour in the stern of a wherry, his face always flushed, now purple with vexation, and as he thrashes the water with his pole and strikes terror into the soul of every fish within yards of him, hurling Johnsonese invective at all true disciples of Walton and their prey. Yet it seems passing strange that the man should not have made an enthusiastic still-water fisherman who was too lazy to raise his hands to pluck grapes, if they were within the unassisted reach of his mouth.

But those readers of the epigram who have been fairly initiated into the mysteries of the artificial fly, are likely to have a lurking notion that Johnson was neither so broad nor so wise a man as his friends, of the Ivy Lane Club were prone to believe him. Perhaps, after a scramble of half an hour or more in the bed of a tumbling woodland brook one stands on the moss-carpeted top of a great boulder around which the stream falls plashing to a deep pool below. Down the brook, before him, the sunlit tops of the beeches and oaks, in every shade of green,

arch over a gradually sinking vista, floored with strewn mossy stones, and half-rotted, vegetating tree trunks.

The water now slips silently over the shiny moss, now gently ripples through a channel between two rocks, now chuckles gnome-like in a hidden cavern. Here is the ideal for which the well-nigh forgotten poet longed when he sang,

"No noise be there
But that of running water, friend to thought."

While the angler cowers low upon the rock, the fly floating over the pool, quivers with the shaking of the line. Behind the pointed ripple that breaks into a drifting procession of foam-flakes across the black surface of the pool, cautiously follows a gentle eddy, made by the waving of a mottled fin. The angler begins to lift his line. There is a rush, a splash and a struggle. O, Doctor, Doctor, if you could only know how much more pure delight fills that man's soul for five minutes such as those, than five hours of *Rasselas* could have given him, we fear you would be tempted to frame even a more contemptuous definition than the one that so delighted Boswell!

L. D.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

University Chamber Concert.

The sixth and last concert of the season was given March 2, by the Beethoven Trio, consisting of Mrs. Gustav Dannreuther, pianist; Mr. Gustav Dannreuther, violinist, and Mr. Adolf Hartdegen, violoncellist.

The Lit. Board.

The Board is organized as follows: Dwight, Chairman and *Editor's Table*; Field, *Book Notices*; Parsons, *Notabilia*; Wadsworth, Financial Editor and *Memorabilia*; Welles, *Portfolio*.

Phi Beta Kappa Banquet.

The annual banquet of the Phi Beta Kappa Society was held at Warner Hall March 4. The toasts were as follows:

The Faculty,	Prof. Tracy Peck
Our Predecessors,	J. G. Estill, '91
Novitiates,	W. R. Begg, '93
The New Era,	G. F. Gruener
Fin du Siecle,	A. B. Palmer, '92
Scholarship and Literary Efforts,	Prof. E. T. McLaughlin

Kent Club Lecture.

The third of the series was given by the Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, March 7 ; Subject, "Majority and Minority Rule in the House of Representatives."

Phi Beta Kappa Elections.

The presidency of the Phi Beta Kappa Society made vacant by the death of ex-President Porter was filled, March 8, by the election of Prof. Hubert A. Newton.

The Lit. Dinner.

The fifty-sixth annual dinner was held at Heublein's, March 9. Edward Boltwood, '92, acted as toastmaster and the toasts were as follows :

The Board of '92,	Edward Boltwood, '92
"Our wishes lengthen as our sun declines."— <i>Night</i> .		
The Board of '93,	Winthrop E. Dwight, '93
"Lords, to-morrow is a busy day."— <i>Richard III</i> .		
Yale,	Henry E. Beers, '69
"For in her mind no thought there is But how she may be wise, I wis— She tenders thee and all thy heal, And wishes thee both heart and weal."— <i>Surrey</i> .		
The Yale News,	Edward H. Mason, '92
"I must read this paper, I fear."— <i>Henry VIII</i> .		
Chi Delta Theta in the Country,	Hubert W. Wells, '89
"Westville is a busy little village near New Haven which manufactures \$50,000 worth of berry baskets yearly."— <i>Connecti- cut Guide Book</i> .		
Yale Humor,	Hugh A. Bayne, '92
"Eternal sunshine settles on his head."— <i>Deserted Village</i> .		
Minerva,	James E. Wheeler, '92
"Sits the wind in that corner?"— <i>Much Ado about Nothing</i> .		

Hades, Frank J. Price, '92

"O ye clouds, ye cumuli
Like the distant mountain high,

* * * *

O ye clouds, ye graceful cirri,
Gently floating to the sky."—*Rejected Contribution.*

The Class of '92, William N. Runyon, '92

"By heavens, it is a splendid sight!"

—*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.*

INVITED GUESTS.

Henry A. Beers, '69.	Edward T. McLaughlin, '83.
Frank I. Paradise, '88.	Hubert W. Wells, '89.
Herbert A. Smith, '89.	Arthur W. Colton, '90.
Theodore S. Hart, '91.	Albert Lee, '91.
James T. Wheeler, '92.	Hugh A. Bayne, '92.
W. N. Runyon, '92.	Roy K. Farwell, '92.
James T. Carr, '92.	Forrest Shepherd, '92.
Robert A. Paddock, '92.	Henry B. Hinckley, '92.
Daniel T. Huntington, '92.	William C. Ivison, '92.

The Courant Dinner.

The annual dinner was held at Traeger's, March 11. The toastmasters were H. W. Luce, '92, and C. R. Holden, '92, and the toasts were as follows :

The Retiring Board.	John H. Hammond, '92 S.
The Incoming Board,	Webster Wheelock, '93
Waste Basket and Scissors, . .	Clive H. Day, '92
College Contests,	G. A. Gordon, '92 S.
Racquets, Bats and Balls, . .	Edward H. Mason, '92
"More Copy?"	James E. Wheeler, '92
"Memorabilia,"	Edward Boltwood, '92
Incorporeal Hereditaments, . .	R. R. Upton, '92
The Cadets,	George G. Knowles, '92
The Ladies,	Knight D. Cheney, '92

Phi Beta Kappa Elections.

The following officers were elected March 14 : President, A. K. Merritt ; Vice-President, A. L. Wheeler ; Secretary, J. D. Warnock ; Treasurer, T. W. Heermance ; Executive Committee, the President, L. Hay, and I. P. Lyon.

Lawrenceville Club Dinner.

The second annual dinner was held at Heublein's, March 16. B. M. Crouse, '93, and H. T. Jackson, '92 S. acted as toast-masters and the toasts were as follows :

The Club and the School,	Logan Hay, '93
J. C. G. F. L.,	Dr. James C. Mackenzie
Andover,	Hugh A. Bayne, '92
Exeter,	W. B. Franklin, '92
'95,	W. A. Delano, '95
The Classical Course,	Mr. L. C. Hull
St. Paul's,	W. D. Young, '92
The Wee Sma' Hours,	W. N. Runyon, '92
Princeton,	Mr. G. P. Butler
The Last but not Least,	T. S. Hart, '91

Junior Base Ball Elections.

At a meeting of the Junior Class, March 16, C. D. Bliss and W. Maffitt were elected as captain and manager of the Junior Nine.

Sophomore Base Ball Elections.

At a meeting of the Sophomore Class, March 17, Rustin and Todd were elected as captain and manager of the Sophomore Nine.

Senior Base Ball Elections.

At a meeting of the Senior Class, March 18, E. H. Floyd-Jones and G. L. Coit were elected as captain and manager of the Senior Nine.

Harvard-Yale Joint Debate.

The second of the joint debates was held at the Hyperion, March 25. The subject was: "*Resolved*, That immigration to the United States should be unrestricted." Hon. Chauncey M. Depew presided and the speakers were: for Harvard, E. H. Warren, '95, F. W. Dallinger, '93, and J. S. Brown, '92; for Yale, J. I. Chamberlain, '94, Thornwell Mullally, '92, and W. A. McQuaid, L. S. Following the debate, a banquet was held at the New Haven House.

First Winter Meeting.

The first winter meeting of the Athletic Association was held in the Lincoln Rink, March 26.

Phi Beta Kappa Lecture.

Prof. C. T. Winchester, of Wesleyan, delivered the Phi Beta Kappa lecture, March 30, choosing for his subject, "Memories of the English Lakes."

It is with much sorrow that we have to record the sudden death of Mr. Alfred Barnes Palmer, of the Senior Class, which occurred on Thursday, April 14th, at Bridgeport.

BOOK NOTICES.

President Garfield's remark, that the best kind of a university for him would be a log with Mark Hopkins sitting at one end of it and himself at the other, pertinently illustrates that quality that everyone who came into contact with this great teacher and leader appreciates—the personality of the man, that no enumeration of his offices, honors and triumphs can impart. He has lived more in the men who have been under him than in any of his writings. It is said that no one can imagine from the works of Samuel Johnson the pleasant traits that often appeared in his conversation, when he put aside with his pen his cumbersome sentences and became witty, humorous and natural, albeit somewhat prone to argument; the old Greek actor used to grieve because, while authors and sculptors left memorials of themselves for future ages, his best endeavors passed away with him, or at least died with his generation, and no one would remember his graceful action and resonant voice,—so it is impossible for us now to feel the force of the individuality of Doctor Hopkins, although we may see in his books and sermons and lectures the power of his intellect and the breadth of his culture.

He was a man who had a boundless interest in young men; he studied them in general, and the *genus* "college student" in particular. Hundreds of Williams College graduates remember the inspiration that seemed to spring from his very presence. Few men have had the power to interest others in work that he possessed. Under his magic touch the driest subject became interesting. So it might seem ungracious to say that under the

various heads of "The Author," "The Preacher," etc., President Carter has lost sight a little of the man himself, for no portrayal could show us the man as he was, or could make us feel the charm of his personality.

Surely no one could be better fitted to write this biography* than Doctor Hopkins' present successor as President of Williams College, and Doctor Carter has treated the subject thoroughly and accurately. The work has been systematized into chapters entitled "The Professor," "The Administrator," "The Teacher," etc. Most of Doctor Hopkins' letters have been lost, with the exception of a few to Dr. Ray Palmer and President Garfield, and the author has thus been deprived in a great part of the means that most biographers rely upon in gaining a knowledge of that inner life that is after all the real life of a man. Nevertheless the few letters we have are characteristic and full of interest. In the account of the rebellion of 1868 in the College we see the great and remarkable influence Doctor Hopkins possessed over the student community, and one realizes, as he reads of the manner in which the rebellion calmed down when the president appeared upon the scene, how truly one word of his in such a crisis was "worth a thousand men."

Altogether, no more complete or thoughtful biography of this noble leader could be asked. The book is clothed in a neat and attractive binding and forms one of the series of "American Religious Leaders."

Coming as it does at a time of general interest in South America and particularly in Chilian affairs, Mr. Ballou's *Equatorial America*† cannot fail to prove a valuable addition to the available literature on this subject. The chapters on Chili are particularly instructive for the light they throw upon the fragmentary reports one finds in the newspapers, and the clearness with which they indicate the condition of the country and its inhabitants. But the chief pleasure and profit to be gained from the book lie in the fact that it is a collection of notes of personal travel and as such, though occasionally marred by technical defects, nevertheless commands an interest far greater than is to be gained by any compilation of facts into which the element of personal observation does not enter. Mr. Ballou is not a clever writer; but he has the happy faculty of noticing and describing those points and characteristics which most interest the average reader.

Prof. Josiah Royce, in *The Spirit of Modern Philosophy*,‡ endeavors to give a sketch of the "general growth of modern philosophical thought since the seventeenth century," as well as suggestions of his own philosophical creed derived from the "progress and outcome of modern thought." This book, like all Prof. Royce's works, is written in a very bright and interesting style—a style very noticeable in contrast with that of some well known writers upon philosophical subjects in this country. It has been charged

* *Mark Hopkins*. By Franklin Carter, President of Williams College. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

† *Equatorial America*. By Maturin M. Ballou. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.50.

‡ *The Spirit of Modern Philosophy*. By Josiah Royce, Ph.D. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The Riverside Press, Cambridge.

with being verbose, and this is probably to be explained by the fact that it was originally written in the form of popular lectures ; but it is clear, and a writer of philosophy ought not to be afraid of being too explanatory. Prof. Royce is a disciple of Hegel, and the book is written from the standpoint of such a thinker. Naturally it has little to say upon the writers before Kant, and still less upon the Scottish school, but it is written in a fair minded spirit. The author's own position and views are best learned from the chapter upon "Reality and Idealism"—"Only the Infinite Self, the problem-solver, the complete thinker, the one who knows what we mean even when we are most confused and ignorant, the one who includes us, who has the world present to himself in unity, before whom all past and future truth, all distant and dark truth is clear in one eternal moment, to whom far and forgot is near, who thinks the whole of nature, and in whom are all things, the Logos, the world—possessor—only his existence, I say, is perfectly sure."

*Walter Savage Landor.** The critical essays which constitute this little volume were originally written in competition for college prizes, by an undergraduate of Princeton—and the work proves itself what its author claims it to be, "the record of a careful, prolonged and enthusiastic study of the works of Walter Savage Landor."

The artistic charm of this writer, his finely chosen phrases and delicate aphorisms—what DeQuincy called "his Sculpturesque faculty"—have won admiring recognition from his own day until now, but it is an open question still whether Landor,—an idealist whose intellectual life lay in the past ;" who aimed at perfection of form rather than force of thought, with whom estheticism and classicism took the place of high imagination and spiritual insight may fairly claim "to belong among the Immortals" where our critic places him.

The unique personality of the man,—his somewhat grandiose manner, his fits of ungovernable rage, his utter neglect of family ties and friendships while dwelling on the deeds and sufferings of past heroes are but lightly touched upon—our author suggesting that "we must judge him by his high ideal of dignified and gracious conduct rather than by his performance which may have been ludicrously undignified."

Poems† by Maurice Thompson, is a small volume, which contains the reflections of an evident lover of nature. The author is even more than this, he is a naturalist and a true disciple of Isaak Walton as well, and will gladly lead you to the "Haunts of Bass and Bream," and have you listen to the songs of birds on the way, or, if you would do otherwise, he will tell you of the triumphs of archery, and describe the flight of the arrow, for he is an archer himself, and prefers the graceful bow to the more prosaic and deadly rifle. These poems in the faithfulness and accuracy of their descriptions reveal the thoughts of a close student of nature, who has found time amidst

**Walter Savage Landor.* A critical study. By Edward Waterman Evans, Jr., University Fellow, Princeton. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London: The Knickerbocker Press.

†*Poems.* By Maurice Thompson. Boston and New York : Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

many pursuits not only to observe, but to put his observations into poetical form. The themes, though not all taken from nature, are generally simple, and the author has not attempted anything very ambitious. "The Archer," "At Night," "The Bluebird," "Seven Golden Reeds," are among the best of his verse. The poems are attractive in many ways, and the publisher has contributed his part in giving the book a good binding.

W. P. Trent, professor of history in the University of the South, has written a biography of *William Gilmore Simms*,* which is the latest issue of the "American Men of Letters" series, edited by Charles Dudley Warner. The life of this Southern writer is well portrayed, and especial attention in the way of criticism has been given to his publications, a careful classification of which is included in an appendix. Prof. Trent at times wanders from his biography to enter at some length into contemporary history, but he asks indulgence for this, saying in his preface that "Simms was a typical Southerner, and that it would have been impossible to convey a full idea of his character without constant reference to the history of the Southern people during the first seven decades of the century." This volume, therefore, is very complete in its contents, and gives an insight not only into the character and life of William Gilmore Simms, but also into the times in which he lived, while it tells not a little about his friends. It strikes us, however, that personal characteristics and incidents, trivial though they may be, which are often more illustrative than lengthy descriptions, are somewhat lacking in the narrative, and that if they were more fully interwoven throughout, they would make the reading of the book easier and more interesting, and add even more to its value as a biography.

Simms, although often hasty in his judgments, was a critic of no mean ability, and what he said of Robert Browning over forty years ago reveals him in the rôle of a literary prophet; "Browning is no common verse maker. He is a writer of thought and genius . . . and though as yet unacknowledged, is one of the master-minds of living European song. . . . He will grow slowly in public esteem, and finally when his peculiar phraseology shall become familiar to the ear, it will compel an admiration which is very far from general now." It is interesting for us to note that the first sheets of "Martin Faber," one of Simms' first romances, were printed by a New Haven publisher during Simms' short residence here in 1833, although the story was finally put in book-form by the Harpers. Those who read this biography, and it well deserves reading, will be stimulated to take up for a first or second time the writings of William Gilmore Simms, to increase the appreciation of which as the works of a typical Southern author, as well as to produce a faithful biography has been the aim of Prof. Trent in his book.

General Wallace, believing that there was need of a literature which should reflect the life and times of Christ in the form of popular novels gave to the public "Ben Hur," a book that has set a high standard for others of this nature to follow. With much the same purpose, and much less suc-

* *William Gilmore Simms*. By William P. Trent. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

cess *Aleph the Chaldean** has been written. The scene of this story is in Egypt, and the hero Aleph is athlete and scholar, prince and lover in one, as well as an upholder of the religion of his fathers, modified by the coming of Jesus Christ. The story has some good parts, but in general the narrative lacks vigor and interest, and the author has failed to put himself in full sympathy with his characters and the times in which they lived. Aleph's mastery of the fiery Parthian horse, and his victory over the professional boxer in the gymnasium of the University are shadowed by comparison with the description of the chariot race in "Ben Hur." Undoubtedly *Aleph the Chaldean* will be read, but this book will find its securest place upon the shelves of our Sunday School libraries, amongst the readers of which will be its largest circulation.

Rasselas† by Dr. Samuel Johnson, has been issued in new form as one of the "Knickerbocker Nuggets," and adds another to the list of that attractive and familiar series. The dainty binding of blue and gold, the convenient size of the little volume—for in these days of short stories the smaller books are preferred to the more ponderous tomes—as well as the story itself appeal to the good taste of the reader, and he is as loath to lay it aside as he was glad to take it up. *Rasselas* was dashed off by Dr. Johnson in a week's time to defray the funeral expenses of his mother, and the manuscript was hurried to the printer without a second reading; in contrast with this, the care of the present publisher is striking. Being one of the Knickerbocker Nuggets will give to *Rasselas* the increased circulation which it deserves.

Aleph the Chaldean.* By E. F. Burr. New York: Wilbur B. Ketcham, 2 Cooper Union.

†*Rasselas*. By Samuel Johnson. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons; the Knickerbocker Press. Price \$1.00.

RECEIVED.

New Elementary Algebra. By Charles Davies, LL.D. Edited by J. H. Van Amringe, Ph.D., Professor of Mathematics, Columbia College. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago; American Book Co. Price \$.90.

A Brief History of the Hawaiian People. By W. D. Alexander. Published by order of the Board of Education of the Hawaiian Kingdom. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago; American Book Co.

Corinthia Marasion. By Cecil Griffith. Philadelphia; J. B. Lippincott Co. Price \$.50.

TO BE REVIEWED.

The Discovery of America. In two volumes. By John Fiske. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$4.00.

A Fellowe and His Wife. By Blanche Willis Howard and William Sharp. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.25.

San Salvador. By Mary Agnes Tincker. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.25.

The Question of Silver. By Louis R. Ehrich. London and New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; the Knickerbocker Press.

A Day at Laguerre's and Other Days. By F. Hopkinson Smith. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.25.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Having for the first time drawn up our chair to the editor's table we bow to the conservative tastes of our intimate Saint, who says to our reverential inquiry as to what we shall speak of: "Why, the weather of course." But the natural effect of Spring weather on college literature—a subject sanctioned by custom immemorial—seems for the present counteracted. Anathema has been pronounced editorially against that creature of the times, the Spring poem, so effectually that the Spring poet has crept off tattered and cadaverous. For, poor fellow, he cannot tune his pipe, full of love-notes, to philosophic blank-verse. The music in his rhyme is regarded only as the tinkling of the bells on his cap and motley, and he is dubbed Fool.

In the interests of sincerity, however, and, having a secret love for the brotherhood of Fools, I would enter a plea in his defense. Even though he deals very much in the conventional poetic mechanisms and in thin sentiment, and sings a mistress's eyes and love-sick swains and all the tiresome population of his land, there is still a clear healthy note in his music. It is the expression of the weariness, which men have always felt, of the dust and heat of the business world, and of the longing for a return to the merry golden age. Should we reject this and call it tiresome, because every man feels it? The feeling will never grow old or worn out in the midst of *fin de siècle* notions. The impulse is always strong to throw open the office doors, and to escape the rattle of paved streets and the dust of the roads. A single breath of cool wind will bring back at any moment the longing for the good green woods. You would spend your life in the sunshine on the woods and fields, under the blue sky and the clouds which seem at a distance white as the driven snow, but which stride over you casting great shadows and hurling at you handfulls of rain. There is such freedom in the winds of Spring, as they sweep by, ruffling the gaudy gold of the dandelions and tossing the song-sparrow perched on his branch of pussy willow.

But when we are so situated that the winds bring us only dust from the streets and smoke from factory chimneys, we may seek the perfume of the woods and meadows in the old Ballad poetry. Its ringing music is so full of the breath of freedom that it quite carries us away with it. The "Foresters," which has just been produced here, is also an attempt to give artificial satisfaction to this feeling and to transport us into this very life. "With Robin in merry Sherwood" we can live a life of the golden age. Such is the subtle influence of this idealized forest of strange glades where we hear "the horns of Elf-land faintly blowing." We are borne away into the country by the quaint old-time music from the old French play of Robin et Marion which is played at times as an accompaniment. And we can bear with all the weak and frothy verses of the Spring poet if we can hear once this thrilling note.

And after all, April is the month consecrated to fools, and for once in the year they should be unmolested, and as Shirley has it in his play,

"Among all sorts of people,
The matter if we look well to,
The fool is the best, he from the rest
Will carry away the bell too."

For the genuine April fool is not at all of the stamp of the individual who walks with a large card on his back, proclaiming the nature of his character to the immense delight of the small boy; but is a good fellow, who though he may look rather perplexed at such practical matters as business or the pursuit of learning, keeps, what few of the wisest can, a sound heart and an irresistible laugh, which is as successful a solution of the difficulties of life as any suggested by the Philosophers.

And is such a charming character to be driven from our company merely because his worst sin is that he is a Spring Poet? Besides, Lent has come and gone, and who knows but he may have done penance for his sin, which after all is small compared with the good there is in him?

There is quite a body of serious literature in the exchanges brought by the month's mail. The best of it is in the April number of the *Harvard Monthly*. The paper on "Some Neglected Characteristics of the New England Puritans," and the study of "The Earl of Surrey" should be read here at Yale. There are also two interesting communications on courses of study at Oxford. For the matter of stories, the best work is done in the lesser periodicals. The *Advocate* and the *Williams Weekly* have a large number well told. One from the former, "A Professional Secret," is a story of the type horrible and seems curiously chosen. The influence of Richard Harding Davis and other modern tellers of short tales is very plain through nearly all of these stories. The nature-essay and its kindred have only scarce representatives; a rather uncommon form being the first article of the *Williams Lit.* The verse of the month is also of a somewhat serious character. There are rare attempts at *verse de société* and the spring ballades and triolets have to a large measure fled shivering before the frost of editorial ridicule. There seems to have sprung up an immense liking for the dignified and philosophic sonnet, of which the Table has preserved a few examples.

NYDIA.

Thou could'st not see the sun's first welcome beam
Kiss the blue waves of the expectant bay.
The changing glories of the summer day
Were not for thee,—nor could'st thou see the gleam
Of moonlight on the waters. Thou could'st dream
At most of this world's beauty—for thy way
Was one of darkness, with no cheering ray
To touch with glory thy life's sad, dull stream.

Yet thou had'st that which men might die to gain,
Which neither gold nor fame nor length of years
Bestows. For thou could'st read life's mystic scroll,
With thy blind eyes, and see its joy and pain,
Its mirth and grief, its laughter and its tears,
By the pure light of an unspotted soul. —*Trinity Tablet.*

A WIND SONG.

Heigh ho for the winds
 That weave the clouds on high,
 In a veil of lace, across the face
 Of the laughing summer sky,
 That build in the sunset glow
 Their gold and crimson bars,
 And draw at night their curtains white
 Over the blinking stars.

Heigh ho for the winds
 That sweep across the plain,
 That come and go as the grasses grow,
 And billow the fields of grain,
 That rustle the forest leaves,
 And whisper among the flowers,
 And sway the nest in the maple's crest,
 All through the sunny hours.

Heigh ho for the winds
 That toss my bonnie's hair,
 And come to seek in each white cheek
 The roses hidden there.
 But soft may the lullaby be,
 Oh summer winds from the west,
 When the silver bow of the moon hangs low,
 And my bonnie's gone to rest!

—*Trinity Tablet.*

MY GREAT AUNT'S FAN.

It was my great aunt's, this old-fashioned fan
 Of painted silk and yellowed ivory,
 O'er which fat cupids sprawl. The moths I see
 Have eaten that one's legs. Now if a man
 Were minded he might moralize; might scan
 The frail and flimsy toy, reflect that she
 Who fluttered it so lightly once, must be
 Dry dust—that life at best is but a span.

In fact I took it from the cabinet
 With some such pious purpose. Truth to say,
 I'd planned a sonnet. "Vanity!" it ran.
 But these droll elves have made me quite forget
 My text. Why not dance through life, gay
 As these plump cherubs on my Great-aunt's fan?

—*Trinity Tablet.*

TO KEATS.

Asleep, awake, in dreams of poesy
 And all the lambent joys of Arcady,
 He found a faun once, sleeping in a dell,
 Far from the noon's fierce heat, 'neath poppy'd spell.
 He struck the old Greek chord of sympathy
 With woods and streams, all nature's minstrelsy,
 And knew the moon's pale splendors. He could tell
 Where wood-nymphs drowse in dales of asphodel—
 Ah! Keats, we mourn thee. In our hearts the pain
 Of thy young life yet lives. We have no tears—
 Dry-eyed, expectant still, each dawn appears.
 But many springs may dawn, and many wane,
 Ere earth, old earth, prosaic through the years
 That thou art gone, shall deck herself again.

—*Harvard Advocate.*

AFTER READING SCHILLER'S "GODS OF GREECE."

Forever vanished are those gods once seen
 In mead and woodland, when the earth was young;
 Gone with old faiths the nymph, whose silver tongue
 Oft sang Apollo's praise in pastures green;
 No Satyrs quaint, nor beauteous Dryads, lean
 Against the ancient oak trees ivy-hung,
 And Triton's horn hath its last cadence rung
 O'er hoary Neptune's forfeited demesne.
 Yet when we see the cloud-wrapt mountains vast
 Still raise their heads in majesty unbowed,
 The shimmering waterfalls their rainbows cast,
 The sun break glorious through the night's black shroud,
 New forms of beauty, dreamed not in the past,
 New thoughts of Deity upon us crowd.

—*Williams Lit.*

ART IN MAN.

I heard a strange philosophy, which taught
 That Art is Man, the Artist is his Art;
 That Poetry lives fleshly in the heart
 Of poets and mechanic in their thought.
 And then, as oft before some ruined shrine
 I have seen the pious man stand awed and pale,
 So I, to see my heart's ideal trail
 In dust and gray in ashes, once divine.
 Yet came the Spring; and o'er the fleetness ran
 A breath of song, a subtle fire, a life,
 A voice: Say not the sum of things is man;
 For like the wave-rolled spiral shell is he,
 Wherein a vaster voice rings rich and rife—
 A shadowy murmur of the parent sea.

MUSIC.

The air breaks into flutters low and sweet,
 Smooth as the liquid passage of the bird ;
 And as the ocean-murmur, faintly heard
 Before the storm, its rippling echoes beat
 The ear. But then with swifter, bolder feet
 The message comes ; the music stirs the heart
 To wild pulsations, until every part
 Is glowing, fervid with a throbbing heat.

Slowly the memories of the past then rise
 In pallid glory ; richer streams of sound,
 Wild with the mysterious truth, all cloudlike,
 About the heart and flood with tears the eyes :
 But then a silence, stern, abrupt, profound :
 A vaster echo trembles in the soul !

—*Harvard Monthly.*

FOR STUDENTS.

WATCHES.

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YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale University.



"Dum mea gratia manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SORORES, unanimique PATRES."

MAY, 1892.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale University. This Magazine established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Fifty-seventh Volume with the number for October, 1891. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the university. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the Book Notices and Editors' Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from students of all departments, and may be sent through the Post Office. They are due the 1st of the month. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

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No. 8

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '93.

WINTHROP E. DWIGHT. JOHN H. FIELD.

FRANCIS PARSONS. RICHARD C. W. WADSWORTH.

LEMUEL A. WELLES.

SOME ASPECTS OF MODERN TRAVEL.

SERMONS, addresses, and paternal remarks have so often presented to the modern young man the superior advantages he is blessed with in these days, compared with those his father and grandfather were content to enjoy, that perhaps the theme has lost some of its effectiveness. Still, in the years to come we shall doubtless look with envy upon the broader advantages of the youth of the twentieth century, and sigh over neglected opportunities as heartily as our fathers before us, however much we may have smiled at the oft-repeated subject in former years.

Sir Henry Holland, who was a good deal of a philosopher as well as the first physician of England of his time, and withal a wonderful traveler, says that the improvements that took place in the facilities for journeying during his lifetime were more astonishing than the changes he witnessed in any other sphere, and he lived at a time when many advances were made on every side. We like sometimes to make delightful pictures of the old coaching days, of colonial taverns and turnpike roads,

but it is one of the pleasures of retrospect that we forget the discomforts. No one can deny that the vestibuled limited express, making fifty miles an hour, with electric lights, dining and library cars, barber shop and all the paraphernalia of a great hotel, is preferable to the stage-coach, often struggling through muddy roads, perhaps stuck fast in a snow-drift. As the traveler sits comfortably in his cushioned seat and rolls easily over the great deserts of the West, where forty odd years ago so many pioneers perished beside their prairie schooners in their endeavors to reach the Eldorado, the prospect becomes enormous if he endeavors to imagine the improvements another half century may produce. Standing on the deck of one of the immense ocean greyhounds, the bravery of the first discoverer becomes the more wonderful when we reflect that two of the three vessels in which he sailed into the unknown seas were undecked, and that the keel of the largest measured only ninety feet. We are often led to fancy what the sensations of our hardy Pilgrim Fathers might be, could we bring them direct from the dingy cabin of the Mayflower to the gorgeous saloon of the record-breaking Teutonic or City of Paris.

Considering the improved means of travel, the size of our summer exodus is not to be wondered at, though no one who has not consulted the statistics can realize how great is the horde that swarms to the shore and the mountains, to the delight of the summer hotel proprietor, as well as to the "other side," where the rich American has become the legitimate prey of London tradesmen and Parisian shop-keepers. Indeed, however much it may hurt our patriotic pride, we must acknowledge that the average American seems to take more pleasure in exploring the "effete capitals of Europe" than in seeing his own broad country. After all this is but natural. Besides the fascination that an older civilization always possesses, we like to see something different in our wanderings. In spite of the many types of people and customs our country contains, an American is an American everywhere, and we always know what to expect within our own borders. We can

tell what every one of our new towns will be like before we reach it. We know that there will be a boom, a Metropolitan Hotel, a Broadway and a Saloon, whatever else may be wanting; we can count on the vacant lot full of pine stumps next to the ten-story building; and generally speaking our older cities of medium size are larger and more compact editions of this type. Of course there is the distinct Northern city and the Southern city and the cities of the middle states, with their Dutch-looking houses adorned with white stone facings and solid shutters, but the same general atmosphere is everywhere. Abroad, however, to the American everything is novel. He hears a language that he perhaps cannot understand; he sees street signs that he cannot read, and he enjoys the feelings these matters evoke because they are unusual, although he may fret over his inability to make people understand him. Then, too, the charm of human association is added to the beauty of natural scenery, and the castles, the historic battle-fields, the streets whose names have become classic, all contribute to form sensations he is a stranger to his own country because it is in new land. But this European travel nevertheless strengthens his patriotism, for he sees the advantages of the new world as he never saw them before, and when he at last sets foot again on New York or Boston streets, weary of table d'hôte dinners, of foreign currency, of "services" and candles charged in the hotel bills, he eats his Blue Points with a new relish and looks with a new delight on the horse-cars and high buildings, and with leniency at least on the dirty streets.

It is a different sort of interest that lends itself to travel at home. There is more of the prosaic and less of the poetic about it. Although we may smile at the American eagle talk in newspaper editorials and political speeches about the resources of our great country that "stretches from ocean to ocean," we are all proud of our land and have a vague idea of its size and varied interests; but it is not until we actually see its tremendous extent that the full realization of its immensity is really impressed upon us.

When we find that we can travel in fast trains for a week in a comparatively straight line without touching foreign ground ; when we see great cities in state after state and the smoke of countless manufactories ; when we ride for days through continuous plains of standing wheat, the best in the world, we begin to think as we never thought before over our morning newspaper or in the political meeting.

Travel has always played an important part in the education of youth. Every young man has some desire to see the world, and the typical man of the world is an ideal that many aspire to. There is a certain charm about one who has known many sorts and conditions of men, who has had adventures and seen life, as we say, under various aspects. It is curious how the characters of different men are shown by the way in which they seek after this ideal. Many, especially during the freshman year of the collegiate course, appear to believe that a thorough knowledge of and participation in some forms of the evil of life are necessary to complete the desired character. Men of this sort, thoughtlessly, let us say in charity, go through a period of such pursuits and come out with a valuable fund of experience, some with an apparently untroubled conscience, the better sort with a loss of their self-respect, and some do not come out at all ; but in any case they are, in their own estimation at least, men of the world. Others have a suspicion that older men are either laughing at or ashamed of these indulgences and prefer retaining their self-respect to putting themselves in what seems very like the position of the small boy who thinks it manly to smoke cigarettes. If they are wise these will spend the time and money some others get no return for but injury, in taking advantage of facilities, never so perfected or available before, for seeing the world in a far broader and more manly, as well as a more literal way. The characteristics of the man of the world, taken in their right sense, are some of the most important attributes of that highest of ideals, the "perfect gentleman." Travel makes a man a man of the world because it broadens him and educates him

as nothing else can. A traveler in spite of himself must absorb a certain amount of cultivation. The limits of his thoughts and actions are enlarged and his respect for other men and their ideas increased. We are all apt to exaggerate the importance of our own environment, like the child in the story who thought that the jumping-off place of the world was just outside the wall of her garden. It is occasionally something of a revelation to find that there are after all so many corners in the world and so many different kinds of people in them, and it is the acquaintance with these people and their customs that removes prejudice and causes us to give more consideration and thought to the great world outside of our own particular little garden. Just as one of the most educating features of our university course is not found in the curriculum, but in the contact with men of our own age from all parts of the country, so in the world there is an education that does not come from books but from a knowledge of men and things. To-day it is the widely cultured man that is needed. A great many young men are asking themselves what they shall do in life. While we recognize the truth of the argument that it is an advantage to work toward a fixed goal, it is well to bear in mind that as educated men we should see to it in the first place that we are fitted for any position that requires such an occupant, and not devote ourselves to one pursuit to the exclusion of other influences.

Besides the superior advantages a university man may enjoy in travel through his ability to appreciate it that comes from cultivation, his pleasure in journeying, particularly in his own country, is greatly increased because of his wide acquaintance. It is no exaggeration to say that a member of any of our large universities has some college friend in almost every fairly sized city in the country, and we are not surprised in these days to meet the man who sits beside us in chapel, on the Bridge of Sighs or among the passes of the Rockies.

No one is entirely blind to the romance and poetry that clings around travel, and wandering in distant lands

and among strange peoples has a glamour about it even in these days of express trains and fast steamers. Part of the fascination of the melancholy Jacques is due to the fact that we feel him to have been a world-wanderer and as he says, to "have had his experience." A great amount of the power that Byron wielded when *Childe Harold* appeared and young girls were weeping over his verses and clergymen were praying for his peace, originated in the wandering, knight-errant strain in his poetry, and the influence of this theme was shown in the popularity gained by the poetry of travel after 1815. It is in the retrospect however that we chiefly give rein to our fanciful tendencies in these times, and not the most insignificant of the benefits of travel is the memories our wanderings leave with us. It is good to have a pleasant fund of thought to fall back upon, not only in times of care and anxiety, but even in our hours of idleness. Years afterwards it makes us quite happy for a moment to recall that morning when perhaps we tramped through the heather of the Scotch hills with the old Highlander as guide, or to think of that evening when we drove down into the valley in the soft haze of an Alpine sunset. In the light of memory little occurrences give us a curious pleasure, and we remember as distinctly as if it was yesterday, how the bell in the small chapel was ringing and how the Swiss girls and boys lifted up baskets of fruit to us on our high seat beside the driver. It is easy to forget, or if we do remember, the recollection only causes a smile, that we lost our trunk that morning, or that there were no rooms in the Swiss inn that night and we were obliged to sleep in the loft.

Francis Parsons.

AN AUSTRALIAN POET.

IN the little graveyard at Toowoomba, Queensland, half hidden by the encircling briar hedge stands a stone bearing the words "ALEXANDER FORBES, 1848-1875," and this is all that now marks the grave of one who might well have made for himself a name in the "gentle art of verse."

His story had been told us by his brother from the days when as lads together they tramped to school over the heather-clad hills of Scotland to the day when he was lowered into this all but unknown grave by the bronzed bush-hands among whom so much of his short life had been spent.

Both the brothers were wild lads. Archibald, the elder, managed to finish his University career without other mishap than acquiring that love for soldiering destined to make him one day famous, but the younger brother was less successful. Before he had been away from home a year he was "sent up" for lampooning or snowballing a professor, I forget just which. Prompted by his disgrace he ran away to sea, and, after sailing it over the globe for three years, at length found himself stranded in Queensland. Here he tried his hand at everything; cattle raising, sheep herding, sugar culture, gold hunting, road making, seeing in all its aspects that picturesque, half merry, half melancholy, all sad life, now so rapidly disappearing.

He was a jolly fellow and made friends everywhere, and the picture is pathetic enough of the rugged miners and grizzled herders coming in to press the hand of "Aleck's brother" when, learning too late of the wanderer's whereabouts, he came to the colony on his sad death-errand. None had other than kind and loving words for the "brilliant and reckless waif, always cheery, always a true friend, strewing his desultory path with blithe humor and yet remembered scraps of verse."

It is of this poetry that I want to speak. I am quite conscious of its faults but among them lie many merits. Its simplicity and unspoken longing go straight to the heart, and there is an unstrained felicity of word-painting often portraying in a few effective and casual strokes the lonely bush solitude that the wanderer had known. He had lived his lines. They are ruthlessly, ruefully accurate in all the sad details of early colonial life. A life rich with poetic suggestions perhaps, but composed more of pain than pleasure.

A new country does not at once mature into the poetic form of literary expression. Its life and customs so new and fresh and unconventional, so pregnant of poetry, pass unnoticed in the busy early days. And so it was with Australia. Miners, herdsmen, squatters, moved in an atmosphere of picturesque adventure, teeming with poetic suggestions, but the needs of the hour were of stern importance and all else had to wait. But as the life grew more settled literature began to make its appearance and to-day Australia has at least two poets of whom she may be proud—Gordon and Kendall.

The former has portrayed with inimitable dash much of the excitement of that colonial life, and much of its pathos has been given us in the unforgettable grace of Kendall, but neither Gordon nor Kendall have written any verse as typically Australian as has Forbes.

The blue lakes, leaping streams and lone pine forests of Canada stood forth in all their solemn beauty in the lines of an American poet long before any native Canadian gave them literary being. The halo of romance that now surrounds the far-western mining camp was not placed there by any Western man, and it was left for an English wanderer to give us the true insight into the life of the Australian squatter.

Kendall has given us charming pictures of the island country, its

the " Sea and sky of one unbroken blue,

" Native forests
Standing forth in all their wealth of green "

and the

" Glittering opal of sun-smitten hills."

Gordon's verses go galloping through the glittering air with that sensation of illimitable space that make our pulses beat more quickly. But Forbes writes a few lines and their wistful, haunting plaintiveness goes straight to our hearts and perhaps mounts to our eyes. We can see the lonely shepherd as he sits in his cold, dark hut on Christmas Eve, wrapt in thoughts of the far-distant home ; we feel the excitement of the miner as

" The thrill of gold runs up through arms to heart."

Or we watch him as he works his solitary way, foot by foot, down into the bowels of the treacherous earth,

" Digging for himself a tomb."

Or we follow some herder into town to "break his check " with him, spend with him a night or two of unrestrained revelry, and return with him as, poor as before, he goes back to the sheep pools.

And so we read on. The verses are always simple and unaffected and, though at times meter and rhyme go astray, poetry in its true sense is always present. His work may never be known to any extent though Dr. Sladden in a recent book on Australian literature pays him more than one graceful compliment, and gives him no low stand in "that little band who scribble verse in place of stooping to pick up the nuggets or bending to shear the 'golden fleece.' "

Warwick James Price.

A KENTUCKY HILLSIDE.

IT is rolling country that one looks out upon from the hillside. Gentle undulations of softly-shaded verdure reach as far as the eye can see, except where the view is broken by the deep-shadowed beech-woods. Against their dark back-ground of green, stands out the bare trunk of a poplar, a brilliant white in the sunlight. Now and then, in the fields where the long meadow-grass is growing, sudden little gusts of wind sweep furiously down and ruffle the level surface, for an instant. The effect is very charming and the Colonel, as he sits on the hillside, in the full light of the morning sun, likes to watch these little flurries, in the grass-tops, go hurrying across the fields.

Old Jeff. his body-servant always salutes him as "Mars' Will," but, when speaking of him to others, says "de Kurnele" and with a good deal of pride, too, as if the title reflected glory upon himself. The Colonel is old now and his thin hair and long, drooping mustache are a silvery gray. He wears a broad-brimmed hat and a long coat buttoned tightly about his straight, well-built figure. There is a decided military air about the Colonel, and well there may be; for on the wall of his room at home hang the sabre and spurs of a Confederate officer. Little Paul has often heard old Jeff. tell how bravely his master fought "endurin' de war," and he always looks with reverential awe at the sabre and spurs hanging on the wall of his Uncle's room. Once, when he had come in quietly, he found the Colonel looking at something, which he hurriedly put back in the little drawer of his desk. Paul was curious, and, when the Colonel had gone out, he climbed up into the old desk-chair and opened the drawer. He found nothing there but a knot of faded ribbon and beside it, in a delicate, golden frame, a dainty miniature, from which a girlish face, with a quaint, old-fashioned curl on either side of it, smiled pleasantly up at him. After this, Paul used to go to the little drawer very often and he grew to love the sweet face more and more.

They make a very pretty picture, these three, sitting on the hillside ; the Colonel with his gray hair and soldierly figure, little Paul with his golden curls blowing about his face, and his dog, with his shaggy coat and handsome head, cocked now on one side and now on the other, as his intelligent eyes follow his little master's every movement, while the clover-tops, behind, nod incessantly from ever-expectant wags of his tail. The bees are humming in the clover about them, the birds chirp in the trees above. Along the top of the old "worm" fence, that follows the other side of the road, runs a gray squirrel. Now he stops quickly, to raise himself and look inquiringly at them, and then hurries on.

Presently the sound of wheels comes to them, and from out the clump of trees, that hide the road beyond the bend, comes an open carriage. The horses are very handsome, and Paul wonders if there are diamonds in the harness, for it glitters so in the sunlight. A lady and gentleman are in the carriage who, Paul remembers, have just moved into the large house at the top of the hill. He remembers that he has overheard Old Jeff. talking to some of the servants about them. "Law, yes, honey! I knowed Miss Lucy 'fo' de war; same time's when she 'en ole Mars' Bob Mo'ggin wuz livin' up dar in de big house, whar dey jus' come to. Mean? Dat man's de low-downdest man I ever come up wid! I never did b'lieve Miss Lucy cyared fer him, cep'n Mars' Bob, he bleegee she mus' ma'y him. I hyern some folks tell's how 'twuz 'cause he wuz pow'ful rich, 'en, how-some-ever, it look like Miss Lucy don' kyare 'bout nuthin' since de talk was 'roun' 'bout de battle er Shiloh. You know's how 'twuz all 'ranged 'tween her'n Mars' ——" The old man stopped when he saw the child and would only respond to his questions with a solemn shake of the head. As the carriage passes, the lady looks around and then turns quickly away. It seems to Paul that, somewhere, he has seen that face before, and the ready sympathy of the child feels, if it does not comprehend, its sweetness and its sadness.

A mocking-bird is singing in the maple at the foot of the hill. Occasionally a shadow on the grass passes by them and Paul looks up to see a crow, flying laboriously past, or a hawk, high up, floating slowly around on his outstretched wings. A big bumble-bee hums past him and perches unsteadily on a red clover-blossom. Presently Paul looks up—"Why, you are crying, Uncle Will!" he says. The old man lays his trembling hand on the curly head and looking down into the anxious face, says, "Yes, my boy."

Lafon Allen.

THE SHEPHERD.

When from her Eastern chamber comes the sun,
And all the sky with crimson is ablaze
While o'er the earth the eager light does run
And morning dew-drops sparkle in the rays,
 He leads his flock with crook in hand
 Down to their pleasant pasture land.

Oft times, half covered by the fragrant grass,
'Mid buttercups and daisies bright he'll lie
And watch the fleecy clouds while on they pass
As ships before the wind go sailing by.
 Now like a field of softest snow they seem,
 Or storied castle of some Fairie dream.

He knows each season's flower and every bird
Is a dear friend to him, their softest note
Charms his quick ear as round him, undisturbed,
Through the clear air on joyful wings they float,
 Or perched upon some neighboring tree
 Pour forth exquisite melody.

How happy Nature's friends! To them she shows
A thousand beauties hid to common eyes.
A sheltered dell where Spring's first flower grows
A hidden wood where sweetest songs arise.

 To those who seek her, all her charms are known,
 For Nature must be wooed if she be won.

Edward B. Reed.

THE GENIUS OF GEORGE ELIOT.

MADAME DE STAËL, that brilliant conversationalist of the French Salon, uttered these characteristic words which have already become famous; "*Le génie n'a pas de sexe*". She was herself a writer of varied intellectual power, and it is interesting to compare the aphoristic saying of a woman, who, during her lifetime, was better known in France than anyone except Napoleon with the opinion of the greatest of English women.

George Eliot did not concur in this sentiment of Madame de Staël's when applied to literature, and could not find among the women of her own country any to equal in genius these charming conversationalists of the Salons. Englishwomen had not the courage of their sex, she said. Their writings were usually "an absurd exaggeration of the masculine style, like the swaggering gait of a bad actress in male attire." But if this were true, George Eliot herself could never be classed among them, for she conformed in a large measure to her own artistic principles. Criticism in literature is a variable whose limit is that high discerning spirit which is far beyond mere conformity to set rules and the thirty-nine articles of literary dogma. Not only may the judgments of critics in any one country vary greatly, but the higher criticism of different countries may be widely separated. There is no doubt, for example, that George Eliot was sooner appreciated in England than in America, while Englishmen have placed a lower estimate upon the author of *David Copperfield* and *Bleak House* than have we in this country. It has been said that literary reputations are like wines, some improved, some losing all zest and strength in the process of crossing the ocean. But we may, at least, judge this splendid intellectual woman by her own canons.

Although her nature was not merely versatile,—a term in itself applied to a mind of the second order, she was rich in a variety of talents which alone would have won

the admiration of all who knew her. Even as an essayist and translator she had achieved an enviable name. She was a woman of Titanic passions who could play the most classical music with all the delicate feeling of a master-hand, or move to tears by the recital of some old-fashioned ballad melody. But this was not all. The elements of true greatness were in her from the beginning. If she had never given to the world one line of novel writing she certainly could be judged in no light but that of a woman of superior genius; her novels were but the form in which it found expression. She possessed that very rarest of gifts, the union of scientific taste with literary genius. Dickens knew nothing of science, Thackeray very little and Lord Lytton's has been called mere sham. And probably no novelist ever possessed one tenth of her scientific knowledge.

She came to the task of novel writing richly stored with the philosophic ideas of ancient and modern scholars. Previous to this she seems to have been unaware that she possessed, preëminently, the faculty of the novelist. But her eyes were strangely opened to her own gift. She brought out a book that fastened the gaze of all England upon her. By sheer intellectual power she forced people to read what she had written. The school of Cynics and all who had disparaged novel reading were compelled to give ear, and they soon found what a treasure-house of knowledge this quiet, unobtrusive woman was. They could not help feeling the passionate glow of her sympathetic nature; the deep pure wells of thought from which she drew her life-giving waters. They recognized her noble culture, her calm symmetrical power, and almost by one stroke she rose to the front rank of English novel writers.

But what had George Eliot done to usurp the place which Charles Dickens had held in the warm affections of his countrymen! She did exactly what she thought he had not done, yes, what he could not do. Someone has said that Dickens possessed about as little knowledge, except what he had gained from observation, as any re-

spectable Englishman could well have. This statement may be far too emphatic, yet contains a deal of truth. He had given painfully affecting photographic representations of the English lower-class life. But he had stopped at the very threshold of the heart. He had never lifted the curtain which concealed their own conception of life. He had never analyzed the minds of his characters. Psychologically he had failed. But George Eliot came forward with her analytical power. She penetrated natures which he had never fathomed. With unerring truthfulness she struck straight to the heart's core and opened avenues of thought, closely barred to writers with less penetrative insight. She pictured English life as it had never been pictured before. Even in her secondary characters we are amazed at her subtle analysis. Here is no surface or photographic effect, but in such humble creations as the Poysers she seems to have pierced to the very soul. Many could have written entertainingly of Adam Bede's house and its surroundings, but who else than George Eliot could have taken us into that house, and into the hearts of its inmates, leading them through every trial and making even Adam's mother interesting in her very tiresomeness. Yes, many could have painted Adam Bede the faithful workman, but who, without her power, could have pictured the feelings of the stalwart man, bowed beneath the weight of such a grief as his.

She was the greatest realist of her sex, entering with the whole force of her genuine enthusiasm into every character and making it dramatically effective. When she was just coming into prominence Thackeray spoke of her as "a star of the first magnitude just risen on the horizon." But she was always master of her genius, thoroughly appreciating Goethe's maxim, that if you set up for an artist you must command art. So she is not successful only when portraying characters which involve her own individual feelings and with whose actions she can agree. There is a certain indifference in her analysis of natures. Her virtuous man is not always so, and, at times, from the heart of the most degraded flashes a spark

of the unquenchable Greek-fire of goodness. In this she keeps close to the letter of life. Her intense love for truth is seen in what she herself said. "Either give us true peasants or leave them untouched; either paint no drapery at all or paint it with the utmost fidelity; either keep your people silent or make them speak the idiom of their class." Her genius is thrown into natures of the most opposite types; she loves to spread their hearts before the pitiless gaze of millions and open them to the light of heaven. Sympathy was the fundamental note of her character, but always there is the rigorous teaching of the "Infinite Nature of Duty."

What constitutes true literary criticism is an open question. Whether novels are to be rated according to moral and intellectual qualities, or artistic treatment mainly, is a matter of opinion. But in George Eliot we know we are helped; we know we are spoken to by one whose heart is warmed and not hardened by the sight of sin. She has not omitted the realistic characters whose vices we are taught to shun; but invariably side by side with such a character we have one which we really honor and admire. For every Arthur Donnithorne we have an Adam Bede; for every Stephen we have a Philip; for every Hetty Sorrel we have a Dinah Morris. We reverence each time that we despise, we love each time we hate.

Ralph Reed Lounsbury.

A MAY-TIME REFLECTION.

THESE beatific spring days, with the first languorous caress of Summer in the air, awaken in the youthful breast, at least, a still abiding trace of the longing for out of doors—the woods, the winds and the sunshine—ours by inheritance from our wild ancestors. There is something akin to pure pleasure in mere existence on such days, and for the time, we envy Thoreau and his wood life. The nature-worshipping, albeit somewhat crabbed philosopher of Walden Pond is a sympathetic companion in the early spring time, when his life seems to have far more of the idyllic than of the monotony we feel that he suffered in winter. Nothing is weary now—it is the time of beginnings, fresh, buoyant, and vigorous—the real New Year.

I realized this and more in the same strain, without any distinct outlining, as I stood on the top of a pine-covered hill overlooking the Sound now beginning to lose the winter tint of icy green, and becoming blue like the glorious sky above it.

When one is alone with the trees and the sky, he is reasonably sure to fall into a reflective mood—and sometimes come as near to philosophizing as any of us ever get. Trifles often suggest a train of thought, and I was thinking of anything else in the world than human frailty, when below me on the turf, I saw the first robin of the season—as loud in dress and manner as ever. He was distinctly prinking. Every feather was plumed with care and deliberation, and then smoothed and plumed again. This robin was proud of his costume—that was certain, and he meant to impress Creation in general. Now there came at once to my memory the sweeping statement of my friend regarding Pendennis. The connection does not seem obvious. But it is not so distant as appears on first glance. This well-meaning although headlong critic had finished Thackeray's most delightful of stories the day before, and told me most emphatically that "it was a very

good story, but Pendennis was overdrawn. He was such a conceited youth that he could not be natural. Such a combination of good qualities and vanity was impossible."

This was putting it strongly, and in my humble opinion, he was altogether in the wrong. I base this on the conviction that self-conceit forms the largest component of human nature. Not vanity, which differs totally, and has its own code of Ethics according to Mr. Burke who denounced this evil in vigorous not to say explosive eloquence. Vanity is always showy, ostentatious, with no excuse for its shallow pretences. But conceit is the quiet belief in one's own importance to the world. It is that feeling which enables us to start on journeys with untroubled minds, despite warnings of wreck and collision. Others may meet death and disaster, but in some inscrutable way, *we* will be exempted. For the world cannot well spare us—it is impossible that we should meet with sudden harm.

This conceit follows out the law of compensation with admirable fidelity. If we are forced to confess unwillingly that in some quality of mind or body we are surpassed, we feel, very deep down in our hearts, that in some other way, we are a trifle superior to the rest of mankind, so that our self-respect is not damaged after all.

This may seem too sweeping, but it is a thought which we all have felt, perhaps undefinably. That hapless youth, Pendennis, had a frank and open nature, and had not the faculty of concealing his inner self. He showed his self-appreciation to a mocking world which felt its own greatness as forcibly, but kept it more beneath the surface. Some of us have profited by Pendennis' example, and hide conceit better. Those who can, are honored accordingly; the luckless ones who fail to keep their sense of superiority in their own souls are condignly punished.

It was but natural that my fancy should lightly or otherwise "turn to thoughts of love"—as every well regulated young man's mind must in springtime. But, alas, the meditation started by the self-opinionated robin seemed to harmonize here, without the rude breaking off

to be expected. For it seemed in my pessimistic mental state, that Cupid tips his arrows with conceit. For the friendships which he brings about, have their durability largely dependent upon mutual admiration. Reciprocal praises of excellences real and fancied, the glow of heart at feeling oneself thoroughly appreciated by one of earth's fairest; are not these a part of the joy which Cupid brings. It is pleasant to think that one's rare qualities are not hidden, nor are all blind to them. This is why unrequited love is not usually a very lasting sentiment.

This was getting rather beyond my depth, and just here I noticed that a dainty bit of fleecy cloud was hovering over the little lake at my feet to see its own reflection in the water. And the lake dimpled and laughed, with a passing breeze, at the cloud's desire to behold itself. I thought that nature had shown her agreement with my doctrine very prettily, and so was content to let the question rest with such a weighty proof on my side.

Ralph D. Paine.

THE PILOT-BOAT.

The sheltering stretch of the Hook is abreast;
Hear the toll of the black buoy's bell.
The weight in the swing of the surging crest,
Is the roll of the deep-sea swell.
Then stand by your sheets;
Ease her off when she meets.
For the wind comes fresh from the red sou'west,
Where the cloud-streaked sun has gone to rest.

The Navesink lights send a flashing good-bye
As she heels on the starboard tack,
The sheathing gleams dull as her forefoot leaps high,
Seething white on the pathless track.
Stow your topsails away,
For the sky has grown gray.
Through the shrouds the night wind vibrant sings,
And the Darkness spreads its murky wings.

Ralph D. Paine.

THE HORNS OF A DILEMMA.

SOON after I returned to town last autumn, I was agreeably surprised at meeting my friend Ray, who, I had supposed, would be one of the last to hasten the end of his summering and come down once more to practical life in the busy city. For days I had been trying to accustom myself to the ceaseless roar and rattle in the streets, which jars terribly on the ears of one who for three long months has heard little but the voices of nature and the faint, delicate music of woods and waters. Much of the time I had spent idly strolling about the deserted avenues and wondering how soon the familiar houses would discard their grim, wooden barricades, lift the somber-looking curtains and resume their old hospitable appearance. And so, in my loneliness, the sight of a friendly face in the deserted club was a veritable godsend to me; and we settled at once for a chat in a retired corner of the smoking room.

The time in a man's (or perhaps also a woman's) life when out-and-out garrulity comes nearest to being forgiven is when one has brought back from his outing a mindful of jolly experiences and is brimming over with the joy of new sensations and impressions. Now the conversational powers of a couple of half-breed Canadian guides are somewhat limited, and as I had for some weeks been restricted to the society of these kindly but taciturn companions, I was naturally eager for a chance to free myself of the thoughts which, for want of a sympathetic listener, had long lain sleeping in my inner consciousness. So, telling of marvellous shots and catches and of all that pertains to a summer in the woods, I ran heedlessly on, until my talk, from being quite subjective, had become objective enough to allow me to see that my usually cheery friend was looking bored, distraught, nervous to a degree. I knew that it was not the effect of my amazing stream of conversation—we were too old chums to allow that; and so I paused and without commenting on the

very noticeable change, waited patiently until he should feel in a communicative mood. He sat for some time in silence, gazing abstractedly on the busy scene without ; then finally spoke, but with evident hesitation and effort.

"I remember, Jack," he said, "what a satisfactory confidant you used to be in the old days, and I am going to tell you something that is troubling me a great deal. Some day I shall have a long story to tell you, unless, indeed, it shall tell itself soon ; but now there is a problem that I must face, or, in shirking it, acknowledge to myself that I don't possess the courage of my convictions."

I knew Ray too well to imagine for a moment that whole-souled and headstrong as he was he had gotten into any ordinary, vulgar affair ; it was evidently some idea that was bothering him and so I encouraged him to explain the difficulty.

"If you," he continued, after relighting his cigar, "if you had been with me for the last year, instead of wandering in solitary state all over the earth, you would begin to appreciate the situation ; perhaps you might even have prevented it. Of course it's all about a girl. No, I can't tell you her name ; some day perhaps you may know it but it wouldn't help matters to tell you now. Well, I thought almost on the day I first met her that she was the one woman in the world for me ; and this thought grew with the months that followed. I saw her more and more—it's quite easy to do that when one makes a business of nothing else. She (let us call her *she* for convenience) seemed to embody all the qualities that I most fancied in women ; I remember coming to that conclusion as a result of deliberate, careful thought, and I hold to it still. But the days passed and still I did not speak, even though I felt that by all the means which her shyness and maidenly pride would allow she was telling me what I longed to hear. You doubtless admire my conceit," he added, "and I don't blame you, as a general thing."

This from the least conceited man in the world was nothing short of proof positive, and I was forced to take it as such.

"I left town last spring," he continued, "the happiest man alive, I think. I had to do the mountains and Newport with the family all summer; and I could hardly wait for the time when I might get away to Lenox and her. I carried there the ideal that had been constantly in my thoughts; I held it up beside her, as I saw her in the midst of that continued round of gaiety, and was obliged to confess to myself that it had no real counterpart. No smallest portion was lacking; indeed, I discovered in her character new and lovelier traits—but I felt instinctively that we were not made for each other. Heaven knows I don't deserve her; she is a thousand times too good for a wretched drone of my sort; I can't but be thankful for the kindly, gracious feeling she shows me and in my selfishness I often long to put it to the test; but something holds me back and forces me to consider the situation in its true light. I have thought it all out a hundred times, and you must see where it leads me; I have a choice of three miserable alternatives. I can sneak quietly out of her sight and perhaps, afterwards, out of her memory; I can try to make myself such a horrible cad that she will be glad to be rid of me; or I can marry her and in so doing spoil her whole life."

"But! my dear fellow," I remonstrated feebly, "even if the facts are as you say, how can you be sure that such a result must happen? The other thing is going on every day and people seem to manage well enough."

"Do you imagine for a moment that things are in reality as the world sees them? I, for one, do not. Why, man, that sort of life may be lived—mere existence is possible under such conditions and for most people, it may be, quite bearable; but she is not (thank God!) the woman whose whole being is filled with her carriage, her tailor and her pug. Laugh at me for an idealist if you will, but don't advise me to destroy a soul so true, so perfect as that one."

With a muttered apology he rose hurriedly and left me alone. I have often thought of his problem and still wait for his solution of it.

R. C. W. Wadsworth.

NOTABILIA.

THE most successful performance by the Mask and Wig Club naturally suggests again the often-agitated subject of a Yale Dramatic Club. With all due modesty we think that there is not very much doubt but that such an organization would be a success, provided the faculty agreed with its advisability, for there is certainly an amount of dramatic and musical ability among us, though the former is largely latent perhaps. The great question is whether or not there is room for a dramatic club at present, and Saint Elihu, perhaps because of his traditional conservatism, is inclined to answer that there is not. However, all great changes come slowly and the evolution of the Yale Dramatic Club may have begun. In any case our friends from the University of Pennsylvania have the congratulations and gratitude of the whole university for their assistance in a most worthy project now nearing completion.

* * *

The choosing of elective courses infuses an unusual seriousness into the attitude of the average collegian toward the curriculum. Indeed it sometimes seems as if this irresponsible individual neglected in a great part what is the real, if all do not consider it the most important, purpose of a college course. Whatever other pursuits we may follow, we cannot evade the fact that the object for which men ought to come to college is primarily to study—to gain an education from their books. We are too apt to forget this in the argument that appeals so strongly to every young man—that we ought also to gain an education in college from the social side of the life, and that this is as important as the other kind of cultivation. Of course this view is a right one in many ways, but in these times we are prone to lay too much stress upon it and exaggerate it. Men are more anxious to advance themselves in a social way than in any other. They look to this goal always, in athletics and in every sort of prom-

inence, and the attainment of the society honors of senior year is apparently to many the only real purpose of the university course. This naturally casts an atmosphere of insincerity over every field of action. There is hardly a trace of that spirit that caused men to seek quiet courts for the sake of learning in itself and that should form part at least of the peculiar attraction a university possesses. As we stand in the ivied quadrangles of Oxford or Cambridge we can understand this feeling, but alas! beneath our own elms it would give Diogenes and his lantern almost as difficult a quest as the honest man of Athens is once said to have done.

* * *

It is refreshing to enter upon an athletic season without many quarrels between rival universities and we can only regret that it is not always thus. Louis IX. of France has come down to posterity with the title of Saint; one of his greatest deeds was the establishment of freer international relations between the haggling princes of Europe. It seems as if there was an opportunity for some one not anxious to assume a certain well-worn garment, to cover his transgressions in another way by imitating Louis the Good so far as to introduce more frankness and sincerity into intercollegiate relations. Generally if there is the slightest chance for a disagreement we are sure to have one, and the effect of these quarrels upon the public is the more aggravating because college athletics are ideal in other respects. Everyone knows that each man on a college team will do his level best and there is none of that suspicion of jockeying and of "money in it" that sometimes mars professional contests.

It is pleasant to learn that what money there is in it, in another sense, is to be under one administration.

* * *

There comes a time in every man's life when his thoughts somehow turn to the gentle art of verse and he tries furtively to piece together a couplet or two and to concoct some species of rhymes. Spring is naturally supposed to be fitted for these effusions, but this festive

season does not seem to have produced many blossoms of this kind to benefit the editors of the *LIT.* If any one fears to play the rôle of the Spring poet we would advise him to dispel his anxieties on that score by carefully reading the Editors' Table of the April number, and receive the assurance that a good poet, if our presiding genius will allow us for a moment to slip into the vernacular, is a "prize" whose verses when worthy will be most cordially received in these pages.

REJECTED contributions can be obtained at the room where they were handed in at any time before the first of the ensuing month, after which time they will be destroyed.

PORTFOLIO.

—In a quiet New England village, in a small house surrounded by a trim yard, there lives a modern Penelope. Her flower garden is a sight to see, with its carefully weeded beds, while her house, freed from the slightest speck of dust, may well be taken for a model. The little woman who lives here is always busy. Ten years ago her husband proposed going West, firmly believing he could better his condition there. They decided that she should stay at home and wait for him to come back with his fortune. "You know I ain't much of a hand at writin', I'll send you money but I can't write letters," he said as he left. For a year or two, at long intervals, the mail would bring her a check and a scrap of paper saying he was well. Gradually the time between these letters became greater and greater, and at last they stopped altogether.

Such a brave little body could not starve, and she easily earned enough to support herself and a young Telemachus by her needle. In due time the suitors appeared. They saw her industry, her cheerfulness, she would make a good wife, and so one after another "came courtin'." She always replied that she must wait for Jim. It was an answer that settled the matter; no inducements could make her forget him, for Ulysses' shield hung on the wall in the shape of Jim's straw hat. Every time I pass the town I ask whether Jim has returned, or if she has married yet, and the answer to both questions is invariably "No." I have imagined that some day she would hear the gate click and see a familiar form walk up the yard, but it seems impossible. Jim must be either dead, or detained in some Circe's palace. The suitors still lean over the fence and admire the flower garden, but all to no purpose, Penelope will wait for Jim. E. B. R.

—A pickaninny sits dozing on the river bank, completely hidden in the sedge except for his thin, peaked shoulders and broad-brimmed straw hat. Propped against his little stomach he holds a long bamboo pole that sways unsteadily and causes the cork to bob around on the sunlit water. He has been sitting here for some time and is getting tired. The roots work their way through his thin canvas trousers and he wrig-

gles around to find a more comfortable position. A mosquito lights on his leg, buzz, zip. "Sho! Go long dar,"—bif: and he sits quietly watching his cork.

Suddenly it disappears. He starts and pulls a shiner out of the water, but it falls back with a flop, at which the pickaninny is much disgusted.

He now finds an angle-worm in his one pocket and proceeds to bait the hook. "Be still dar yo'. How can I put you on de hook when yo' twists and scrambles yo' se'f up like dat. Dar yo' is, honey, and dar yo' goes," as with a mighty effort he swings the pole out over the water.

A reed waving in the wind tickles the back of his neck. "Golly! De bugs am tick. Go long dar"—bif, scratch, scratch: but again it brushes his neck. "Don' yo' yeah me tell yo', go long"—bif, more scratching, and at last a change of position when it ceases to bother him.

A king-fisher dives into the river and shaking the drops from his gay plumage bears away a perch. "Wisht I wus a clatt'rer. Wouldn' I cotch shiners an' yaller-bellies, an' neber go to de sto' fo' mammey's terbacca an' I'd chaw up de—Whoa dar! Yo' fish yo'. Oh Lordy! It am wet. Mammy! Mammy. De 'gator's got me.

"Come outer de wet here yo' good-fer-notin'-snake-eyed niggarr," and with that he scrambled out of the mud and water hanging to the pole like the born fisherman he is.

A crash is heard in bushes. A large negress appears with a switch in her hand, but when she sees the bending pole and the howling pickaninny, the switch is dropped and she cries out: "Hi dar! Hang onter de pole. Yo' mammy is comin'. Now, up wid 'im. Aine he a beauty? Andrew Jackson White yo' is a wicked chile, but yo' mammy will forgib yo' dis oncet."

And while the pickaninny follows his mammy up the path eyeing the big cat-fish he murmurs to himself, "I wus a clatt'rer."

G. F. D., JR.

—Wandering on a fair day in early spring along the noble heights that overlook the Hudson a few miles below Tarrytown, I found my way lying through a lane that wound gracefully downwards under wide-spreading trees. It opened at last upon a grassy plot, where stands the quaint old home of Washington Irving, well known as Sunnyside. The house, an

ancient Dutch mansion, nestles in a nook all its own close by the river's shore, beneath the hills. With thick walls and gabled to catch every hour of the sun, it seems consciously to bask in a kindly warmth.

This house has witnessed many changing scenes since its first stones were laid a century and a half ago. In place of the well-stored barns and fertile patches of land of the Dutch farmers that once dotted the hills above, noble country-seats crowned by towering stone castles stretch mile upon mile along the beautiful slope. Secluded from this modern splendor, the little cottage of the eighteenth century stands as a memorial of ancient times. Half way down the river's bank, under an aged tree, the same spring wells up that Dame Van Blarcome, as the story goes, smuggled over from Rotterdam in her churn and set deep into the earth. A brook dashes down its stony course in the hillside, purling alongside the cool paths and under the rustic bridges where the master who has given most renown to the spot used to pace.

From the vine-clad porch, sheltering the many-panelled front door of the house, the beauties of the river stretch out as in a picture. Linger there I dreamed over the many stories of the place. I imagined the sturdy war-loving Jacob Van Tassel ensconced in this outlook, with his "great goose gun" levelled alike against British and American marauders. Afterwards when the days of the Revolution are over and peace is come again, peering through the open door I see the merry Dutch maids and lads ranged about the "groaning board" at Baltus Van Tassel's famous party. Under this same porch, later again by many years, I can imagine the genial writer welcoming to Sunnyside his many friends, illustrious persons and not a few of humble state to whom the doors of his home were ever open. I love to think of his last days spent quietly and happily here, free from the fretting cares of public life, in full enjoyment of the warm affection with which he was regarded by a multitude of friends, of his own and foreign lands. The charms of the dreamfull Sleepy Hollow and of all this region are greatly heightened, by the descriptions given them by Irving's glowing pen. One's delight at the wonderful picture is still more increased as he recalls the author's intense fondness for every phase of it. I like to think of the keen enjoyment with which, it is told, he used to drive with

his guests throughout the lovely valley, pointing out not only the bridge where the headless horseman dashed the redoubtable Ichabod from his fiery charger, but also with a youthful enthusiasm, the tree where he himself as a boy robbed his first rook's nest and the wild angle of the brook where he caught his first trout.

These most charming surroundings, the streams, the hills and the hollows, each associated with some whimsical legend, were beyond measure congenial to the nature of the beloved writer. His humor, his kindliness, his sweet musical words, found their richest utterance in tales of this rustic life and under such inspirations his language fairly glows with a warmth and mellowness that no other writer has fully caught. A chapter of the *Legend of Sleepy Hollow* is like my own spring visit to Sunnyside, a glimpse at one of nature's perfect pictures.

G. B. S.

—There is something about a seat of learning which gives it a dignity and venerableness not seen in every-day life. The buildings and court yards, even the trees of a university look different than they would under other influences. They seem to have a certain repose, which is not noticeable elsewhere.

This look of antiquity, however, does not reveal itself in the same manner in American universities as in those of older countries. At Oxford there is an appearance of hearty old age, which is not met with on every side. While the outer world is undergoing changes in its customs and ideas, the university seems to remain the same, and continue on its course, regardless of the hurry and confusion going on without its walls. The well kept grounds do not denote a short life, as would be the case on this side of the water, but are quite in keeping with the old fashioned dormitories, their low arched doorways, and narrow windows. One is impressed by the importance of the place, and views with a certain degree of reverence the old guides and servants who seem to have grown up in their position. No penalties and awe-inspiring signs are here needed as a warning not to mark the trunk of a tree, or break the branch of a rose bush. And it would be almost like committing sacrilege against the departed spirits of the place to take a "short cut" across one of those quadrangle courts.

But in this country, an antique appearance is brought about

quite differently. Time has not yet been given to the university to acquire the ashen hue of age. Changes are constantly being made, and the "rose of youth" has hardly faded before something new is thought of. But while projects are on foot for the enlargement of the university little is done for the adornment of its surroundings, and it is this neglect, which tends to give it a mature look. The uneven and narrow walks, made of broken pieces of granite or red brick, are taken as proofs of their long standing, while the very grass looks old, where it has been worn away by those too hurried to keep to the path. A regard for appearances is not in accordance with the spirit of the times, and rules compelling one to take the long way 'round would not only be out of place, but useless. Indeed much of the charm of the College campus, as it now stands, would be destroyed, if very much attention were paid to its looks. This should happen when the campus has received its last alterations, and has settled down to time-honored existence.

R. S. B.

—Now and then, among the forests of the Southern mountains far from recognized public roads or other evidences of civilization, one happens upon a deserted clearing. The trees, "girdled" or "deadened," after standing for years with gnarled and twisted limbs bare under the winds of heaven, have long since fallen and with their white barkless trunks lie in scattered confusion like skeletons upon a battle-field. A quail is whistling his insistent note from the pile of rotting logs that were once a barn. As one attempts to vault the rail fence it tumbles to the ground beneath him, and at the noise a rabbit leaps up and skips away in wild terror over the fallen trees. In that shallow spring, now lost in a marshy thicket of white-blossoming blackberry vines, the guide tells that a drunken husband drowned his wife beneath his hands. In the very path whose slight traces are at his feet, at this same calm hour before sunset, the sheriff and one of his deputies fell before a blazing volley from that cabin door now but a gap in roofless walls. Here near the edge of the woods is a little triangular enclosure of rails, felled and piled high with brushwood. The morning-glory has twined up among the dry and ragged twigs and flung forth its flaring trumpets as if to proclaim a coming resurrection. A red bird chirps and stirs

uneasily on her nest in the midst as we approach. Passion flowers nod among the briars. There is no inscription, no human emblem : it is but a Tuckahoe grave. L. D.

—On the eastern coast of Scotland, among the lofty cliffs that stand guard against the sea, there stand the blackened walls of a ruined castle. They are perched high on a lonely rock, surrounded on all sides by precipices descending sheer to the water and separated from the mainland by a deep chasm. Through this the sea, when the north wind blows along the coast, rolls in giant waves, flinging its spray to the very top of the ruined walls ; and even on calmer days the murmur of its sullen fretting, echoing through the narrow gulf, deepens into a low and unceasing roar. Far down on the ragged face of the eastward cliff, just above the sea, is a little cavern with narrow mouth, within which there once lay a peculiar white stone, smooth and of oval shape. It was of large size, larger than the entrance and was known as "The Key of the Castle," for it had been foretold by Thomas the Rhymer that when this strange stone should fall into the sea lord and castle should together perish. But in the lapse of time the heavy storms and the beating of the surf had slowly worn away the cavern's mouth until it became so broad that the lord began to fear the ancient prophecy. That which had once seemed impossible was now no longer so, and it was a certainty that some great wave, in its rebound would drive the stone across the little ledge which now formed the barrier. "An' so," as the old Scotch lady told me the story, "the laird brought twa laddies with bars in a boat, to pry out the white stane, thinking to pit it far on the dry land an' cheat old Thomas, but when they hed it eenamost i' the boat, it slippit an' fell intil the sea, for 'twas a muckle stane an' a heavy ain. An' that very nicht," here her voice sank to an awed whisper, "there came an awfu' storm an' drowned the fisher laddies wha helpit him an' lichtnin' struck the castle an' burned up the laird an' leddy in their beds. Ah! but it was an awfu' thing, mon, an' should be a guid warnin' to sich as dinna ken hoo to leave weel enuch be and think to cheat the Lord in his judgments."

W. E. T.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Junior Exhibition.

The Junior Exhibition was held in Battell Chapel, April 7.
The speakers were :

1. John H. Field, . . . "Plain Living and High Thinking."
2. J. W. Allen, . . . "O'Connell and Parnell."
3. Winthrop E. Dwight,
"Lessons from the Life of Laurence Oliphant."
4. John T. Robinson,
"Tom Paine : Deism and Democracy in the days of the
American Revolution."
5. A. K. Merritt, "O'Connell and Parnell."
6. Francis Parsons,
"Lessons from the Life of Laurence Oliphant."
7. F. E. Donnelly, "O'Connell and Parnell."
8. Lemuel A. Welles,
"Tom Paine : Deism and Democracy in the days of the
American Revolution."

The prize was awarded to Mr. Robinson.

Yale Record Elections.

At a meeting of the Record Board, April 11, Donn Barber, '93 S., and J. H. Morgan, '93, were elected as Chairman and Financial Editor for the ensuing year.

Phi Beta Kappa Lecture.

The second of the course was delivered in Osborn Hall, April 22, by Mr. George W. Cable, who chose for his subject, "A Soft Answer to the Southern Question."

Mask and Wig Club.

The Mask and Wig Club of the University of Pennsylvania presented the farce "Mr. and Mrs. Cleopatra" at the Hyperion, April 25, for the benefit of the Yale Infirmary.

Dwight Hall Lecture.

President Francis A. Walker of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology lectured in Dwight Hall, April 25, on "Immigration."

Lecture in the Art School.

In the Art School, April 27, Mr. Joseph Jefferson lectured, choosing for his subject, "A Talk on Acting and the Drama."

Amherst Club Banquet.

The Amherst Alumni at Yale held their fourth annual banquet at Fleming's, April 28. John Bigham, T. S., Amherst, '87, acted as toastmaster.

University Base Ball Games.

At the Field, April 5 : Yale 3 ; Boston 5.
At the Field, April 6 : Yale 9 ; Boston 12.
At Boston, April 7, Yale 2 ; Boston 3.
At New York, April 10 : Yale 5 ; New York 10.
At the Field, April 12 : Yale 17 ; Williams 3.
At New York, April 13 : Yale 8 ; M. A. C. 3.
At New York, April 14 : Yale 8 ; Fordham 5.
At Philadelphia, April 16 : Yale 2 ; U. of P. 6.
At Philadelphia, April 18 : Yale 6 ; U. of P. 4.
At Bergen Point, April 19 : Yale 6 ; N. J. A. C. 3.
At Staten Island, April 20 : Yale 5 ; S. I. A. C. 6.
At the Field, April 23 : Yale 17 ; N. J. A. C. 4.
At the Field, April 25 : Yale 3 ; S. I. C. C. 6.
At Williamstown, April 30 : Yale 9 ; Williams 8.

Class Base Ball Games.

April 9 : Ninety-Four 19 ; Ninety-Five 13.
April 28 : Ninety-Three 7 ; Ninety-Five 9.
April 30 : Ninety-Two 9 ; Ninety-Four 4.

BOOK NOTICES.

To secure the most familiar acquaintance with one's language, to be more than on speaking terms with it, there is need of a familiarity with foreign and classic tongues, that one may observe the peculiarities and idioms of his mother-speech by a wide comparison with others. And so it is with people, you will never know your own countrymen so well as when you have shaken hands with those of different nationality. The American must go abroad, the Englishman and Frenchman must cross the Channel, each to learn the great superiority of his own country, to get perhaps a clearer insight of its defects, and to return thanking heaven that he was born an American, an Englishman, or a Frenchman, as the accident of birth may have determined. But we cannot all travel—except by book post—and therefore we must find our knowledge in books.

Those who have read "Jonathan and His Continent" by Max O'Rell are well aware of the ability of this writer to describe humorously and minutely the peculiarities and whims of the Americans, and to point out where in his opinion the French are ahead of or behind us as a nation and as individuals. In *English Pharisees and French Crocodiles** Max O'Rell has not fallen short of his happy descriptive power, and he has thrown a clear sidelight upon both Englishmen and Frenchmen in which they appear not as they see themselves, but as others see them, and the brilliancy of their virtues is no more distinct than are the shadows of their faults. This book is dedicated to "Jonathan" and has many a good hint for him to follow, while he can laugh his heartiest at John Bull without fear of being touched up himself, for the joke is on the Englishman, whom the author declares to be a "curious mixture of lion, mule, and octopus." However, the Englishman need not feel that he is under the lash, for he is lauded as much as he is criticised, and the author's own countryman comes in for his share of rebuke as well as praise. The author justly calls the English hypocrite, the hypocrite of virtue and religion, and the French hypocrite, the hypocrite of sentiment.

Max O'Rell has been termed the Mark Twain of France, but he is not so funny as Mark Twain, although his humor, provoking smiles rather than laughter, is scarcely less entertaining. His style is plain and to the point, the abundance of short terse sentences adds to this effect, and his wit and fancy are found on every page. The brightness and aptness of his definitions and characterizations may be shown by one example: "The snob is the man who is utterly destitute of nobility. I should like to explain the word etymologically thus: *Snob* from *S. Nob* (*Sine Nobilitate*)."

The author in his comparison of English and American Protestantism with the Roman Catholicism of France is too earnest an advocate of the latter to be entirely just to the former, and he has fallen into the error which he warns against—of judging by appearances alone. However, his mistakes of judgment are few, and what there are may be ascribed to his love for *la belle France* and forgiven.

**English Pharisees and French Crocodiles*. By Max O'Rell. New York: Cassell Pub. Co., 104 and 106 Fourth avenue.

Max O'Rell has found too welcome a place among Americans, and is too well and favorably known to American readers to need criticism or praise, and so it is enough to say that his pen has not lost its cunning, and that *English Pharisees and French Crocodiles* is fully equal to his previous books. Those who wish to have their eyes opened to the faults as well as merits of the American people, to learn their peculiarities as differing much from those of other people, and to be entertained at the same time by wit and reason can choose no pleasanter, no fairer critic than Max O'Rell.

Mr. Van Bibber, as we find him dependent upon the pen of Richard Harding Davis for a very comfortable and interesting life, is a man of wide experience, a bachelor of many adventures,—if not of many summers,—who does not boast of what he has done, and is plain in his speech, and simple and direct in his manner. He frequently and with pleasure dines at the club, but he is far from being the typical club man and cares for better things than sitting before the club windows and aimlessly staring at the passers by. He is fond of the theatre and likes to sit in a box with his friend Travers, to enjoy the play if it is good, to leave very early if it is bad. But Van Bibber is not excluded from behind the scenes, and elsewhere than in the theatre he has raised the curtain which hides the inner life of many a poor devil to find nothing but darkness and despair inside, brightened, nevertheless, by his good-natured face. So he has a host of friends. Everybody likes Van Bibber, and admires him for his kind deeds and presence of mind—in getting people out of scrapes he is a second Willis Campbell—and we join with the rest in wishing him well, and hoping to hear more of him, and that he, who has helped out so many love matches, will at last be entrapped himself, and “marry and live happily ever after.”

If Mr. Davis could write nothing but Van Bibber stories, it is possible that his readers might weary of author and narrative, but he has proved by his wide range of subjects that his imagination is fertile and his pen quick to respond. So those who are wont to look for his writings in the periodicals will welcome with sincere pleasure one more of his published collections entitled *Van Bibber and Others*.* There is at present an acknowledged demand by the busy Americans for short stories, magazine stories in fact, that are perfect in form and not lacking in strength of narrative because of their brevity, and while many poor novels may be palmed off upon a slow-witted public, it is far more difficult for a guilty short story to hide its defects and acquire a large circulation—even in summer. Mr. Davis' growing popularity is a sufficient indication of the esteem in which he is held and of the place which he occupies as one of the foremost of modern short-story writers. Such faults as a sharp-eyed critic may find in his writings are not grave, and are unnoticed by the ordinary reader, though all who are thoughtful will observe difference in merit—that his stories are not all upon the same plane. Mr. Davis has a versatile pen, which can be humorous as seen in “Mr. Travers's First Hunt,” and pathetic as manifest in an “Unfinished Story” and “Outside the Prison Gate.” But both his tragedy, which of

**Van Bibber and Others*. By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square.

course is not heavy, and his comedy are finely done, and it is hard to choose between them. It may perhaps be said that Mr. Davis holds nearly the same position in literature that Mr. Gibson holds in art, though the former is more secure of his place because of greater originality and less sameness. The productions of each are not so impressive and majestic as they are graceful and pleasing.

Van Bibber and Others will be deservedly popular, through the nature of the subjects, which are attractive, and because of the merits of the author's style, which is clear and precise. The stories contained in this collection have more plot to them than many of those written by F. Hopkinson Smith, which are more properly sketches, but they do not possess quite the same charm and grace of description. Perhaps Mr. Davis' talent may be described in these few words—he tells a good story well, and keeps you interested and charmed from beginning to end.

Collaboration is becoming almost a literary fad as well as a fine art and *A Fellowe and his Wife** is an interesting and unique specimen of the concordance and harmony attainable in this phase of novel writing. The realization of the artistic manner in which the two departments of the work have been blended is the most effective impression one receives in reading the book, and this is the more admirable when we consider that Mme. Howard-Teuffel is the author of the husband's letters, in the correspondence of which the story is composed, while Mr. Sharp adapts his pen to the somewhat willful and inconstant, but wholly charming character of the wife.

The novel is really a study of the change brought about in the Countess von Jaromar's independent and rather Platonic theories of the married state by circumstances that occur during her residence in Rome, braving conventionalities and apparently wedded more firmly to the pursuit of art than to her husband, who, like the Vikings whose descendant he is, lives in feudal state in his island-castle in the northern sea, but unlike the traditional Viking is an extremely patient and reasonable individual. Indeed one feels rather provoked at the Countess for not realizing before matters almost approach a tragedy what a fortunate woman she is in possessing such a husband; but at the end she humbly and gratefully goes back to her loving Viking Count who has tenderly waited for the time to come when she would find that the world was not what her rose-colored visions had pictured and would understand that the simple peasant people were worthier neighbors than the gallants of a European capital however much devoted to her fetich, art.

We have charming glimpses of the northern island with its healthy, breezy atmosphere and the loyalty of its peasants to their lord. The contrast is very powerfully marked between this primitive corner of the world where the cool, salt wind of the ocean blows freely over the white cliffs and the dunes, and howls around the turrets at night, and the insincere, intriguing spirit of the art world at Rome when the simplicity of more northern climes is wanting and men are not always devotees to the good, the true and the beautiful that the Countess fondly imagines them to be.

**A Fellowe and his Wife*. By Blanche Willis Howard and William Sharp. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

But the chief charm of the work lies in the thoroughness and naturalness with which the collaborators have entered into the two characters. The letters of the Countess have delightfully feminine touches, perhaps occasionally overdone a little, but yet characteristic. The illogical manner in which she grows jealous of the girl Margot is a delicate turn that has its humorous side. Mme. von Teuffel has portrayed the Count a loving, manly man with foresight enough to see that the best way to bring his wife to yield to the love she has for him, but is too wayward to give way to, is to allow her to discover for herself that things are not always what they seem, and that the "true love of an honest man" is better than all the art and theories in the world. In truth we think that this is the only way in which such an attractively trying woman as Ilse von Jaromar could be guided.

The book does not hold the interest and attention as a more thoroughly defined story might, but as a study it is unique.

*San Salvador** is one of those stories in which the author takes you away off into a far distant place where everything goes on in the most delightful and ideal fashion. The people are all good and beautiful and charming, and the city is situated in the midst of mountains and grand scenery. But like a great many other such cities of the imagination, its success and existence depends upon its being hidden from the world; and in the thread of the story it is nearly revealed, but is saved by the self-sacrifice of the life of one of the principal characters. The character, which is by far the strongest and is almost the only strong character in the book, reminds us somewhat of Zenobia of *Blithedale Romance*. But she is not so grand and striking as Zenobia, although she dies in a much more heroic way. There is scarcely any plot to the book, and many of the scenes are pictured in far too much detail. The book makes, however, a very pleasing story, and its ideal city lingers in the imagination.

In this edition of Mrs. Gaskell's *Cranford*† as the thirty-seventh of the well-known Knickerbocker Nuggets, the Putnams have added to that deservedly popular series a book which is peculiarly suited to make one among such classics as Lamb's Essays and *The Vicar of Wakefield*. The sketches which compose this little volume always have a quaint, old-world flavor about them and their pleasingness cannot fail to be greatly enhanced by the charm which, in the eyes of every book-lover, at least, the volume gains from the very considerable accessions of attractive form and convenient size. *Cranford* is one of those books which can almost in an instant remove from us thoughts of the outside world and set us down, as if by magic, in the midst of the quiet English village it describes. Such a book, therefore, should be in a form suited to odd moments of leisure; and this edition is doubly successful in that it satisfies not only the practical but the artistic taste as well. We should certainly read and enjoy *Cranford* in any dress; and it gains an added charm in the dainty form in which it is here presented.

**San Salvador*. By Mary Agnes Tinckner. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

†*Cranford*. By Mrs. Gaskell. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. The Knickerbocker Press. Price \$1.00.

The two volumes on *The Discovery of America** which constitute the latest historical work of Mr. John Fiske are the result of a rather universal line of study. As the author tells us in his preface he was led to take up this subject as a result of his work in Aryan mythologies and institutions. Thus this work before us has two threads, the first and subsidiary one being aboriginal America, while the principal theme is the Discovery of America.

In defense of the introduction of the long discussion which makes the first part of his book Mr. Fiske says in his preface: "In order to view in their true perspective the series of events described in the Discovery of America, one needs to form a mental picture of that strange world of savagery and barbarism to which civilized Europeans were for the first time introduced in the course of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. . . . The imperishable interest in those episodes in the Discovery of America known as the conquests of Mexico and Peru consists chiefly in the glimpses they afford us of this primitive world." And it is from this point of view that we must look at the first part of this book. Regarded as an exhaustive and critical study of aboriginal America, it is incomplete and superficial; but it answers perfectly its true purpose presenting a vivid and attractive picture of those early civilizations. But this whole region is so enveloped in the mists of uncertainty and hypothesis, and it affords such a delightful place for the wildest theories that most conclusions must in any case be accepted as temporary.

The main body of the book, however, is of a very different character. It is critical and, on many points, exhaustive. The original sources of information have been thoroughly consulted throughout. The author has cleared up a good many of the doubtful points in this extremely difficult part of history. The long chapter on the work and life of Americus Vesputius is full of examples of this. Another excellent feature of the book is the series of reproductions of the maps of the ancient navigators and geographers which are reprinted with great accuracy, and which give us an amusing glimpse of the wild and extravagant romance which they mingled with their science. There are also very suggestive remarks on the wide influence of the Discovery of America; as part of the history of science; as the beginning of the colonization of the barbaric world by Europe, and on its relation to the worth of the Renaissance.

In these times of transition and progress, the daily papers with their Sunday editions are expanding, like round-faced aldermen, to a fuller size in token of their prosperity, and are growing corpulent over the volume of news absorbed and spread out through their columns, while the books, the popular books at any rate, with a fitting sense of modesty shrink to a less pretentious form, through the acquisition, no doubt, of better digestive powers. Nowadays the typical American story is the short story.

The artist who is skillful with a smaller brush, whose exquisite ivory miniatures are no less perfect portraits than those upon the stretch of canvas,

* *The Discovery of America*, with some account of ancient America and the Spanish conquests. By John Fiske. In two volumes, with maps. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The Riverside Press, Cambridge. Price \$4.00.

must differ from the mere portrait painter, and needs a sharper eye and a finer touch, that can preserve and beautify as well as reduce. And so it is with the writer of short stories, if he is to be successful, his pen must have a fine point, guided by an artful hand; the strokes may be few, but they are bold and not constrained. All these qualifications are possessed by the author of *A Day at Laguerre's and Other Days*.^{*} And while this collection comprises more truly sketches than short stories, the "Days" are indeed red letter days, and make up a most attractive calendar, whose only defect is a tantalizing brevity.

The writer has made even the ordinarily prosaic, goat-haunted Harlem river interesting by a faithful description of its more inviting parts and of the people who live upon its banks; he has crossed to Venice, and found his gondolier a veritable Castellani; in Cordova, Manuel is his friend. Manuel has a love affair, and "thereby hangs a tale;" the author sets up his canvas in Constantinople, and his sketches in color are later translated into sketches in words; Captain Joe is given a deserved place, lest the days be spent too much under a foreign sun with no American for company; and at the last, six hours are passed in Squantico, forlorn and misguided place. These sketches were formerly published at different times in the prominent magazines, and though they may be familiar, they are nevertheless better appreciated and enjoyed by a perusal in their present form. The descriptions contained in them are real, and the characters are charmingly delineated with a faithfulness of portrayal that gives to them the vigor of life. No one will read "Captain Joe" without a desire to grasp the sturdy old salt by his honest hand, and to hear from his unwilling lips how he stopped the leak in the ferry-boat. From their very nature these sketches are light reading, and they are meant to be such, yet with all their power to entertain and not to weary, there is a sincere, if not a deep vein of truth and reality running through them, which awakens a responsive chord in the heart of the reader and renews his fellow-feeling for mankind in general, and for these representative characters therein described in particular. The name of the author, Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, is a sufficient warrant for the merits of *A Day at Laguerre's and Other Days*.

The question of free and unlimited silver coinage has been agitating the United States for a considerable period of time—accompanied, it must be confessed, by no slight damage to the business prosperity of the country—without having reached a settlement, and without any indications that a settlement will be reached in the immediate future. Both of the great political parties are afraid of burning their fingers in the fire of popular wrath that will be enkindled, however the question may be decided, and the Democratic party at least, would gladly postpone final decision until after the approaching Presidential election.

Mr. Ehrich in his *Question of Silver*[†] protests against this indecision, which, he says has caused a harmful suspense to hang over our business

^{*}*A Day at Laguerre's and other Days.* By F. Hopkinson Smith. Boston and New York. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

[†]*The Question of Silver.* By Louis R. Ehrich. New York and London. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

interests, and is vehemently opposed to the free, unrestricted coinage of silver. He declares that the United States cannot afford to go it alone in upholding bi-metallism, that the free coinage of silver would be a most dangerous policy, and advocates an immediate International Silver Congress with an understood postponement of final decision on our part, until the opinions and actions of the other great nations are learned. Mr. Ehrich clearly and satisfactorily proves his statements and maintains his claims, though his arguments at times are more personal than national. Additional weight is given to the safe and necessary policy outlined in this book by the fact that the author is a citizen of Colorado, a state which is very naturally a hot-bed of enthusiasm for free silver coinage.

The *Question of Silver* is composed of two papers, the first of which was originally read before the "Monday Evening Club," of Denver, the second is a reply to a paper by the Hon. Charles S. Thomas of Denver. The style is simple and lucid, the interest is held throughout, and altogether these papers form a terse and valuable treatise, which will do its part in overthrowing the dangerous policy—whose advocates are many—of free and unlimited silver coinage, a policy to which every thoughtful and broad-minded man must be earnestly opposed, a policy which is sectional in its nature, unjust in its present principle, and baneful in its effects.

A thoroughly accurate and scholarly history of Greece from the earliest times, by Evelyn Abbott, M.A., LL.D., Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, is being given to the public as the several volumes are completed. Part II* from the beginning of the Ionian Revolt to the Thirty Years' Peace, 500—445 B.C., which has lately been published, is a careful account of the events which happened during that period, written in a graphic, interesting style. The author in this work reveals his scholarly abilities, and when he has finished his labor he will have given a valuable addition to the histories of Greece, and have made no small reputation for himself as a thoughtful historical writer. Mr. Abbott hopes to complete his history in four volumes, though he may overstep that limit, but each volume will cover a distinct period, and be complete in itself.

**A History of Greece, Part II, From the Ionian Revolt to the Thirty Years' Peace, 500—445 B.C.* By Evelyn Abbott. New York and London. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price \$2.25.

RECEIVED.

A Covenant with the Dead, a Novel. By Clara Lomore, author of a "Harvest of Weeds," etc. Philadelphia. J. B. Lippincott Co. Price 50 cents.

Physical Education in the Public Schools. By R. Anna Morris, formerly Supervisor of Physical Culture and Reading, Des Moines, Iowa. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago. American Book Co. Price \$1.00.

Cathcart's Literary Reader, a Manual of English Literature. By George R. Cathcart. With portraits. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago. American Book Co. Price \$1.15.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

The Praise of Leisure has been the theme of many essays and has been written of most delightfully by a good many men who never knew a moment of its sweetness in their lives. Serious political economists talk of the absence in American society of the Leisure Class and the wide economic effects of this. But I am sure if they had only visited the campus during the spring term they would, without difficulty, have found this missing class. The college man comes back from the beach at Old Point after Easter fully prepared for "third term loafing." There are few college duties to disturb his peace of mind; June examinations are just far enough off to add zest to his loafing and make it more precious as they draw nearer. It is the easiest thing in the world for him to speak in its defence. It is one of the conventionalities of college life, and nowhere does the goddess of custom have more complete sway than in college. Third term loafing has come to be as sacred a tradition as any of the host which form the mass of our common law here. How otherwise, would we find time, pleads our friend for the discussion of all worldly matters, for the college gossip on societies and athletics? We have time to choose and re-choose our profession; to make the most delusive plans for the serious work we will do in the great interval of summer vacation; and we argue ourselves in to an amazing fervor at the thought of how, when it is all over, we shall settle down to work in sober and energetic frame of mind. And when we awake, we find it has all been a dream, and a short and delightful one, and when we try to think how the time has passed and turn our pockets inside out to find something of value we have stored in them, we do not find them empty. For such a margin of leisure has been said to have the same value and attraction as the generous wide margin around a printed page, and the spring time certainly seems like a belated bit of the Golden Age.

The college periodicals show the effect of this season of loafing. They are all light and are full of stories, long and short, of every conceivable plot, from one in the *Vassar Miscellany* which tells the origin of Pindar's tenth Pythian ode, to a harrowing ghost story in the *Nassau Lit.* with all the paraphernalia of wood fire, wintry storm and ghostly portraits of ancestors.

The purpose of that portion of the Editor's Table,—occasionally only an imaginary fraction,—which is reserved for the exchanges is not always apparent. It certainly should not exist merely as a medium for mutual compliment or its opposite. In any discussion or criticism of the exchanges an effort should be made to say something bearing directly on college writing. Therefore, after such wise and suitable preamble, I now propose to draw my text from the stories of this month's periodicals. The number of these is great, and, after reading most of them, reflection has found material sufficient at least for a Firstly and Secondly. The most startling fault of the average story among these is that the writer seems not to know where to end. The story starts out with much show and spins along very easily for some time, when it either comes to a stop with a sudden jerk, or else runs off the path and runs on until the writer has completely lost himself and

has missed entirely the point which he first had in view. My Secondly is the lack of taste and of the peculiar lightness of touch which alone can make such stories successful. For the essence of a short story is that it be pointed, original and well told. And the moral of my small sermon is that if the writer cannot avoid these faults by his own guidance he had better leave the short story, or, if these excellencies can be gained by imitation, I would urge him, to read largely in the short stories of modern French writers, where he will find the most perfect delicacy of touch and the supreme gift of taste.

But very possibly the audience has fallen asleep before I reached the moral of my discourse, and, at any rate, the editor's chair is a sorry pulpit from which to read a sermon. So, adopting the editorial plural which has been laid aside, we will proceed to our legitimate duty as chronicler of the college press. Among the exchanges on the Table is a new periodical from Phillips Academy, Andover, the first literary monthly from that school, and one to which we wish a most complete success. The subject of establishing a new literary paper at Wellesely also is discussed in several of the editorials in the Wellesley Prelude. From the extremely scanty supply of good verse for this month we have selected the following:—

THE SUNDEW.

(*Villanelle.*)

Hiding from sight thy dainty head,
 How dost thou know the sun is bright
 Down in thy cool, damp, mossy bed ?

Yet thou art tinged with the sun's own red,
 Tinged with the crimson sunset light ;
 Hiding from sight thy dainty head.

How modest thy beauty ! How quickly fled !
 Thou ope'st thy petals of tinted white,
 Down in thy cool, damp, mossy bed,

But e'er an hour of time is sped,
 They are held in the clasp of an endless blight,
 Hiding from sight thy dainty head.

Sweet, tender flower, from Heaven dew-fed !
 Yet thine is not the dew of a night,
 Down in thy cool, damp, mossy bed ;

Thine is the beauty an hour can shed,
 Thine is the life of a moment of light ;
 Hiding from sight thy dainty head,
 Down in thy cool, damp, mossy bed.

—*Dartmouth Lit.*

"LET OTHERS PRAISE THE TOWERING HEIGHT."

Let others praise the towering height
And rugged grandeur of the glowering mountain peak,
Frowning and cold and cruel ;
I hate them in their mist-clad arrogance—
I hate, and somewhat fear them.

Give me a warm and waving bit of sun-kissed meadow land,
Waving and warm, and sloping gently
To a stream's caressing curves,
Where willows bend and sigh and softly touch the brim,
Where slow-hoofed cattle find their way
At evening time.
Along the zig-zag fence and past the untrimmed hedge
That follows easily the swelling of the hill.
At evening, when the willows bend their heads
And cease their sighing for a space,
Until the last gold-red has quivered on their tingling tips,
Then sigh—and wave again all night,
—Ah ! this I love.

—*Nassau Lit.*

THE LITTLE LAKE.

Nestled up close to the hill's brown breast,
By bending willow and larch caressed,
Where down from the rocks the cool spring leaps,
A tiny lake ever laughs and sleeps.

The river comes hurrying, rushing down,
"Wondrous sights have we seen in the town ;
Through gloomy forests we've softly crept,
While you, little lake, have but laughed and slept."

The fleet stag pauses in proud disdain,
"I have beaten the storm-wind over the plain ;
On the highest crag I have proudly stepped,
While you, little lake, have but laughed and slept."

A traveler bends o'er the waters clear,
"How narrow and small your existence here ;
I have lived and loved, I have feared and wept,
While you, little lake, have but laughed and slept."

But the little lake answers, "A far-off gain
You are ever seeking but never attain ;
In hurry and toil your life is spent,
But I love my hills and I know content."

—*Vassar Miscellany.*

THE TOMB AND THE ROSE.

[From the French of Victor Hugo.]

Said the tomb to love's sweet flower,
 "Of the dews which morning's hour
 Brings to thee, what mak'st thou, pray?"
 "What mak'st thou," the rose replied,
 "Of all who through thy portal wide
 Pass beyond the light of day?"

Then the rose said: "Sombre grave,
 Of the dews which morning gave,
 Perfumes, honey-sweet, make I."
 Said the tomb: "O plaintive flower,
 Of each soul that feels my power,
 I make an angel in the sky."

—*Dartmouth Lit.*

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VOL. LVII.

No. IX.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale University.



'Dum mens grata manus, women laudesque YALPHEAS
Cantabunt Sæculos, unanimesque PATERA.'

JUNE, 1892.

NEW HAVEN.

PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.

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MCCCXCII.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale University. This Magazine established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Fifty-seventh Volume with the number for October, 1891. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the university. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the Book Notices and Editors' Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from students of all departments, and may be sent through the Post Office. They are due the 1st of the month. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued on the 15th day of each month from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 300 pages. The price is \$3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at the Coöperative Store. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications, with regard to the editorial management of the periodical, must be addressed to the EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, New Haven, Conn.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LVII.

JUNE, 1892.

No. 9

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '93.

WINTHROP E. DWIGHT. JOHN H. FIELD.

FRANCIS PARSONS. RICHARD C. W. WADSWORTH.

LEMUEL A. WELLES.

COLLEGE READING.

“ALL books,” says John Ruskin in *Sesame and Lilies*, “are divisible into two classes, the books of the hour and the books of all time.” With a book of the former class in his hand, ensconced in the conventional easy chair drawn up before the wood-fire, sits the typical college reader, provided the “Toms” and “Dicks” of undergraduate literature find their exact counterparts in real life. If the smoke curls gracefully upward from a well colored pipe, and the rain outside beats soothingly upon the windows, the picture is complete, and we have the college reader before us, and may study him at our leisure, while he turns his pages with precision, and twists himself into a more comfortable posture at the end of each chapter.

But another vision comes to us—of the spectacled scholar sitting at his desk in a stiff, uncompromising chair. His head is bent over a Blackstone, the lamp with its ugly green shade centres all its efforts upon the close print of of the book, and allows half-hearted shadows to darken the corners of the room, while outside, the college clock plays

its longest tune. Which of these pictures is the true photograph, and which the sketch from fancy? What are the peculiarities of the typical college reader? Is he, like some strange centaur, inseparable from the easy-chair, or does he prefer to sit like a straight-backed Puritan before the book-littered desk? The answer is not so easily found after all, and we are inclined to agree with Sir Roger De Coverley, that "much may be said on both sides." But if we are to learn exactly what sort of an individual the typical college reader is, or perhaps it is better to say the average college reader, we must awaken the student from his Blackstone and bring him down from his heights—or, it may be, up from the depths which engulf him—while at the same time we rouse the other from his easy-chair. Then if we are magicians enough to shake them together and make one man of them, we have the average college reader, as real a person as we can get him.

A man is known by the company he keeps, and to find out what literary friends the college reader has, we must glance at his bookcase. If an outsider will make a tour of the college rooms, he will find, perhaps to his wonderment, that the undergraduate is prone to make friends of books—not the text-books, however, for their well-marked pages show little evidence of affection on either side—and on many a shelf rest the works of Dickens, or Thackeray, Irving, Carlyle, or others, who are well worth more than a chance acquaintance. The college man then does read, and in general reads good books. But to go further into the matter, it is doubtful whether he reads much or with any regularity, especially if he has not elected any course in literature. It has always been and always will be a common argument of those who in the last two years of college choose a mathematical, a philosophical course, or any other to the exclusion of English literature, that it is possible for them to make up this English by themselves, while the courses they have elected can only be carried on with the aid of efficient instruction, and with the equipments of a university. Such a state-

ment has weight, but the probability is, that if an undergraduate neglects his study of English literature, as a graduate he will continue to do so, or at least his later reading will never be so extensive and so critical as if he had begun the foundation in college. If a man then has industry and perseverance enough to read and study literature by himself after he graduates, it is doubtless a wise plan to neglect it, so far as electives are concerned, while he is in college, and to devote his attention to those branches of study which will help him most for his future profession and broaden his education at the same time. But let him not neglect individual reading, whether he chooses a profession or intends to settle down for a business career.

One of the chief benefits of a course in English literature, to say nothing of the instruction offered and the ability gained to read critically, is the fact that it *encourages* one to read, besides awakening a taste for a particular line of reading. As a college education is truly said to throw wide open the doors which lead to all knowledge, so a course in literature opens the doors of all literature. Therefore by the natural outcome of events, if a college student elects one or more courses in English literature, his taste for books should be so developed that he will extend his reading far beyond the particular assignment. And a like result ought to follow in the case of the man who chooses no literature courses; there is all the more reason for his spending leisure moments for the reading which he cannot get in any other way.

But there seems to be an error somewhere, perhaps a logical fallacy in the argument, or a hatred of books, or a constitutional laziness that keeps the college man, the average college man at least, from paying more than an occasional visit to the Library. Perhaps it may be that the Reading Room, which heads the bookish row, with its files of newspapers, its illustrated periodicals, its pages of wit, and sheets of humor offers attractions not to be passed by with a glance merely. It is here that you may see the devotee of *Life* and *Puck*, who has stepped in for

a moment on his way to Linonia. The good fortune of sharing this wealth with but a chance half-dozen—for the Reading Room is nearly empty at this hour—is too much for him, and after a prolonged visit he leaves for his eating club, forgetful of the book he had meant to take out. It is to the men of this class, who find the merits of a story in its illustrations—and yet cannot see anything more in a good picture than the printed criticism of some indifferent judge of art—that the covers of a book appeal more than the inside, and if some ponderous volume could only have a summer and winter binding, as Charles Dudley Warner suggests, even these *litterateurs* might find that it looked well upon a shelf in all seasons. However, it is only fair to say that there are few of this nature among us; as a community we are book lovers, though as individuals we may not be such good book hunters as Burton.

It is told of Carlyle that he “read on the average a dozen books a day. Of course he examined them chiefly with his fingers, and after long practice was able to find at once the jugular vein and carotid artery of any author.” For any one of us to accomplish such an amount is out of the question, but to do more good individual reading than is done now would be both possible and profitable. From a somewhat rough estimate based upon the statistics of the number of books taken from the Linonia and Brothers’ Library during the first quarter of this year, the Junior Class averaged considerably less than one book per week for each man. To be sure the University Library is not taken into account, nor are the private books in the individual bookcases, but on the other hand this average, low as it is for a college class, is not made by the whole class, that is, there are members of it who scarcely take out any books at all, and then only at long intervals. To mention the advantages which the libraries and reading rooms afford is to repeat what is recognized by every Yale man, and to say that this wealth of books is an unpenetrated “wilderness” to many, is to say nothing new. Surely no man can ever have a better chance for reading

than during his college course. Yet the years slip by faster than we realize. It is, after all, but four short steps from the dreaded entrance examinations, to the graduate's degree, however much may be the stumbling, and soon the cap and gown shrouds the senior in black, a sombre garb, symbolic in more ways than one of Commencement Day. But let us leave such melancholy thoughts and come back to our books again, friends that will never desert us, if, like Barkis, we are "willin'," and pay them the respect that is their due.

Let him, who wishes to find out what the college men are reading, pay a visit to Linonia on some afternoon just before the bell tinkles its warning of closed doors. Upon the long table in the middle of the room he will see rows of books not yet returned to their places upon the shelves. Here is one of Cooper's *Leatherstocking* tales lying close beside one of the *American Statesman*, an appropriate couple, for our first statesmen were our pioneers; a volume of *Spenser* and one of *Spinoza* are back to back; the *Red Rover* presses hard against *What's Mine's Mine*, a maxim the Rover observed most religiously; there is the *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, and here are *Romola* in a red binding, and the *Scarlet Letter* side by side; a story of Howells' rests against Lowell's *Study Window*—gaining dignity by the contact, let us hope; the *Rise of the Dutch Republic* towers over a small edition of Walton's *Angler*, and besides these are a host of others. Poetry and philosophy, history, fiction, all are crowded together in a happy and appropriate mixture. Such a table full is more eloquent for our purpose than a catalogue, or columns of dry figures. The college men, it is evident, reads as his taste may dictate, and he is right in so doing, as long as his taste is good. To read by list and catalogue is to make a dull and tedious work of an otherwise pleasure.

There are, furthermore, if we but knew it, appropriate places for reading; some books should be read in the library. A huge encyclopedia weighing down a college desk is formidable, but upon the table in the reading

room of the University Library with an open note book by its side and a hand turning its pages, it occupies a natural and graceful position. An old dust-covered volume from a top shelf in Linonia loses half of the aroma of antiquity, to say nothing of missing the kindly faces, if I may call them such, of its companion volumes, if it be carried beyond the baize doors.

Indeed, there are appropriate times for reading as well as places, yet in spite of all the attractions which a library possesses with its shelves on shelves of books and its studious, literary atmosphere, as if the authors themselves were hidden somewhere in the alcoves, there is nothing like a good quiet read in your own room, sitting in your own favorite chair, curled up or stretched out in your own favorite position, with the lamp a necessary and silent companion at your elbow. In your hand there must be a book that "smells of the candle light," as Charles Lamb would say, to make your enjoyment complete. Let the evening be a winter evening, let the wind be as uproarious as it will, provided there are no chinks in the walls, and you may, with Samuel Palmer, "refresh the fire,"—if there happily is one—"and have tolerable weather with the poets." Then and then only can you sympathize with Palmer, and be easily persuaded to say in his words: "Much as I love my calling, I am a true book worm, and hope on my return to find, about once a month, a whole day for a great Read! * * * * Some place the bliss in action; I, in a dull, pattering, gusty December day, which forbids our wishes to rove beyond the tops of the chimney-pots—a good fire, a sofa strewn with books, a reading friend, and above all, a locked door, forbidding impertinent intrusion. There should be a light dinner about one o'clock; then a little prosy chat—not too argumentative—just to help digestion; then books again till blessed green-tea-time winds us up for *Macbeth* or *Hamlet*, and *ecstasy*!"

John H. Field.

THE FORTUNE PLAYHOUSE IN THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH.

IN old London—the London of Queen Elizabeth—the feeblest imagination can roam with unceasing delight. Time with a kindly hand has worn away the rougher edges of those crude days and turned the age with all its imperfections into a realm of Fancy. The narrow, crooked streets, the quaint houses with homely fronts and lozenged windows, the huge ox-carts rumbling over fashionable thoroughfares, all these afford a taste of delightful antiquity.

But to see the old city in its holiday mood, when all is uproar, when everybody, from the Queen's page to the corpulent councilman, is abroad in gala attire and ready to squander his last shilling, it is necessary to visit London on a theatre day and catch the ancient Londoner in a humor for being amused. A crowd of excited Spaniards on their way to a bullfight is not more stormy than were the enthusiastic throngs which flocked to a good play at the Fortune in the reign of Elizabeth.

The Fortune Playhouse, like most of the popular theatres of that time, was a wooden structure, by no means elaborate but capacious, and that quite satisfied the average Englishman. A flag, gaily flaunting from the roof, was the means of attracting in an incredibly short time, vast crowds of every age and condition. So scandalized was a certain good clergyman of the period that he essayed to save his people from perdition with these words, little knowing what their value would be as history: "Those flags of defiance against God, and trumpets that are blown to gather together such company, will sooner fill those places than the preaching of the holy word of God."

Over the main entrance there shone in resplendent letters also the sign of the theatre. Through this ingress poured the vulgar, separate doors being reserved to admit to their boxes persons of rank or estimation. Now, as

there was, at the main entrance, only one doorkeeper, such a turmoil arose that finally a royal ordinance was published to abate the nuisance and to remove temptation from those who were inclined to slip in without paying the stipulated fee. Indeed, the author of a play entitled: "If it be not good the Devil is in it," finishes his dedication by wishing his friends and fellows "a full audience and one honest doorkeeper."

Let no one suppose that the disorder ended at the door. However, within, it was of a more entertaining kind. In the two-penny galleries sat a promiscuous mob "glewed together by streams of strong breath." Here, those who were ironically called gentlemen could indulge in their knaveries to their hearts' content, but in the pit and in the surrounding boxes were the staid and dignified, estimable persons like Sir Roger de Coverley who went simply to see the play.

Can we not imagine Sir Roger back there somewhere in the audience taking the whole thing in—even the clown as he goes dancing about with his tinkling bells and glittering spangles? "This is one of the best parts of the whole performance," thinks the old gentleman, "even better than that part of Richard III where the king cries out in tragic tones: "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!"

Seats next the stage were in special demand, not merely because of their nearness to the actors, but, also because tinker or tanner—provided he paid his twelve pence—could hobnob and feel hail-fellow-well-met with the biggest lord in London. That wits and gallants were wont to flatter the public by sitting in the most conspicuous positions we may glean from the following lines:

"When young Rogero goes to see the play
His pleasure is you put him on the stage,
The better to demonstrate his array
And how he sits attended by his page."

That young Rogero smoked is also certain. In fact, everybody smoked before the play began, and, if history

is not incorrect, the whole audience regaled itself with nuts and apples and endeavored to slake the thirst of summer by quaffing plenteous quantities of good old English ale. Whilst the spectators were thus enjoying themselves, a diminutive band of musicians discoursed music from viols, recorders, lutes, hautboys and other instruments; but it is highly probable that the audience liked their nuts and apples far better than they did the feeble strains of an Elizabethan orchestra.

As to the stage settings, how dumbfounded would a modern stage-carpenter have been, could he have been present to see the easy way in which Macbeth's witches vanished through a great hole in the stage floor, or, forsooth, a sign put up bearing the legend "Ye Castle Moat!" The looker-on had to rely on his imagination for the effects which are now produced by the shifting of painted scenery.

" The air-blest castle round whose wholesome crest
The martlet, guest of summer, chose her nest ;
The forest walks of Arden's fair domain,
Where Jaques fed his solitary vein ;
No pencil's aid as yet had dared supply,
Seen only by the intellectual eye."

Strange indeed it seems to us that this age with its crude attempts at realistic scenery should have been the Golden Age of the English drama. Marlowe, Greene, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ben Jonson, Shakespere,—what a host of splendid names have immortalized this brilliant era! How rarely the theatre-goer of the present day knows even the name of the author whose work he is witnessing! Modern days have developed wonderfully the art of realistic representation, but the modern stage, with all its beauty of scenic effects, seems to be without that genius which inspired the poetical drama of the days when people flocked to "The Fortune."

R. T. Holbrook.

A PRIEST NATURALIST.

IF Emerson was the "priest poet," Thoreau was certainly the priest naturalist. Nature gave to him more than to any other of our American writers chance glimpses into her inmost shrine. To obtain these he constituted himself, as he says, Nature's statistician, always on hand at the first dawning of spring and the first ice-skim of the fall. He must pick the first violet, smell the first green, and would have "tasted the sunrise" if he could. Yet skilled observer as he was, he did not view things with the eye of the strictly scientific naturalist; he looked rather for the essence, the abstract idea of which bird or flower was the symbol. For him Nature was a means, not an end, and through her, if anywhere, he hoped to see shine the pure light of truth. To this search for the absolute through nature can be traced the tinge of mysticism and eastern asceticism which harmonizes so curiously with his native New England traits. He seems to have been imbued with the spirit of the old Hindoo scriptures to which he makes such frequent reference in "Walden;" and it was, to a great extent, this influence which caused him to rank not only pure, but austere living as a necessary adjunct to high thinking. He seems to have lived, as Emerson says, continually in the hope of gathering the Edelweiss, the flower of noble purity; but it was a Yankee, not a Swiss Edelweiss in search of which he spent his life, and in the hills of Concord, not in the Alps of the Tyrol, that he looked to find it.

In Thoreau purity and simplicity went hand in hand, and both came to him as a direct inheritance from his Puritan and Huguenot ancestors, the very necessity of whose existence made these virtues of cardinal importance. In his case, however, it was an inheritance entirely free from the meanness and avaricious frugality which had come to be almost equally characteristic of the descendants of the early pilgrims. Like Emerson, he made

a stand with all his might against the utilitarianism and love of gain that seemed to be sweeping away the last remnant of the spiritual atmosphere which had surrounded the original Puritans.

Men could not stop to think. "If railroads are not built, how shall we get to heaven in season?" he asks, and "If we go to tinkering on our *lives* to improve *them*, who will build railroads?" "Our lives are frittered away by detail" he adds; and went to live for thirty-two months alone at Walden where he devoted his time to study and hoeing beans.

He had no patience with the smallness and sordidness of the lives of those around him, and sought in the woods and fields the sympathy which he could not find in society. In this very fact, that he lived most of his life alone in close and deep communion with nature, lies the secret of the intense personality which makes the force and charm of all his writings. "Make what contortions he will," says Goethe, "an author can but bring to light his own individuality;" and Thoreau needed to make no contortions to exhibit his. It not only underlies all his works as a substratum, but keeps continually cropping out at the surface. Neither is it altogether a personal individuality, but an individuality of place as well. He cannot be separated from his climate; his works reek with his native woods and swamps, and turning his leaves, one can almost hear the rustle of the north-west wind. But it is not his writings alone that bear the stamp of his own peculiar genius; his whole life was different from that of other men. He would not be satisfied with ordinary things; he followed no profession, no business, but preferred to earn from time to time the money his few needs required. For more than five years he supported himself by working as a common laborer during a few days each month, reserving the rest of his time for what he considered his higher calling, the art of living well.

He is often accused of accomplishing nothing, of wasting his time in a vain search for the unattainable; yet he certainly found something in life which we cannot all of

us find, "sucked more of the marrow out of existence" than men generally get.

"I sat at a table where were rich food and wine in abundance, and obsequious attendance," he says near the end of "Walden" "but sincerity and truth were not; * * * * They talked to me of the age of the wine and the fame of the vintage; but I thought of an older, a newer, and purer wine, of a more glorious vintage, which they had not got and could not buy."

Henry Lane Eno.

A SONNET.

When weighs some smouldering sorrow on the mind,
As storm clouds hover o'er a summer's sky;
Or when, in ever changed intensity,
Grim doubts arise and fall as summer's wind;
Pray, is it better then to hope to find
Some petty comfort in lone solitude,
Where fancy roves released—where every mood
Is tinged with shuddering fears of every kind?

Or going forth to mix in thoughtless way
Amid the bustling crowd, whose changing face
Is ever freed from dread monotony:
To loose your own in others' thoughts, or gay,
Or sad, and with their woes your own efface
And thus to loose your self in sympathy?

Reuben Miller, Jr.

"LES COUREURS DES BOIS."

A CANOE crawls slowly up the great St. Lawrence, urged steadily forward by the sturdy strokes of the Indian pilot, while its savage crew, bedecked with holiday feathers and shining copper, chatter, tossing about their lean arms. They encourage the laboring paddler to yet more strenuous efforts, and the canoe leaps forward only to hide itself behind a jutting point of cedars.

An uncouth melody comes drifting back down stream, fainter and fainter, and then nothing is left save the roar of the pines and the rattle of the water on the gravelly beach.

Up above, it is feast day in Montreal.

From earliest morning the light, birchen vessels have been hastening toward the settlement, laden with rude forest produce, furs and beads, while a constant stream of carts and sledges from inlying clearings and villages deep in the black forest, winds slowly down the shaggy mountain. Few holidays was the rule then and "Fête Dieu" meant much to the poor settlers in those early days of French occupancy.

The crowd increases and the dusty little market is soon overflowing with a busy throng, gaily chattering and quibbling over their merchandise. Here and there lingers a Jesuit, black robed, and with care-seamed face; near him stands a group of dingy soldiers from Quebec, and a few stolid Hurons in their holiday bracelets and feathers, gravely examine the wares displayed, and silently vanish almost before their presence has been felt by the busy crowd.

Suddenly, above the clamor of the street the notes of an old *chanson* comes brightly through the still air, and amid the barking of revelling dogs, and the welcoming shouts of the people, a band of the "Coureurs des Bois" charges down the startled market and, breathless, comes to a halt.

Some in full Indian panoply, others in a more civilized garb, the invaders present a motley appearance.

They are surrounded and are made willing captives, for though troublesome now and then, the foresters were ever a welcome addition to the firesides of the little settlement.

The "Coureur des Bois," to call him by the old name, was peculiarly a product of the romantic, turbulent age in which he lived. Men's minds were filled with rosy dreams of conquest and unbounded treasure to be found in the strange land across the sea, and many were the projects which every new morning brought with it for the subjugation of the New World; many a hopeful adventurer boldly struck into the swamps and forests, only to emerge broken in spirit, in health,—a ruined man.

There were others, however, more fortunate, to whom the wild life of the woods in itself held out potent attractions, aside from the mythical gold of the forest's deeps, which the great majority of the explorers were forever seeking.

To this latter class the "Coureurs des Bois" belong. They were true knights-errant, soldiers of fortune, but with arquebuse and moccasins, in place of lance and casque. We hear of them, a score or so in number, plunging into the heart of the great forest, always bitter foes of the Indians, and heartily feared by them; again, in a riotous descent on some staid little village, much to the consternation of the worthy Fathers, yet, a few days later, they would fall to a man in defense of the place, should occasion arise. And so ever Quixotic and unstable, yet loyal always and the foremost in every struggle for their country's safety, these renegade "Coureurs" form the most picturesque and interesting of the early Canadian French types. The outlaws may be reckoned among the most useful members of the scant population, if we are to judge from the vast amount of exploration which was accomplished by their hair-brained expeditions. They were ignorant doubtless, in many cases, of the great results which their wanderings were to produce, but theirs should be the credit, none the less.

Always it was the crack of the "Coureur's" musket and the crash of his axe, which cleared the way for the eager bands of pioneers, who spread over the prairies of the Illinois and Mississippi, and about the lakes and the frozen streams of the country further toward the north.

The race vanished as quickly as it had sprung into existence.

With the English invasion the old "Coureur" had almost disappeared from the stage on which he had played so conspicuous, so brilliant a part during the years immediately preceding the downfall of French supremacy. They were essentially children of the wilderness, and with the destruction of the forest, there came a consequent diminution in their ranks until they were gone, save were tradition kept green the memory of some sturdy old captain, a Du Lluht or La Forest, men who come down as brave leaders of the strangest, wildest yet best loved race of American outlaws, "Les Coureurs des Bois."

Emerson G. Taylor.

PENELOPE.

Across the dim and gray Ithacan sea
Thine eyes, unwearied, gleam upon us still ;
The gods, to show to men their sovereign will
Take here and there a soul-type, such as thee ;
Not only for Ulysses, but for me,
Deep in the darken'd night, with patient skill
Weaving, slowly unweaving, didst thou fill
Thy woof with deeds that gleam eternally,
Fairer than all the shapes of Lotos dreaming.
How well Ulysses, with temptations by,
Saw that unending life to him were vain,
If thou were not beside him, wisely deeming
For a brave soul, 't were better far to die
In Right than live in an immortal shame !

Burton J. Hendrick.

HOW THE PRINCE CAME.

IN one of the towns which lie on the eastern slope of Orange Mountain is a field where two little children used often to be seen at play. It seemed to them that no spot was more delightfully fitted for that purpose. It was surrounded by a high hedge, never trimmed, and so intertwined with vines and weeds that when once inside they had that delightful sense of secrecy in which children take such pleasure.

In the middle of the square were the incomplete foundations of a house, where they found many a nook and corner for hiding places in their games. Overgrown with grass and briars, with unused building stone scattered about, here a little heap of dry crumbling mortar, and there a rusty trowel; it seemed as though the builders who had left so long ago, might at any moment return and continue their interrupted work.

What fancies could a child's imagination not build out of such material, assisted by Hans Andersen and Grimm! Here was a veritable enchanted garden, and no doubt careful search would reveal the sleeping princess and all her train.

Never did the two creep through the hedge without feeling that something mysterious was about to happen. Yet it never did. They chased the golden butterflies, poked up the spiteful wasps in the stone heaps, scratched themselves with briars, and pulled the silver bark from the birches day after day, but found no Sleeping Beauty. The only inhabitants to be seen were very much awake, especially the wasps.

Of course Aunt Helen had to hear of their search after the Princess, and how the Prince was expected to come some day and clear up all the mystery. Aunt Helen always understood and never laughed as other grown-ups did, but this time her faith was not so strong as theirs, for she only said: "The poor garden has been waiting for

the Prince to rouse it now for many years, but I'm afraid he'll never come," and there was a queer little noise in her throat at which they laughed, but knew all the time that they were right and the Prince would come some day. "You know," said one small philosopher, "the Princess was asleep most a hundred years before the Prince comed at all."

At last the day came when they must go away for the winter, and for the last time they scrambled through the hedge to say good-bye to Fairyland. But in a moment all grief at leaving vanished, for there, sitting on the old wall, his head buried in his hands, was a figure who surely could be none other than the Prince, come at last to break the spell. If only they kept very still and watched him they would find where the Princess had been so long hidden. But, alas! the cracking of a twig betrayed them, and concealment being now out of the question, four sturdy little legs trotted toward him and two shrill voices piped, "Are you the Prince?" With this informal introduction it was not long before they were old friends and he had heard all about the mysterious Prince and his hidden lady-love. "Only, of course, we know now you're only a man," with charming frankness. The "man" smiled, but his voice trembled as he said: "No, I am really the Prince, but I am afraid I shall never find my Princess nor awake her, if I do, shall I tell you about it?" By this time each knee was an arm chair, and the bronzed face was down between the two fair and round ones. "Well, long ago the Prince and Princess were to be married, and the Prince was building a palace far off in his own country, where he might take his darling to live. But there was an evil man who hated him and accused him of a wrong he never did. So he had to go away to prove his innocence, and when he returned his Princess had gone, for she, too, had heard of the evil man's story, and for a time believed it. The Prince followed her, but never found her, so at last he came to believe that she was indeed under a spell and lay asleep, only not at the enchanted palace, for that was never finished,

but far away beneath the ocean where the Prince could never find her." "Poor Prince," said the audience with sympathy. How long they would have talked will never be known, for just then a voice called, and two of the trio knew they must go. A moment after there was a shriek and a sound of laughing and crying, too, and strangely enough their new friend had jumped down from his seat and was holding someone in his arms. Thereupon the twins remarked with a touch of scorn, "That's only Aunt Helen. She ain't the Princess."

But the Prince knew better.

Arthur Judson.



CONTENT.

On such a day as this,
The foliage of a single tree—
Traced from below upon the summer sky—
Is full as round and cool and green
As any Blessed Isle.

And to my mind
The lute and voice of some fair nymph
Could not be half so sweet,
As from one stray bird
Those slow and liquid notes,
Falling melodious.

J. Woodbridge Riley.

NOTABILIA.

IT is sometimes interesting to picture our future selves looking back on these present days, and to wonder in what sort of a spirit we shall regard them and in what mind we shall come back to this place. Doubtless the "old grad," who at this time can often be observed, like the solitary wanderer of Mr. G. P. R. James's creation, strolling about the campus, thinks college men are smaller and younger than they were once, and is astonished to reflect with what awe he once looked up to the generally haughty and occasionally bearded seniors who now appear so boyish. He surely sighs over the changed condition of the corner of College and Chapel Streets, and is apt to frown on the gargoyles and pointed towers of the new buildings. But as we endeavor to gaze on our surroundings through the spectacles, a little dimmed it may be, of the returned graduate, we think that one thing that would strike him very unfavorably is the wholesale and unlimited plastering of the trees with posters announcing ball games, athletic, university and other meetings. Of course it is necessary for such notices to be conspicuously displayed, but not to such an extent that the trees should seem to be trying to add to the annual spring covering another garment not half so becoming. It may not be necessary to point our moral by suggesting the old truth that nature, beautified by man, is never so lovely as nature in her primitive forms, but it may be well to recall the advice of the old gentleman at Margate of Ingolsby Legend fame, and to gently request the poster of posters to "draw it mild." The enthusiastically athletic Yale man surely does not need to be confronted at every step with reminders that to-morrow Yale will play the University of Arizona, and that the admission will be fifty cents. We even think that he would know it as well, perhaps, if one poster were placed on every other elm, instead of two posters encircling every tree, as fashion now dictates.

* * *

Our solitary graduate would certainly approve of the open fire-places in the new dormitory, considering them an improvement on the Franklin stove of his undergraduate days, around which so many pleasant memories hover. A steam radiator is but a prosaic place on which to set up our household gods, and hereafter it will be a relief to some of the favored among us to deposit their Manes and Penates on the accustomed and appropriate hearth. Saint Elihu expects that the "Fireside Reveries" will enjoy a boom with the opening of the Fall Term, and is rather glad of the prospect, for however trite and conventional this kind of literature may be, it is particularly collegiate and consequently sincere.

Our alumnus may fear, however, that the new building with its luxuries and high priced rooms, may foster the germs of that aristocratic spirit that is our especial abhorrence, and we are hearty supporters of the opinion we are sure he holds—that it would be better to lower rentals and lose money than to furnish an opportunity for the least diminution of the democracy that is Yale's particular pride. The Yale spirit cannot be reckoned in dollars and cents, and the loss of money in the smaller rent returns is not to be compared with the loss of the simplicity and commonness of our life that might ensue from high-priced dormitories.

* * *

Our democracy can not be too jealously guarded. Of all places, on the soil of this old New England institution, all men should be equal. We have talked so much about Yale spirit that it has become somewhat of an old story, and we are apt to forget its true importance. Instances like the late Law School trouble are more harmful and dangerous than we imagine, not only on account of the internal effect on the University, and the sorrows they bring to at least one of the participants, but also, like all these matters that become public, on account of the ideas they engender in the minds of ill-informed persons in places where Yale is not well known, and where unusual occurrences are taken as a sample of ordinary happenings.

* * *

From democracy to politics is not a far cry. These are the days of conventions, and torch-light processions and stump speeches are approaching. There is a good deal of danger of the Yale undergraduate's making the campaign a season of amusement and neglecting the real importance of these Olympiads. The influence of Yale in the past has been to make good citizens and furthermore, good legislators. To such institutions as this, the country must look for purity and intelligence for her political character. There is more than an opportunity, there is a duty for every Yale man in a national election. The tendency we often see among refined men to hold aloof from politics is unpatriotic and dangerous. Here at Yale we have exceptional advantages for organizing political clubs. When these clubs are formed in the coming campaign, every Yale man should join one, not forgetting in the enjoyment of processions the more serious interest at stake. Yale owes it to her country to stir up a great amount of intelligent enthusiasm. We have the opportunity of combining the amusement of parading and shouting, with true patriotism.

J. T. R.

* * *

It is needless to remark upon the honor of winning the LIT. medal, but it is, perhaps, an opportune time to urge the preparation of subjects. This is the season when we are making plans to finish up all odds and ends during the long vacation and laying out courses of reading to be diligently pursued. It is very hard to work unless we are obliged to, but the pleasures of leisure are vastly increased if leisure is not always at our service and the value of a thorough preparation in any competition is inestimable. The essay that wins the LIT. medal is placed before the world as the best Yale can do in this line, and it is important that it should be creditable. The essays are due at 126 College Street, on or before December 1st, and must be signed with assumed names and accompanied by envelopes containing the real names of the authors. The committee of award will consist of two members of the faculty and the Chairman of the Board.

Contributors of Portfolio pieces are requested to entitle their contributions.

PORTFOLIO.

THE VESPER HOUR.

Sweet hour of solemn holiness,
When o'er the day night's wings are spread,
Each sound is hushed to silentness
And earth's low murmurings are dead.

Slowly the waning twilight glides
O'er field and grove and country lane,
And with its shadows gently hides
The landscape from our sight again.

The very air seems hushed and still,
The sparrows chirp less loud. The wind
Sinks low, and far away the mill
At last has slowly ceased to grind.

Off through the woods in low toned notes
The vesper bell peals slow and strong
Then on the air there softly floats
Hushed echoes of the evening song.

The snowy sails of day are furled,
The stars are lighting one by one
Bright signals to the weary world
That labor's o'er and rest's begun.

R. M.

—Grace had been said, the maid was waiting, tray in hand, while the pompous rector was endeavoring to carve a roast turkey, decently and in order, and attempting at the same time to converse with the wife of his senior warden who was seated at his right. "Indeed," he said, "in all the history of my ministry, I have never witnessed a season of such destitution and want among the poorer classes. Few people realize the number of demands for charity which fall upon a large church like ours." Meantime his efforts as a carver were only fairly successful. As he was vainly tapping every side of the fowl to find an entrance into that mysterious cavern wherein the dressing lies, the door bell rang. Soon the maid returned and whispered loudly in the clergyman's ear: "Mrs. Clarkson would like to see you. She says she will keep you only a minute."

The minister arose with a sigh of despair, which, perhaps, the sight of the mutilated turkey served to increase. He

merely said "my time is not my own an hour of the day. There is one continual stream of beggars from morning till night. It is a great pity that there is no Charity Organization to share this burden which falls on the churches."

Pushing aside the portiere he passed through the library and into a small reception room further on. As he entered, a tall pale-faced woman greeted him with a shrill nasal voice. "Good evening, I have come to ask a favor of — —" "Mrs. Clarkson," interrupted the clergyman gravely, "I think this is certainly unreasonable; I have supplied you with coal during the entire winter, I have more than twice paid your rent, and when less than a month ago I furnished you the means of reaching your friends in Michigan, I received your solemn promise that you would never again appeal to me for aid."

"But you don't understand," broke in the woman excitedly. "Yes, Mrs. Clarkson," returned the minister, "I understand the matter perfectly—you have returned to the city penniless, you are unwilling to take washing, or sewing, and so you expect our church to support you another year. In the interest of the deserving poor, I really cannot give you any further help."

"Well," retorted the woman angrily, "I haven't asked no charity have I? I ain't no pauper. I only wanted to get you to marry me. Henry just come from Grand Rapids this morning, and we're going back to-morrow."

The clergyman retired abruptly to make a memorandum of the ceremony.

C. C. H.

—In the crater of Kilauea, the king of volcanoes, lies the sacred lake of Halemaumau, "The House of Everlasting Fire," as the Hawaiians in their reverence have named it, and long has it been worshiped by them as the abode of their gods and goddesses. Imagine yourself standing at midnight on the edge of the overhanging precipice, at the foot of which lies a surging, billowing sea of fire, hemmed in on every side by jagged lava cliffs, assuming strange fantastical shapes in the quivering light of the mass below. Little do we wonder, in the presence of such power, that the hearts of the savages were inspired with awe. The ever changing surface of the lava presents the fascinating spectacle of liquid fire in every conceivable form, while the thin veil of sulphur fumes enveloping the

whole, and the intense blackness without only add to the weirdness and horror of the scene.

The imagination, heightened by such surroundings, pictures these broken cliffs thronged with Hawaiians of times long past when they were wont to come to Halemaumau to sacrifice human victims to their all powerful goddess Pele. Yonder crag, half hidden in the smoke, is the stalwart form of a chieftain long since forgotten; below him the drifting clouds dimly conceal the dusky forms of the attendants bearing the fated prisoners, and just beyond rises the tall figure of the priest, who, with arms uplifted, is performing the last consecration. The low mutterings and incessant hissing of the steam are but the distant echoes of wild incantations and sacrificial rites, while an occasional outburst louder than the rest, is the shriek of the dying victim.

Gradually the vision fades away and we wake as from a hideous dream to find ourselves shivering on the lofty cliffs, for a black crust has overspread the lake and all is darkness.

J. P. C.

—One of the most romantic characters of the middle ages was the night watchman. He was quite a different individual from his brother of to-day, who has become so modernized as to have little in common with his remote ancestors. All the poetry of the position has been lost in the martial bearing and common-place manner with which the policeman at the present time performs his duty. But in the good old days of knights and ladies he was much more of a public pensioner than a guardian of the peace. Going his rounds filled with his own importance and an assumed dignity, he left no doubt as to his own opinion, both of himself and the world in general.

The night watchman of those days was not a very terrifying object. With a long cloak reaching to his ankles, and carrying a lantern in one hand, and a stick resembling a shepherd's staff in the other he was supposed to inspire fear in the minds of the simple people. But quite on the contrary, he was one with whom the village children would be apt to play, stealing his staff, and pulling at the tails of his coat. Indeed, he was a jolly, good-natured fellow, whose devotion to Bacchus could only be equalled by his fondness for dozing away the night.

On account of this very danger, however, he was obliged to give evidence on hourly calls, that he was up and about, and his horn could be heard several blocks away as he blew the familiar strain, followed by some such rhyme as this:

"Hear, ye people, and listen well,
Ten times has struck the old town bell.
Look to your fires and candles all
Lest any harm this night befall.
Praise the Lord our God,"

a ditty which had been handed down from father to son, until the custom of regarding it had become almost as good as law.

It was also a part of the watch's duty to see that all honest folks were in bed at the proper time, and his horn re-echoing on the night air was the signal for retiring. The lover serenading a maiden would step behind a protecting tree, and the lattice window, shyly opened, would quickly close at the well-known sound. The prim dame, putting aside her knitting for the night, would snuff the tallow candle, and by the time old Dogberry had arrived, all would be still, and the streets hushed in silence would be given over to the spirits, who usurp the time of night.

R. S. B.

—A very thoughtful writer in a recent magazine complains that there is a pernicious lack of seriousness among Americans, that we feel bound to make a joke of everything, that we are altogether too devoted listeners to and imitators of the "funny man," who Matthew Arnold said was one of our national calamities. On the other hand Mr. Andrew Lang, in a characteristically clever and pungent essay published not long ago, mourns over the fact that the world is becoming dismal and dreary. Everybody, he says, is excessively and hypochondriacally melancholy.

On the surface these two veins appear utterly contradictory and irreconcilable. But are they not both, in a degree, correct in regard to America? Is it not true that the American nation is both too serious, even to the point of sadness, and not serious enough, and that the latter of these conditions is a very natural result of the former? It will hardly be denied that the nation, as a whole, is often rather gloomy and joyless. The anxious, careworn faces of almost all American men, and, sad to say, of many American women, testify to the truth of this. We often ridicule the sombre grimness

of our Puritan ancestors, but we are by no means in a position to cast the first stone at them for that reason.

But there is often a natural reaction from this excessive sadness. The nation feels its gloominess, and tries to escape from it, and the result is, as might be expected, not spontaneous, healthful, light-heartedness and gaiety, but a forced unnatural, counterfeit levity. By this striving to be merry are caused the long columns of "flat, stale and unprofitable" witticisms hammered out daily by the newspaper paragraphers—the number of pitiful, cheaply humorous "funny" books constantly published—the amount of meaningless and worthless chaff, falsely called wit, which makes so large a share of our conversation, the general disposition, variously manifested at various times and places, to look at the laughable side of everything, no matter how serious, if there is a laughable side, or if there is not to make one. There is much true, natural and beneficial humor in circulation in the country, but there is also much that is false, unnatural and injurious.

So we may say that both the magazine writer and Mr. Lang are right about it, and that Americans are both over-sad and over-gay. It would be better for us if we were to find the more excellent way, for there is a more excellent way, a way to be at the same time serious and earnest without being dismal, and light-hearted and cheerful without being shallow and trifling.

R. H. N.

—The patch of sunshine on the wall gradually crept down until the rays, which streamed through the little square window near the ceiling, flooded the table at which the young friar sat, and lit up the small crucifix at his elbow. For a long time he had been contemplating the yellow parchment leaves of the unclasped volume before him, sometimes thinking of the words, often more interested in the bright coloring of the illuminated headings. He wondered what patient old brother had traced those delicate lines—would he ever spend all his time in ornamenting some newer volume?

Just then noticing that the sunlight had reached the dull page, he raised his eye to the window, but the deep blue sky was all he could see. He had been wakened that morning by the song of birds, and now as he glanced up he saw a swallow glide gracefully earthwards on steadied wing through a long

sweeping curve. His heart swelled as he watched its motion, his eye brightened, and he drank in quickly and deeply the cool, refreshing breath that came gently through the open window. His gown of coarse gray stuff felt heavy, and the stone walls oppressed him. He sat motionless for a moment, leaning heavily on the massive table, then slowly rose and left the room, swinging behind him on its creaking hinges the riveted oaken door. He traversed the neat garden unperceived and reached a hill lower than that on which the monastery was situated, but still high enough to overlook the charming valley of the Arve.

Throwing himself at full length upon the grassy slope, he gazed in admiration and wonder at the beauties of the bright spring morning. The whole world was filled with freedom and new life. A gentle breeze wafted soft clouds across the sky, and the shadows followed one another along the steep hillside and over the peaceful woods and meadows.

But all these beauties only made more loathsome the chill of the cell he had left behind him. Many times he had stifled in his heart the feeling that he ought to be with the friends whom he loved and who loved him, and now the changes of time had left his poor old mother sorrowful and alone in the little cottage beyond the hills. He longed, as he had never longed before, for the free life that he had left, and as he lay upon the soft bank, looking up at the clouds with a deep, empty feeling in his heart, the sunshine and the soft fragrant breath from the woods lulled him to sleep.

The sun had set, but there was still a dull red light in the west when the clang of the vesper bell startled him from happy dreams. Absorbed in thoughtful musing over the fast retreating forms of his visions, he quietly made his way toward the monastery gate. As he was about to pass beneath the low Roman arch he looked up quickly to the tower whence came the melancholy tones of the bell that had awakened him. Above the belfry a gilded cross reflected the strange light of the fading sunset, and stood out in bold relief against the darkening sky. For a moment he gazed upward, and in despair stretched out his arms to it with an imploring gesture, then mournfully dropped his head, made the holy sign upon his breast, and was lost in the shadows behind the gate.

L. S.

—As he saunters along the road which leads from Quebec through Beaupré village, the tourist will pass some gray ruins, which lie far back among graceful elms, to the right of the highway.

There is an atmosphere of romance hovering about the shapeless cluster of stones however, which wields a charm over the most casual passer by; almost involuntarily one turns through the gateway of the granite wall which feebly encloses a grassy court-yard, whose stones echo dismally as you step, half curiously, half fearing, along by the old walls. A squirrel whisks noisily away, and some solemn crows, birds of evillest omen, croak complainingly, like guardian geniuses of the place, protesting against any invasion of the old mansion by prying moderns.

A hundred years or so ago, the house by the river presented a very different aspect. Fierce grenadiers, with pike and musket, kept guard where now only a ragged burdock stands sentry. Ponderous carriages discharged their occupants gay in buckles and patches; bursts of music came from time to time through the windows; a thousand candles cast brilliant glances over the crowded rooms, for English invasion is a dream. France is invincible, and General Montcalm, the young, the chivalrous, holds a gay court in the old manse, with all Canada under his dominion. Like the quick death of a candle came the change.

A dark night, a fierce struggle on the cliffs, then amid cheers from British troopers, the scarlet and gold rose flauntingly above the lilies on the ancient citadel. The lights are put out in the dead Governor's house. The startled butterflies hasten fearfully from the crowded assembly rooms; by twos and threes the old servants creep away, and the mansion is left to the mould and the spectral bats, who have swarmed in the ruined wings and tower.

Grass has sprung up between the stones in rank abundance, and the moss has spread its sombre shroud over the dead splendor of old days, tenderly obliterating the memory of what once stood where now are huddled stones. They say that even now, as one lies on the soft sod, looking up into the blue, dim figures of olden time seem to drift before the eyes, in all their pride of lace-jewels, sad specters of the French court; the wind comes to the ear, bearing with it the harmony

of ghostly horns and viols, while the specters gravely step a minuet, or quaint gavotte. All is gone in an instant, and you wake to find naught but a confused pile of lichen-clad rock scattered beneath the whispering elms. E. G. T.

JEAN D'ARC.

She cares not for the meadow lark's pure song,
The gambols of her lambs are naught to her.
Intent upon the heavens she gazes long,
Watching for some angelic messenger.

Why dost thou look far off in yonder sky?
If thou couldst in the distant future peer
And see the battle's shock, the arrows fly,
The trial, the stake, and hear the mob's loud jeer,

Thy lowly home would seem to thee more sweet
Than all the castles of a faithless king.
The modest wildflower trampled 'neath thy feet,
Would have a charm that wealth can never bring.

E. B. R.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

University Meeting.

A University meeting, held May 2d, Alumni Hall, adopted the constitution of the Financial Union of Yale Athletics.

Glee Club Concert.

The Spring Concert was given May 3d, at the Hyperion.

University Boat Club Election.

The annual meeting was held May 4th, in Alumni Hall. The following were elected officers: President, D. Rogers, '93; Vice-President, Treadwell, '93 S.; Secretary, P. H. McMillan, '94.

Y. M. C. A. Election.

General Secretary, Henry Fowler, '90; President, J. H. Field, '93; Vice-President, T. Cochran, Jr., '94; Second Vice-President, V. McCormick, '93 S.; Treasurer, H. B. Barnes, '93; Secretary, T. M. Debevoise, '95.

New York City Club Dinner.

The tenth annual dinner was held at Heublein's, May 11th. W. D. Young, '92, and D. A. Loring, '91 S., acted as toastmasters.

Athletic Games.

The Spring games were held at the Field, May 12th.

Phi Beta Kappa Lecture.

The fourth of the course was delivered May 13th, by Prof. Farnam, who spoke on "The Moral of Reciprocity."

Spring Regatta.

The Spring Regatta was held May 13th and 14th at Lake Whitney. The class contest was won by '93, and the singles by H. W. Buck, '94 S.

Record Banquet.

The twentieth annual banquet was held at Traeger's, May 16th. E. H. Mason, '92, acted as toastmaster.

Divinity School Commencement.

The exercises were held in Battell Chapel, May 18th.

Yale-Harvard Athletic Games.

The second annual meeting was held at the Field, May 20th. Score, Harvard 61, Yale 51.

Gun Club Shoot.

The first triangular shoot was held May 21th. Score : Yale 105, Princeton 104, Harvard 98.

William Henry Vanderbilt of the Junior class died on Monday, May 23d, after an illness of three weeks.

Junior Society Elections.

PSI UPSILON—Bissell, Brown, Burr, Chamberlain, Diven, Dunkerson, Eaton, Eno, Fowler, Hare, Jenkins, Lounsbury, Lyman, McBirney, McKinney, Miller, Nolan, Orr, F. C. Perkins, H. B. Perkins, Jr., Polk, Potter, Reed, Sawyer, Seymour, Trowbridge, Tucker, Waller, Whitney, Worthington.

DELTA KAPPA EPSILON—Arbuthnot, Bigelow, Brown, Case, Cochran, Dwight, Ferguson, George, Green, Hall, Hawes, Holter, Howland, James, Jewett, King, Lindeke, Mackoy, McMillan, Murray, Paine, Pope, Rustin, Sheffield, Skinker, Solley, Stewart, Stillman, Walcott, Word.

ZETA PSI—Bissell, Boyer, Crawford, Crosley, DeBevoise, Garvan, Greeley, Mathewman, Rowley, Stahl, Tousey, Townsend.

Senior Society Elections.

The elections were given out on May 26th as follows:

SKULL AND BONES.

W. E. Dwight,
Joseph Roby,
A. H. Jones,

Given by
C. H. Day.
H. S. Graves.
Ernest Ryle.

G. G. Martin,
W. W. W. Parker,
S. B. Ives,
A. Van S. Lambert,
W. R. Begz,
Logan Hay,
J. B. Cooke,
J. T. Robinson,
A. H. Wallis,
Francis Parsons,
Derby Rogers,
E. F. Gallaudet,

Given by
B. L. Crosby, Jr.
K. D. Cheney, Jr.
Pierre Jay.
S. N. Morison.
Howell Cheney.
T. L. McClung.
H. A. Bayne.
J. W. Husted, Jr.
F. J. Price.
J. W. D. Ingersoll.
W. L. Kitchel.
Edward Boltwood.

SCROLL AND KEY.

R. B. Wade,
J. H. Field,
G. L. Rathbone,
H. L. Greer,
H. B. Barnes, Jr.,
C. D. Jones,
T. A. Gardiner,
I. B. Laughlin,
W. W. Smith,
A. F. Harvey,
W. A. Osborne,
Moses Taylor,
R. K. Dickerman,
B. M. Crouse,
A. S. Chisholm,

E. H. Floyd-Jones.
Thornwell Mullally.
W. N. Runyon.
E. H. Mason.
C. S. Haight.
W. D. Young.
O. A. Schreiber.
Daniel Lord, 3d.
H. B. McCormick.
B. P. Hollister.
S. L. Lasell.
C. B. Sears.
G. B. Hollister.
R. A. Paddock.
E. O. Stanard, Jr.

WOLF'S HEAD.

F. O. Dorsey,
Webster Wheelock,
Lafon Allen,
J. S. Cravens,
C. M. Pope,
A. K. Merritt,
Ben Hodge,
*R. S. Tracy, }
H. G. Thomson, }
R. C. W. Wadsworth,
J. H. Morgan,
J. B. Dill,
H. C. Beadleston,
W. Maffitt,
J. S. Moore,

J. H. M. Knox, Jr.
L. R. Parker.
F. Shepherd.
W. C. Hall, Jr.
F. E. Grant.
F. H. Griffin.
A. J. Balliet.
G. S. C. Badger.
J. E. Wheeler.
A. C. Hume.
W. C. Ivison.
H. S. Lyman.
G. L. Coit.
S. Webster.

T. L. Bristol was also given an election by J. T. Carr, but was unable to appear on the Campus.

Intercollegiate Athletic Games.

The games were held at Manhattan Field, May 28th. Score :
Harvard 48 $\frac{2}{3}$, Yale 38, Princeton 14, Columbia 10.

Phi Beta Kappa Lecture.

The last of the course was given, May 31st, by the Hon.
Edward G. Mason, '60, who spoke on "The Nile Land."

Glee and Banjo Officers.

The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows : Glee Club—President, J. S. Cravens, '93 ; Secretary, C. C. Nolan, '94.

Banjo Club—President, J. D. Brooks, '93 S. ; Secretary, T. S. Arbuthnot, '94.

Wilkins Rustin of the Sophomore Class died on Monday, June 6th, after a short illness.

University Base Ball Games.

At the Field, May 2 : Yale 2 ; Brown 0.
At Worcester, May 4 : Yale 6 ; Holy Cross 11.
At the Field, May 5 : Yale 5 ; Cornell 1.
At the Field, May 7 : Yale 8 ; Amherst 12.
At the Field, May 9 : Yale 6 ; Holy Cross 7.
At Cambridge, May 14 : Yale '95, 13 ; Harvard '95, 2.
At Amherst, May 15 : Yale 9 ; Amherst 4.
At the Field, May 18 : Yale 8 ; S. I. A. C. 13.
At the Field, May 24 : Yale 1 ; Princeton 0.
At the Field, May 25 : Yale '95, 2 ; Princeton '95, 1.
At the Field, May 28 : Yale '95, 9 ; Harvard '95, 10.
At Orange, May 28 : Yale 7 ; Orange A. C. 2.
At the Field, May 30 : Yale 3 ; Lehigh 2.
At Middletown, June 4 : Yale 9 ; Wesleyan 2.

Class Base Ball Games.

May 4 : Ninety-Three 8 ; Ninety-Five 9.
May 13 : Ninety-Two 3 ; Ninety-Three 8.
May 17 : Ninety-Two 10 ; Ninety-Five 15.
June 3 : Ninety-Two 5 ; Ninety-Three 2.
June 4 : Ninety-Three 2 ; Ninety-Four 16.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Rescue of an Old Place,* as its title signifies, is a rescue of an old estate from encroaching weeds, intruding swamps, and all the foes which would destroy the beauty it once possessed, and make it uninhabitable for coming generations of men. The "Old Place" is situated in Massachusetts, "half way between the two villages known in popular parlance as the Plain and Broad Bridge;" a slender stream winds through it; low hills surround it; and in the distance may be seen the masts of the shipping in the harbor. So, even in the ruin which threatened the estate, it had its attractions, which were bound to be appreciated at last, and destined to be made even more beautiful than in the glory of the old days by the skillful hands of its latest purchasers.

The successive chapters, which form the book, are descriptive of the way in which the farm was improved by "Planting Willows and Pines," and "Clearing Up" by a "Struggle with the Web-worm," by "Landscape Gardening." These pages, while filled with many a hint for the practical farmer and gardener, are not written with the dry accuracy of a seed catalogue, but possess a true literary style, a delightful freshness and fragrance which suggest the summer landscape in all its charms. The reader must indeed be of poor eyesight, if he cannot see the old-fashioned flowers springing up with new energy, as he learns what soil is best adapted to them; and slow of hearing as well, if he cannot catch the faint sound of the breeze sighing through the tops of the little pines, while he reads that, it is necessary for their roots to be covered with a thick ball of earth and well sheltered from the sun's hot rays in order to transplant them safely. In fact, the whole book is redolent of all out-doors, and has the charm which only a lover and student of nature could give to it.

Perhaps the most interesting chapter is on the "Love of Flowers in America." The author says: "To those writers who maintain, quoting Miss Wilkins's stories to prove it, that 'flowers are an accident, not a daily interest in village life' in New England. I would say that he who takes this ground can scarcely be familiar with the old country towns of that section to which one must look for the typical aspects of New England life. Like all the sentiments of its people, the love of flowers is there, not paraded, but profoundly cherished; and if there is no gaudy display in the door-yard, there is sure to be found a corner behind the house, easily accessible to the kitchen, where old-fashioned plants bloom gaily, and are cherished often from some tender association with the past."

The Rescue of an Old Place gives information of all sorts, but after all it is not a hand-book, nor is it meant to be such, and therefore it deserves an honored place upon the shelves of our home libraries, while it should be read not for its information alone, but for the enjoyment which comes from a perusal of its pages.

The late Dr. Newman advised people who were recovering from sickness to read novels and stories, and to such people, or those who read merely for

**The Rescue of an Old Place*. By Mary Caroline Robbins. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

amusement, we would suggest H. Rider Haggard. In the preface to *Nada the Lily** the author tells us that he has been encouraged to write the book by a purpose somewhat beyond writing a wild tale of savage life. But whatever may have been the high purposes of the author, he has succeeded admirably in telling a "wild tale of savage life." Rider Haggard showed his good sense clearly when he located the scenes of his fantastic and marvelous stories in Zululand, and as far as any addition to English literature is concerned, we think he would also have shown good sense if he had written them in Zulu language. But Haggard does not appear to claim any thing better for them than a historical value, and of this, we can only say that it is very doubtful how much history is enriched by tales of the wantonness and outrage of a savage chief. The great mischief, it seems to us, which such books as these are apt to do, consists in their crowding out better reading. There are probably a great many persons thoroughly acquainted with Umslopogaas and the Groan-Maker, who know almost nothing of the works of Thackeray, Dickens, Scott, George Eliot or Hawthorne. To turn to *Nada the Lily*, however, we can enthusiastically say that it is a book of absorbing interest. It tells of Chaka, the Zulu Napoleon, who killed a million people; it tells of the grace and beauty of the fair Nada, who, by the way, was part Portuguese; and it tells of the great hero, Umslopogaas, who, like the heroes of Homer, is stealthily aided occasionally by supernatural powers. Nevertheless, this last character was a great man, who ran faster than any man in Africa, and in addition to being the son of mighty Chaka, could command at will a pack of bloodthirsty wolves!

The plot of the story is good, but it is not well sustained. There are too many adventures, and no tale is related with any description of beauty or picturesqueness. Some pathos makes it possible to endure the wholesale slaughter, which gives the impression that both H. Rider Haggard and Zululand are highly sensational.

The story which gives this book † its name is an attractive sketch—with first a glimpse of a quiet minster town in England, then a suggestion of the wilder life and grander scenery of California. It is not fully worked out, but as a little sketch of natural sentiment and delicate pathos, is very successful. Like all the other stories in the book, it excels in picturesque descriptions of scenery. "Golden Rod," the longest of these stories, is the one in which Mrs. Harrison seems to be the most in her element. Its descriptions of Bar Harbor scenery are graphic and charming, and its pictures of social life, and sketches, in a few strokes, of social types, are both clever and true to life. The bright, honest, cheerful, every day men and women are very attractive and far more satisfactory than the sentimental and tragic characters, and we cannot help feeling that Amy North is the true heroine of the story, notwithstanding Mrs. Harrison's efforts to convince us that her heroine is Mrs. Gasper Gray.

**Nada the Lily*. By H. Rider Haggard. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

†*An Edelweiss of the Sierras, Golden Rod, and Other Tales*. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. New York: Harper & Brothers.

In "Golden Rod" it becomes evident that Mrs. Harrison's strong points are descriptions of scenery and the treatment of light and cheerful subjects. Her children are delightfully natural.

After these two pleasing stories, those which follow are disappointing. They vary in range of scene, character and plot, but fail to interest us as much as the others. Let us offer a word of warning to the easily discouraged reader. Be sure to get beyond the first chapter of "Golden Rod."

The supreme charm of Mr. William Winter's essays lies in their exquisite style. They were written, indeed, almost in their present form for the daily press, yet they show no marks of haste or editorial severity. On the contrary, they are almost uniformly laudatory, and are written with most delicate finish and refinement. Most noticeable and delightful is the marked vein of sentiment in which the writer has cast all his thought. In the words of Tristram Shandy, "we give up the views of our imagination into our author's hands—and are pleased, we know not why, and care not wherefore." We forget what sound criticism is in many of them on account of this charm; we forget too, the partiality which we must confess is shown in many. He is often emotional rather than critically discriminating.

How well Mr. Winter can invest a slight theme with peculiar charm is shown in the opening essay of the volume on "The Good Old Times." But the most attractive of all the essays is unquestionably that which appeared in the *New York Tribune* after the first production of Lord Tennyson's 'Foresters.' Criticism raged for a time rather hotly over this play, and the most opposite opinions were delivered by the various dramatic critics of the daily press. But it is safe to say that no more charming 'appreciation' of the true spirit of the play could be written than that of Mr. Winter. As is generally the case in his essays, he is carried away by its beauty and condones and subordinates the minor faults—a method or manner in criticism which is perhaps the truest way to catch the real spirit of the subject. All admirers of Ada Rehan will read with pleasure Mr. Winter's essay on that actress and all his remarks scattered through the essays in praise of Mr. Daly's company as a reproduction of the stock company system of 'the Good Old Times,' and as being one practical protest against the evil effects of the now almost universal 'star' system.

Much of the *Shadows of the Stage** is indeed personal rather than critical, but the book certainly has a place unique and by itself in our modern American literature.

The motto which Mr. Birrell attached to the title page of his earlier work, *Obiter Dicta*, expresses a sentiment which he again enforces in regard to the criticisms in this later book.† The motto was this: "An obiter dictum is no more than a gratuitous opinion, an individual impertinence, which, whether it be wise or foolish, right or wrong, bindeth none, not even the lips that uttered it." It is with this reservation that the *Res Judicatae* are written. They are mainly "appreciations" of various literary figures, in most

* *Shadows of the Stage*. William Winter. Macmillan & Co., New York and London.

† *Res Judicatae*. Papers and Essays: By Augustine Birrell, author of "Obiter Dicta," etc. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.00.

instances not of their styles, but of their personalities, in accordance with his motto, written often from a single and circumscribed point of view. The best of them are, in form, familiar lectures with a judicious and nice mixture of criticism and anecdote; notably the essays on Richardson, Gibbon, and the letters of Charles Lamb. They are eminently readable. The rather humorous tone of the first essay—on Richardson—covers a good deal of real sympathetic appreciation of the good and abiding qualities of that mighty author. Mr. Birrell is very near to Andrew Lang in such pieces; his charming, rather odd, style, his familiar and genial approach to the reader, his hearty personal interest in the figure he is painting, are all very much in the manner of Mr. Lang. But his appreciation is not so wide. He writes unsympathetically of that wholly fascinating character, George Borrow, and of Matthew Arnold. The value of all the essays is largely due, as it should be with all lecturers, to the many short sentences by the way of general criticism. One from the essay on Sainte Beuve carries a great deal of weight with it. "For my part, I think a critic better occupied, though he be destitute of the genius of Lamb or Coleridge, in calling attention to the real greatnesses or shortcomings of dead authors than in dictating to his neighbors what they ought to think about living ones." This notion is certainly a safe one, and, if followed, would put an end to much ill feeling, but it would endanger the very existence of a good deal of modern periodical literature.

In comparison with some of the other romances of Eckstein, *Hertha** is disappointing. From the very beginning the reader perceives, half unconsciously, the shadow which is later on to envelop the life of Hertha with its gloom, and therefore cannot enter into the story with hearty enjoyment. The principal characters are, for the most part, true to life, but they are generally unattractive. The strongest is Otto von Anzendorff, whom the author would present as a true man, of genius, of sincerity, of nobleness. Yet with all his good qualities he is unfitted by his age to play the role of an ardent lover; in fact his love for Hertha before and after their marriage is rather paternal than otherwise, while he himself seems to realize the abyss which separates the old man from his young wife. One cannot but feel that Colonel von Anzendorff's lonely suicide in the forest, however carefully he conceals his motive, and makes his death appear to be a hunting accident, and however great his heroism and his love for his wife—who, though faithful to him, loves another—one cannot but feel that such an end is unworthy of the man, and not the best solution of the problem which cruelly blights his life.

For a girl to love with her whole soul her father's beloved comrade, who has the years and experience of her father, is unusual if not unnatural, and then for this same girl, as the wife of her father's friend, to fall in love at first sight with the artist, Roland Kessenger, although she crushes down this new love and remains faithful and loyal to her husband, does not speak well for the nobility of her womanhood, or excite admiration from others. Such is Hertha, and the impression she makes upon us is one of weakness rather than strength.

As for Roland Kessenger, he is created by the author intentionally as the

**Hertha, a Romance.* By Ernst Eckstein. Translated from the German by Mrs. Edward Hamilton Bell. New York: George Gottsberger Peck, 11 Murray street.

villain of the play—if there is a villain—and his fickleness and love for every pretty woman that he meets, even after his marriage to Hertha, cannot be excused by any plea of artistic temperament or admiration for the beautiful.

The Russian, Orłowsky, is the most natural and attractive person in the story, and his frank, genial nature gives a healthful tone to the plot.

Insanity is more often a curse than a blessing, but at the end when the threads of the narrative are sharply broken off, to quote from the closing paragraph, Hertha's "soul's immeasurable grief was lost forever in the merciful darkness of insanity." It is with somewhat of relief that you turn over the last page and find there the end of Hertha's trouble and sorrow, and while you recognize the author's descriptive power, and realize that there is life to his plot, you feel disappointed with the story and are glad that it is done. Doubtless *Hertha* is stronger as a romance in the original German, although the translation by Mrs. Bell is good. Such as the story is, it is well told.

Incorrect spelling is not more common than incorrect pronunciation, and though dictionaries are plentiful, they are not used to the needed extent in the improvement of these two common faults. The student who has left the *Readin'*, *'Ritin'*, *'Rithmetic* age far behind him cannot throw aside, as unnecessary, all helps for pronunciation, even though he may have acquired a considerable vocabulary and be proficient in the use of it.

Mr. Phyfe's *Test Pronouncer*,* a companion volume to 7,000 Words Often Mispronounced, contains the "identical list of words found in the larger work, arranged in groups of ten, without diacritical marks, for convenience in recitations," and reference by pages is made to the larger work. As a help in the class-room this little book is invaluable, and aids both pupil and instructor in drill in pronunciation. It is more adapted for such use than the ordinary speller. As a useful test outside the school, for private study, with its companion volume for reference, it satisfies an equal demand, both as regards convenience of size and comprehensiveness of matter.

The *Test Pronouncer* and its complementary volume ought to be used with profit in all our public schools, for he who begins to pronounce badly, like the poor speller, will pronounce badly all his life. By the help of these two books the pronunciation match would quite equal the spelling match.

NOTE TO PUBLISHERS.

In the next volume of the *Yale Literary Magazine* special attention will be paid to the department of Book Reviews. All books sent to the editors will receive careful notice in this department. Books may be sent directly to the editors, or through the New Haven book-sellers, Judd and Peck.

* *The Test Pronouncer*. By William Henry P. Phyfe. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price 50 cents.

TO BE REVIEWED IN THE NEXT NUMBER, OCTOBER, 1892.

The Proceedings of the First Annual Meeting of the National Conference on University Extension. Compiled by George Francis James, M.A. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. Price \$1.50.

Trinity Verse. Edited by William French Collins, '93, and Richard Stayner Graves, '94, Hartford, Conn. Press of the Case, Lockwood & Brainard Company.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

There is a feeling of stir and commotion even, beside the editor's table at the present time, when the College year is finishing its course and the characteristic ceremonies are in preparation which attend its dismissal; while outside, the world is filled with the noise of the artillery of the great political campaign. There is undoubtedly an extreme pleasure in such oxygen of excitement as is in the air at the present. But when we try our prophetic vision we see only confusion and the smoke of torchlight processions, triumphal marches before any victory is won, to the accompaniment of pyrotechnical orations and red fire. It is to be a heyday for the wily politician, and the stump-speaker is in truth lord of the land. It takes, however, an old practitioner to fathom the mysteries of an American election campaign. The Lord Chancellor of the British Empire at a recent banquet remarked that it was a complete enigma to the most sapient statesmen of Europe. And Saint Elihu himself has kept judiciously outside of politics, and consistently delivers no opinion in regard to them and they do not often invade his holy of holies. But politics are now the spirit of the times, and, as a former devotee of the Saint expressed it, he who is not with the spirit of his times is nowhere at all.

But in reality our visions of the immediate future confine themselves to the campus and to commencement week. They condense chiefly around that jack-of-all-trades among buildings, Alumni Hall, consecrated with strange inconsistency, within the space of four days, to three different patrons, the Muses of learning and dancing and the God of the feast. The startling succession, in that hall, of examinations, the Promenade with its music and color, the commencement dinner with its white tents, its songs and speeches, and then again examinations, is the most picturesque of all our shifting college scenery. And finally the picture arises of the old hall, after all this round is over, left deserted, watched over through the long vacation by the stately portraits of the ancient college worthies and by Saint Elihu himself, which proves that the Saint is of conservative sentiment, impatient of change.

For nothing certainly gives us a better notion of the temper—in the old-fashioned sense of the word—of a man than the character of the place in which he elects to pass his summer. The man whom you meet in the mountains is almost always athletic, full of energy, and generally dislikes society. While the sea shore is usually chosen by very much the opposite of this individual; one who is lazy, fond of monotony, who never feels the need of excitement, who perhaps has grown accustomed to uniformity and sameness by a life of business. The impractical man who has a genial taste for quiet, old-fashioned pleasures, you will find in a quaint, sleepy town like New London—not at boat-race time—or some sunny country place, with long lanes and odd gardens of hollyhock and balsams. You know instantly the character of the man who, of his free choice, spends a month or more in the city in mid-summer with a whimsical love for the hot deserted streets and the oppres-

sive feeling of loneliness. And the restless, impatient, discontented person—you may come suddenly upon him anywhere from Paris to Hoboken.

And pushing our investigation farther we find out a great deal about a man from the house he inhabits. I do not mean his "house in town," for very possibly it is one of the houses of a long block, as stiff and unindividual as the rules of etiquette. But when a man has built himself a home, or his fathers have built one for him in a chosen spot, we have a very fair acquaintance with his character or that of his family tree. The nondescript and incoherent character of so many American country houses is commented on by almost every traveler. Such houses would puzzle an architect to classify them, they belong to no age, or rather are a conglomeration of all ages and all styles. We have a very distinct notion of what sort of a man lives in that house with "old-colonial" porch, Queen Anne peaks and turrets, Corinthian pillars, "renaissance" decoration, roofs that are not to be dignified by any title whatsoever, and windows and hideous ornamentation wherever they are unnecessary and wholly bad. We can only deem such a house worthy of the fate which befell a certain house that was built upon the sand. We have certainly degenerated in taste if not in character in some respects in seventy years. What a generous, noble, broad-minded sort of man those dignified old houses of three generations ago must have held. Those houses four-square and firm, with great Ionic columns supporting the very roof, those great lawns, mighty trees, and fine old-fashioned gardens tell as clearly as a biography the characters of their former owners.

But we have wandered rather far after the manners and temper of the summer fugitive; while really our whole duty was merely to separate graciously from our guardian Saint. We ourselves are to join the summer exodus, we dare not divulge whither, lest the rules which we have editorially laid down should be applied personally to ourselves. But Saint Elihu, as we have said, is conservative and of the sort that affects one place the year round. You can easily fancy him walking about the campus in midsummer, not noticing the stillness or the heat, or the cheerlessness of closed windows, his mind filled with old doctors gowned and bewigged, quaint learned figures in camlet cloaks, and commencements of an almost pretraditional era. This is the only time he may be seen except when he appears to the editor at his table. But at such a time no one sees him, for who would think of visiting the campus in midsummer?

We restrict our selections from the exchanges to the following verses :

FACILIS DECENSUS.

You have seen no doubt, or read as you ran
 A good old saw of the past,
 That every man should look out for himself,
 And the devil may take the last.
 But some wise wit has evolved this conceit :
 No one can you hindermost call,
 For men in badness and greed are at par,—
 So his majesty takes them all.

—*Trinity Tablet.*

MOONLIGHT.

Nay, love, the tinkle of thy lute is sweet
 Upon the moon-lit air. Of songs and thee
 I am not weary, dear. I sighed—ah me!
 Because love, life and joy are all too fleet;
 Because I can not stay the winged feet
 Of this glad hour. Would God that it might be
 A year, an aeon, an eternity;
 That we might hide from time in this retreat!

Hark! While I lay here musing on the grace
 Of thy slim, flashing fingers as they stray
 Over the silver strings of that gemmed toy,
 My whole heart yearning o'er thy moon-blanced face,
 The jealous stars, love, seemed to stoop and say:
The Gods grant happiness, ere they destroy.
 —Trinity Tablet.

VILLANELLE.

I love the rippling rhyme that flows,
 —About the sense I don't much care.
 When I want sense I read plain prose—

Through Villanelles, Rondels, Rondeaux,
 About "Love's joys," or "Maud's gold hair."
 I love the rippling rhyme that flows

In tinkling Triolets. It goes,
 A tripping, skipping, polka air!
 When I want sense I read plain prose.

An Ode will do if "On a Rose,"
 Or some light theme like "Love's Despair."
 I love the rippling rhyme that flows

Sedately on, until one grows
 A little drowsy, here and there.
 When I want sense I read plain prose.

I like to read of "woes" and "throes,"
 Of "hearts" and "darts." I've time to spare.
 I love the rippling rhyme that flows,
 When I want sense I read plain prose. —Trinity Tablet.

ON CHILDREN'S LIPS.

On children's lips, that lately sang
The vineyard songs of over sea,
Or murmured Dante's liquid phrase
Among the flowers of Tuscany,
Come melodious Saxon lays
To greet the robin's ruby throat.
They sound their voices, ringing clear,
To echo back his new-world note.

The fathers and the mothers dream
Of silent voices, and the graves
Shadowed and still in ancient towns ;
And whisper softly prayers and aves,
That dim cathedrals used to hear ;
And see in fancy gentle hands
Beckoning backward o'er the years,
To call them from the new-world lands.

The children's battlements of mist,
Rise on no distant hill of Spain,
Their dreams are of the new-world fields,
Their fancies of the Western plain ;
Their ways are ways of pleasantness,
With song of birds and hum of bees,
Forgotten are cathedral naves
Among the shadowed aisles of trees.

And from their lips that lately sang
The vineyard songs of over sea,
Or murmured Dante's liquid phrase
Among the flowers of Tuscany,
Sound melodious Saxon lays,
To greet the robin's ruby throat.
They send their voices, ringing clear,
To echo back his new-world note. — *Dartmouth Lit.*

THE LAST RAY.

The gleam of a dying sunset
 Shone through the abbey old,
 As the solemn tones of the organ,
 'Neath the vaulted arches rolled.
 It gilded the lofty chancel
 And flooded the chapel dim,
 While the nuns by the altar kneeling,
 Chanted their vesper hymn.

The deep veiled nuns ceased singing,
 As the last expiring ray
 Gleamed full on the altar's motto
 And silently faded away,
 "Glory to God in the highest,"
 And like an answer then,
 Came the voice of the nuns from the cloister,
 "On earth good will toward men." —*Nassau Lit.*

RONDEAU.

Upon my shelves—a careless row
 Of wisdom's wealth and culture flows,
 Some reckless fate has there consigned
 Companionships of strangest kind.
 Ye Gods! that it should happen be so!

There's Dobson huddled close to Poe,
 Jeremy Taylor and Defoe.
 Some rare old fellowships we find
 Upon my shelves.

Would Bunyan shudder should he know
 His nearness to Jean Jacques Rousseau?
 Strange vag'ry of the modern mind—
 See how poor old Dickens pushed behind
 To make a place for Kipling's show
 Upon my shelves. —*Williams Weekly.*

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A sheltered eddy in a river's course,
 Where placid waters sleep through sunny hours,
 While near at hand the rushing current, hoarse,
 Is wasting in the rocks its waxing powers.

A quiet corner in a world of strife,
 Hushed in the soft embrace of memories old,
 When swelling music drowns the din of life,
 And vital beauty stills the greed for gold.

—*Dartmouth Lit.*

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—B. J.

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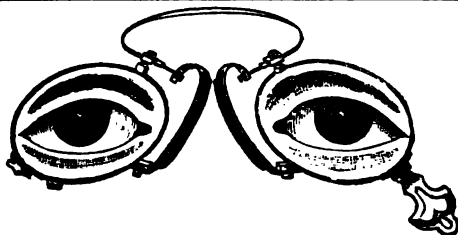
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And to her beauty tune their lays,
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Her cheeks as rosy as the rose,
Her dainty hand, her winning ways.
There in love's tortuous, blinding maze,
With raptured looks they spend their days.
Their hands get scratched and torn their clothes,
Yet poets sing.

Such martyrs they—for 'tis the craze—
What matter though it scarcely pays?
What matter the *memoires des choses*
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For thou dost hopes and reveries bring
(And maledictions deep).

In rings thy bluish smoke ascends,
(Reminds me of a flunk),
And color to thy beauty lends,
(But how *my* cheeks are sunk !)

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(Though Bess says that means strife),
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(If I can rule my wife) !

—Mydas.

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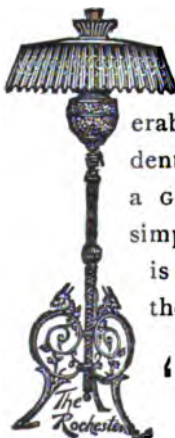


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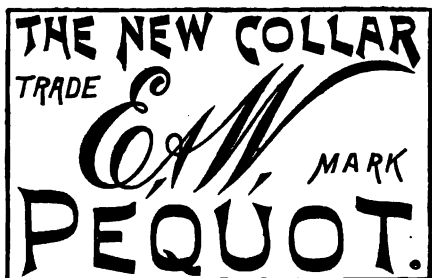
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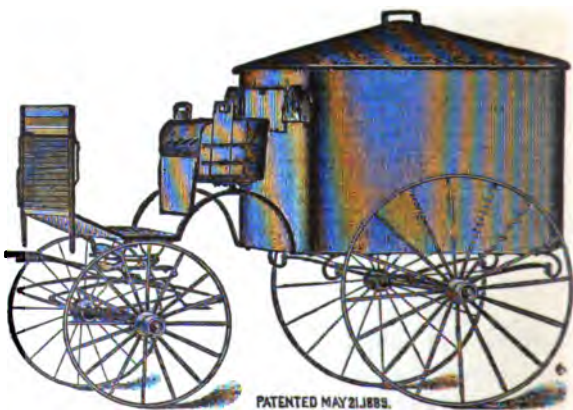
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